

SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY, VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1909—JUNE, 1910.

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Conducted by the Senior Class

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No. 1

SOME PARENTHETICAL REMARKS

Philosophers, generalizers, poets and statisticians have been dividing humanity into regular classes since the world began. Further divisions, if not well-nigh impossible, are in all probability superfluous and uninteresting. In the face of such discouraging reflection I ask your tolerance in the consideration of one further classification: the grouping of mankind under two large heads—on the one hand those who skip over the parenthesis, and on the other those who dwell continually upon it.

The upholders of logical, organized thought would have us believe that in the final state of grammatical perfection the parenthesis will be discarded. Mr. Noah Webster is one of the strong advocates of this belief. He tells us that it is the very nature of a parenthesis to insert or attach itself to a sentence which would be grammatically complete without it, thus making it a sort of parasitic growth, lacking all inherent vitality. And further, in recognition of its low estate, he tells us that in cases of emergency where parenthesis has to be used, the present tendency is to disguise it beyond hope of recognition by taking

away its distinctive crescent-shaped marks and enclosing it between misleading but aristocratic commas.

It would almost seem as if the parenthesis had had its day—certainly it would seem so if we trusted only one set of critics; but we realize that the final word has not been uttered when we perceive the weight of authority on the opposing side. Such men as St. Paul, Carlisle, and our own Dr. Holmes have raised the parenthesis to a level where criticism loses itself in admiration. We are curious what the men of the annihilation theory would say to the erasure from St. Paul's writings of all his inserted thoughts. For, far from being parasitic or unessential in character, his interpolated utterances are the polarization of his thought. Shall we accept a stone in place of bread, and for the sake of a grammatical theory strike out such glowing parentheses as these, "(we walk by faith, not by sight)" and again, "(the fruit of the Spirit is all goodness and righteousness and truth)"? It is surprising how much of a man's creed can be enclosed between two brackets.

Take away the digressions of Carlisle and what have you left? Very little that is either conclusive or interesting—the point of the essay is reserved for the parenthesis. Not that Carlisle always formally encloses his assertions in either brackets or commas, but the parenthetical thought is peculiarly evident. Every word and phrase is for Carlisle a point of departure—a departure to the very heart of the matter. Leave only his organized material, and you have merely a series of jumping-off places; put in his parentheses, and you get, in every case, the conclusion of the journey. Disorganized thought, to be sure, but erase the disorganization and you have erased the man.

All the literary work of Dr. Holmes was parenthetical. His writing was for him his delight, his recreation; his books were episodic matters enclosed by little brackets of ease from his more active existence. And we have the parenthesis within the parenthesis, for no writer is more fond of an easy, conversational form of literature, and more prone to digression and insertion. In looking back over the reading of his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" it would be hard to say whether the table-talk or the addended criticism concerning it form our chief source of enjoyment. Certainly half the humor of the work would be lost should we go through the book striking out all that lies between the brackets. Here we have a phrase,

there a sentence, next a couple of pages, and eventually a whole last chapter of parenthetical thought. "‘Parenthesis?’" said the Professor, ‘what’s that?’ ‘Why,’ answered Dr. Holmes, ‘look in the glass when you are disposed to laugh, and see if your mouth isn’t framed in a couple of crescent lines.’" It is just this "disposed to laugh" condition that brings the parenthesis to Dr. Holmes’ mind; his smiling humor is bounded by these two curving crescent lines. To erase the parenthesis is nearly to obliterate the humor of the man.

But it is not with grammar alone that the parenthesis concerns itself. It finds its place in the realms of art as well. Erase the parenthetical backgrounds of Botticelli and not only the backgrounds but half the charm of the pictures is gone. That butterfly signature of Whistler’s—what is it but a little parenthesis of color, not of vital significance to the whole, and yet always placed exactly where needed to make its focus of light and line? Take it away and something too has gone from the rest of the painting. Who would wish to erase the background of parenthesis from *Mona Lisa*, and yet who would assert that background and sitter are both in the same construction—of equal value and of just interdependence?

The great names in history are glowing illustrations of what an historical parenthesis may be. The genius is not part and parcel of the times, but is, as it were, a brilliant digression from the beaten track of things. There is no accounting for him by any relation to environment; behind him lies the slow onward move of history, beyond him it again runs smoothly away, while enclosed between two bracketing dates is a prophetic, parenthetical life which throws new light and meaning on all history, of which it is a part. Erase your Gallileoes, Shakespeares and Napoleons and how much scientific, literary and political history can you comprehend? They are the explanatory digressions by which history is enabled to move forward towards its far-off goal. But history has its parentheses of events as well as its parentheses of great men. There are parentheses that seem to hold back, as well as those that push on the march of events—the long literary silence from Chaucer to Spencer, the lassitude and enervation in the religious world from Savonarola to Luther. And to-day the political situation of China would seem to be a purely parenthetical one—the beginning bracket of which we know, but concerning

whose terminating bracket we can only speculate or prophesy.

With the individual as with the nation, life may run along in either an organized or a parenthetical manner. We have on one side Byron, whose life consisted not of one long, purposeful, constructive movement, but rather resolved itself into a series of episodes grouping themselves in an unrelated way like so many brilliant parentheses. But, on the other hand, suppose a Darwin or a Huxley had seen life in this unrelated, chaotic manner—how far would science have progressed to-day? We owe a great deal to the men who have abandoned or failed in powers of parenthetical thought—who have instead seen life as a large, constructive whole. It is all very well for the ordinary man's enjoyment of life that a yellow primrose be just a yellow primrose and nothing more, but to the scientist it must be a link in a wonderfully related chain of plant life and organization if it is to fulfill to him its destined message. Yet science is not the sum total of existence—there is something still to be accounted for. The glowing color of the rose and the dew upon its petals—what has the scientist to do with these in his clear-eyed search for the truth? Can we not believe that nature has her wonderful parenthesis of beauty, as well as her organized sentence of truth, and that the poet who sees the beauty and the scientist who sees the truth are both complements of each other, one living wholly with and the other without the parenthesis of unrelated beauty which Nature has made?

It would seem as if the happiest and wisest man were he who knew when to dwell within the parenthesis and when to skip or avoid it. As usual, the true course of living is the mean between extremes. Our danger as college students is in placing all the emphasis upon a parenthetical manner of living. Marked off by the brackets of a high school and college diploma, we live our little inserted, unrelated lives. To many of us comes the temptation to forget our just connection with the past or our expected relation to the future. We live selfishly and concentratedly within our college parenthesis, letting the larger life of which we are a part slip by unheeded. We enter upon a four years' digression upon the beaten track of existence. The clamor of the world comes faintly to our ears, and the panorama of life goes past the college gate unheeded. It is as if, realizing the swift flight of time, we held feverishly to our vanishing childhood with all its care-free lack of responsibility, keeping it

safe—locked within the limits of our four years' college course. It is this close holding to our narrow confines that makes us most unfit to take up the real business of life.

And yet we cannot withdraw from life even if we would. We are living just as surely, just as rightly or as wrongly here in our college as we shall be living in the world outside. We are four years older, four years stronger or weaker, at the end of our college course than at its beginning, no matter how unrelated we have made that course to the larger issues of life. But even granting we see our existence here in purely parenthetical form, can we hope to get the best even from a parenthesis until we understand its just relation to the constructive whole? Take any insertion you wish, and place it alone without any background of material, and what does it connote? Its main use has been destroyed, for in itself it had no inherent vitality; its office was to throw explanatory light on the sentence as a whole. College as a parenthesis ought to give us light whereby to understand life more clearly, and our close relation with life ought to place true value on the college course.

But possibly the wisest plan is to erase the brackets entirely, making our college life part of an organized whole rather than even the most beneficial of explanatory digressions. We do not commence to-morrow, we did not commence when we came here four years ago—but the commencement of our life is further back than birth, further back than we can even think; we are “trailing clouds of glory”—we go reaching towards the stars.

The parenthesis of our mortal life, rounded as it is with sleep, takes on a new value when we interpolate it into eternity. But our mind gropes and falters before the immensity of the thought—immortality, a sentence. It is enough for us that we guess the final grandeur of the stupendous scheme and try to make our life's parenthesis as clear, as purposeful, and as closely related to the divine plan as in our power lies.

ANNE COE MITCHELL.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT

Neither on man nor God, on bard nor seer
Can we agree,
The principles that seem to you so clear
I cannot see,
And yet with all my heart I love you, dear.
And you love me.

KATHARINE LOVING BUELL.

THE PURELY ELECTIVE SYSTEM

From all sides we hear serious criticisms of the American college and the American college product. The avowed purpose of the college is to give a liberal education to those who shall be its graduates—not an education “confined to the preliminary grounding of prospective lawyers, doctors and archaeologists, each in the elements fundamental to his own career,”¹ nor one which would leave it open to an educated person to know absolutely nothing of the institutions and history of his own country provided he chose to learn a little concerning some other—but a *liberal education*, a training underlying every form of specialization and connecting the individual career with the civilization surrounding it.

And yet President Sherman of Cornell lately insisted: “The college is without clear-cut notions of what a liberal education is and how it is to be secured—and the pity of it is that this is not a local or special disability, but a paralysis affecting every college of arts in America,” and “So far as I have been able to ascertain through twenty-five years of the discussions of the Harvard Board, of which I have been a member,” says Mr. Charles Francis Adams, “the authorities are as wide apart now as ever they were. There is no agreement, no united effort to a given end.” President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation also says: “The two objections generally brought against the

¹ “The American College,” Flexner, page 49.

college to-day are vagueness of aim and lack of intellectual stamina." Teachers in graduate and professional schools complain that "college graduates of three-and-twenty are in general 'thoroughly unripe'"; that a college degree is far from a safe guarantee of a sufficient knowledge of the fundamental branches pursued in college with explicit reference to subsequent professional study; and Mr. Flexner in his "American College" states: "Our college students are, and for the most part, emerge, flighty, superficial and immature, lacking, as a class, concentration, seriousness and thoroughness," and "the rough but effective tests of life discover no essential differences in training, type or capacity in the college product." Obviously our educational experimentation has not as yet brought to light a plan of procedure by means of which a successful education of the kind belonging to the college is insured. Moreover, I maintain that the purely elective system—our latest experiment—however worked out, cannot afford the solution to the problem.

Science and democracy have so changed our outlook that without question the scope of the college curriculum has become too broad for the old entirely required system of work, and it is urged that anything well taught has a utilitarian value, and that all studies are equally good for educational purposes¹—so that, since even bad choices are educating, the student cannot go far afield in his search for this beautiful indefinite something called education. However, there are subjects as to which society leaves the person no alternative, subjects for which nothing can be substituted, no matter how admirably taught, and there are other subjects whose value to any individual depends almost entirely on what is to follow. For this reason alone, a partly elective system of work is absolutely necessary. Aimless study is without doubt largely a waste of time and a waste of energy and purpose, no matter how efficient the teaching.

Of course the significance of this extended scope and of the elective system is that—as Mr. Flexner says—"Education is no longer a formal discipline, but rather a concrete device to facilitate the assertion of individual capacity in terms of rational activities. The elective system is built up on respect for, and faith in, the individual,—a faith in his ability, his probable earnestness and the possibility of his being led to develop pur-

¹ Dean Briggs' "Annual Report." 1901-2, p. 96.

pose. In fact, the only guiding star to a successful education among all this bewildering array of courses is thought by the exponents of the system to be the "bent" of the individual!

But look for a moment at the college freshman. Certainly nothing in the present-day preparatory-school training has equipped him to meet the responsibility laid upon him by the elective system. If from the school of fixed course, he has surely had no training that will ensure his making a series of intelligent and logically connected choices; if from the school in which some election is allowed he is practically in the same condition, for Mr. Flexner has shown that the flexibility of this scheme is apparent rather than real and that in the few subjects in which he is allowed choice a hundred things determine his decision rather than any real purpose; looking at the college course as a training introductory to a given vocation, what proof can be brought forth from psychology or experience that this college freshman will have either the seriousness or the knowledge to arrange a course of study which will, in these days, best serve as an introduction to his vocation? If he choose the end, he must also choose the means, and these may often lead him far from his inclination; if neither instinct in this, which I think we will all admit is practically non-existent, nor a controlling purpose, which unquestionably is rare, have guided his choice, then the thing can only be detached and aimless, a checker-board arrangement without thoroughness, logic or unity. In this case, all sorts of incongruous things determine the student's choices instead of the individual ability or purpose for which the system was built up. He takes one course because he wishes to be with his friends, another because it is popular, another because of the lecturer, another because he likes the hour, and often—alas!—another, because it is a "snap". And this we know to be what too many times actually occurs.

The most forceful argument for the system now urged by its defenders is that there is under it "a fair amount of judicious choice of correlated subjects." Has then the college no duty towards those, the large majority, "whose ignorance of themselves or of the actual requirements of their probable careers, abandons them to an uncorrelated admixture of studies?"¹

But remember, the task of the college is not to train for a

1 "The American College," page 129.

vocation—it is to train *social beings*, and if a liberal education means anything, it means a more *abundant* life, more all-round interests, sanity and sweetness of mind, more important responsibilities and opportunities.

After this criticism of the elective system from the point of view of principle, let us look at its practical working out. For one class of students, it furnishes only ample opportunity for gaining a degree with little exertion or inconvenience. These leave college exactly as they come in, save for a still further deterioration of moral fibre. Those with purpose and strong tendencies tend to develop premature narrowness, an “exclusiveness in the elementary stages of a pursuit that is a regrettable necessity in the very highest,” and which bodes ill for later soundness of scholarship. “The elective system impoverishes and isolates by excessive and premature specialism where it does not waste by aimless dispersion.”¹ Between these two classes come the majority. Can it be honestly held that the boy without special inclination develops under this system or discovers his possibilities when he is left to wander as he will, following up interests only to find them gone when most needed?

Now the fact is, the boy is too young, too immature to have a system or a purpose of any real educational value. He needs the guidance and training of persons who can give him the benefit of the experience and experiments of generations. Moreover, we have the authority of Plato that up to the age of twenty distinct changes are taking place in human faculties and that, therefore, education though begun young should be general. What then of the boy who at seventeen follows out only those lines of work which he or his advisers believe best fitted to his ability and preference, only to find ten months later that his more characteristic and permanent interests lie all in the other direction? No, the education of the college must be “all-round”; it must give the individual a chance to become acquainted with his own soul (which he cannot possibly be before twenty, since up to that time there is a training and increase of soul power); it must give him a training underlying every form of specialization; a knowledge of those subjects with which any college graduate should be familiar; and certainly not before his last years is the college student capable of that inner questioning as to needs, that judicious weighing of

1 “The American College,” page 145.

interests, opportunities and abilities necessary to the construction of the educational foundation of an individual whom we must regard, not as an economic unit, but as a social being.

ETHEL LOUISE NORTON.

VENUS TO ADONIS

Am I not fair?

Lo! all the sunbeams vied

To weave the lustrous fabric of my hair;

And the proud glory of the roses died

When first my two lips curved in mirth.

Am I not fair?

Dost think the bluest flower on earth

Can with the wonder of my eyes compare?

Look long on me, and never shalt thou deign

To cast a glance at mortal maid again.

Draw closer to me; every feature note,

And gaze; until thy heart throbs in thy throat.

Gaze; till the world seems but a phantom place,

Since all its soul is centered in my face.

Close and yet closer! Dost thou now not deem

All thy past life and love an empty dream,

Where all was over in a moment's space?

Lean closer yet; and look into my eyes like sapphires, wet

With nectar, and with this one long, lingering look—all to forget.

KATHARINE DUNCAN MORSE.

GIFT O' DREAMS

You are asleep, little girl, fast asleep,

Closed are your eyes of blue,

And over the silence of midnight deep

I am sending a dream to you.

I am sending you one of a rose, little girl,

With a pink petaled perfume rare,

That shall hoist a green leaf and a sail unfurl

And sail, and sail on a sea of pearl

Till it reaches your bedside there.

I am sending you one of an elf,—of a sprite,
Who will dance in a frolic gay,
Who will win your heart with his glances bright,
And you'll laugh in your dream at the charming sight
Of the dream-elf's merry way.

And now what dream shall I make my task,
I who weave as my fancy will?
What would you choose, if you could but ask,
To have of a dream your fill?

I have sent you one of a rose and an elf,
I wonder what you would do
If I dared to offer you one of myself.
Would you want that dream, dear, too?

SIDNEY BALDWIN.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE MECHANICAL PIANO-PLAYER

The mechanical piano-player, invented, according to the United States census, about fourteen years ago, was differently received by different classes of persons. Those who were fond of music, especially "music with plenty of tune to it," and who considered a piano whether used or not as necessary a piece of furniture as a parlor table, hailed the new invention with delight. Here at last they found sure means of producing music without the drudgery of years of practice resulting perhaps in only indifferent skill in performance, and they immediately had visions of the "passing of the pianist." Musical critics, on the other hand, teachers, and pianists of ability, together with the many real or self-styled possessors of "true musical temperament," with few exceptions disdained the new piano-player as a purely mechanical contrivance utterly incapable of response to personal direction or of emotional expression, pronouncing it inartistic and impossible. They, too, were estimating its value only as a substitute for the pianist at his best. Time, however, has suggested a new use for this ingenious invention. The majority of unprejudiced musicians maintain at present that, though the mechanical piano-player may be inferior in the purely artistic field to the virtuoso, a much-

debated concession, it is of great value in the field of musical education.

It has been inevitable that a more or less dense ignorance of all except cheap music should exist among the larger proportion of persons—among those regarded as passably well-educated as well as among the more ignorant classes. For even if one member of the average family is able to play or sing a little by no means all of these amateurs reach the point of being able to give themselves or others any adequate idea of the mass of the best musical literature written for their own instrument, to say nothing of difficult transcriptions of chamber and orchestral music. Many, indeed, never become proficient enough to find music really interesting and to them the desire for wider musical knowledge never occurs. In large cities and musical centres, numerous recitals and concerts, of course, afford splendid opportunities for acquiring familiarity with good music well rendered; but only those who have already known good music are likely to be attracted to them or to gain anything more than momentary pleasure from them. Musical education, like education in other fields, cannot be administered at random in large doses; it is a gradual process in which the individual must have some personal interest, in which he must himself take some active part, though it be no more than pumping the pedals of a pianola. In the concise phrase of Theodore Thomas, "Nothing so awakens interest in music as helping to make it." To those who have no musical ability of their own the mechanical piano-player furnishes an easy and independent means of making music for themselves, and so increasing their musical knowledge in the surest and most effective way without an accompanying amount of drudgery great enough to smother any awakening interest and pleasure, but yet affording ample scope for personal participation in the performance and individual control of interpretation.

Its value is evident, not only in the voluntary educative process of the adult, but also in the early musical development of children, giving the boy or girl of ten the possibility of a greater familiarity with artistic music, and hence a better musical taste than that which the average man or woman of ordinary advantages possessed a generation ago. The experience of Gustav Kobbé, who, puzzled at hearing in his drawing-room a performance of Schubert's "Rosamunde" reminding him of its interpretation by Essipoff, discovered with surprise

that it was the work of a new pianola operated by his fourteen-year-old daughter, is strikingly illustrative of what even a child can do with the instrument. The continual use of the pianola in this instance as in many others cited by Mr. Kobbé resulted in developing in the child, hitherto inexperienced in music, an excellent taste and a desire for more good music. Including the case of a Mr. Mason, a Detroit business man, who also acquired an appreciation for music through the use of the pianola, Mr. Kobbé reflects: "Essipoff, my young daughter, the associate editor of a druggists' paper in Detroit, and myself; the first a great virtuoso, the second a school girl, the third a writer on a trade paper, the fourth a music critic—what a leveller of distinctions, what a universal musical provider the pianola is! . . . Placing the musical elect and those who formerly would have had to remain outside the pale, on a common footing! This may not always appeal to the musical elect, but think what it means to the great mass of those who are genuinely musical but have lacked the opportunity for musical study or to those whose taste for music has never been brought out!"

It means little less to the amateurs, less numerous perhaps, who have a fair amount of musical ability, who realize the vastness of the realm of musical art and earnestly desire a better acquaintance with it, but who from lack of talent, perseverance or time cannot attain sufficient proficiency to be able to perform works of great difficulty. Although the average amateur with enough application may be able to master one or two compositions of technical complexity, if his time is limited and he can command only his own natural resources, he must forever remain unacquainted with the great mass of good musical literature. To him the mechanical piano-player, however, makes possible the hearing of an unlimited number of works, regardless of their difficulty. It opens to him not only a new realm of compositions for his own instrument, but it gives him acquaintance with a great number of transcriptions of chamber and orchestral works; these from their very nature may be quite impossible of performance to the pianist who can command but a small part of the keyboard at a time, but they are perfectly easy for the mechanical piano-player which has as many "fingers" as there are keys on the piano. Contrast of tone color is lacking, it is true, but the form of the composition is essentially unchanged. And since it is in these larger com-

positions that the greatest artists have put their best efforts, some knowledge of them is necessary for any but a narrow musical education.

To the man who is making a special study of music, either in an institution or independently, the mechanical piano-player is of almost indispensable assistance. No matter in what field of music he is interested—even if he is striving to become a great piano virtuoso—his skill, at least in the earlier stages of his development, will hardly be so great as to make it easy for him to give himself a good idea of all those difficult compositions with which thorough study of music from the theoretical and historical sides demands that he be familiar. And the concert pianist of to-day, no less than the teacher and composer, must have a good knowledge of the theory and history of music. For him unassisted personal acquaintance with the great body of music, representative of all periods and types of development, might be possible, but it would involve the consumption of much time and energy which could be directed to his further development in his chosen branch of the art to much better advantage. To the special student of music history and composition the task of personally performing the great number of difficult works with which he especially should be familiar, might involve an infinite amount of drudgery, might prove even impossible of achievement. The majority of students of all forms of music now gladly avail themselves of the services of the mechanical player, recognizing its value not only in giving them a general idea of the sound of the composition with the minimum consumption of time and energy, but in making easy a detailed and accurate study of its form and in making it possible really to compel familiarity by endless repetition.

There are of course many conservative critics who still refuse the intruding invention their approbation. Their chief if not only objection is that by reason of its lack of interpretative regulation it gives music a purely mechanical flavor and robs it of all its artistic beauty—its sympathetic response to the performer's moods and conceptions. They grant its reproductive accuracy so far as the written notes of the composition are concerned, but insist that this sort of rendition is not only valueless, but absolutely harmful in its influence on musical taste and appreciation. John Phillip Sousa's reference to the results obtained with a mechanical piano-player as "canned music" is

happily suggestive of the way in which many of its opponents regard it. But in a great number of cases there is no alternative between "canned music" and no music at all. From the educational standpoint there seems to be little room for hesitation in choice between the two.

It is possible, moreover, that the performance of the mechanical piano-player, manipulated with skill, may not always be inferior in artistic value to that of the amateur. Indeed, some enthusiasts insist that the mechanical player can produce better results than any pianist except the greatest virtuosos. The average pianist spends much time on technique before he can play correctly even simple compositions, and later his absorption in technical difficulties quite excludes all conception of the thought that the composer tried to express. "Nearly everyone, however, whether technically adept or not, has, though they may be more or less dormant, some instinctive powers of interpretation," which, when his mind is freed from distracting technical problems, will guide him in making use of whatever means of interpretative control he finds at hand; while with increasing experience his conception and command of expression becomes refined and he learns to supply imaginatively those finer shadings which practically he is unable to produce. It can hardly be doubted that the results of such a performance with mechanical means, though not fully satisfying all the æsthetic demands of the art, is preferable to one of unimaginative, blundering hesitation or, from the educational point of view at least, to no music at all.

As a matter of fact, however, the interpretative facilities of the mechanical piano-player have recently been greatly improved. The chief difficulty, that of giving prominence to a theme in any register of the piano above its accompaniment, has been overcome to a large degree by a device known as the themodist which "enables you to bring out the melody, and at the same time does not prevent your retarding or accelerating the general movement of the piece or varying the volume of sound as much as you like." Action, tempo control, and pedaling are all advancing in improvement, and the performer is becoming more and more able to subject the mechanism to the expression of his personality, and hence to that of the composer. And not only is he able to command the direct response himself, but, by means of the metrostyle, he can avail himself of minute

directions based on high authority for the interpretation of each roll of music; directions which are not, however, compulsory. As Mr. Kobbé says, "The metrostyle may be called the pianolist's 'coach,' giving him the kind of hints and directions which even the greatest players and singers value." The high stage of development to which the best mechanical piano-players have attained is illustrated by the almost incredible deception practiced upon Mrs. Lhévinne, wife of the well-known pianist; that lady, hearing a piece much played by her husband being rendered in the next room in exactly his style, rushed in exclaiming in surprise, "Why, I didn't know Mr. Lhévinne had returned,"—to find that she had been deceived by an ingeniously perfected pianola!

If the development of the mechanical piano-player has reached this stage of perfection at which its performance cannot be distinguished from that of a great virtuoso even by his wife, is it reasonable to refuse it a place among the factors of musical education of the day? There is no question as to the attitude of Edward Dickinson, Professor of Music at Oberlin, on the subject, who in his recent article on the "Teaching of Musical Appreciation," recommends in that process the use of "a mechanical piano-player with a judiciously selected outfit of rolls." For two years it has been used here in our department of music. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, the University of California, the University of Michigan, Vassar and many other institutions of learning use the instrument in connection with their musical courses. "As a self-educator," writes Henry T. Finck, "this instrument is worth more than all other instruments combined, for the reason that anyone can without practice play on it any piece ever written. . . . Under the editorship of Carroll Brent Chilton, assisted by a staff of musicians and writers on music . . . thorough educational courses have been devised, and conducted in connection with the Music Lovers' Library of Music rolls." It is evident that the mechanical piano-player is steadily winning its way into the esteem of the leading musical institutions, in fact, of the thoughtful musicians of the country. "Even the musical critics and virtuosos themselves who at first looked with contempt upon this mechanical contrivance, have now come to realize that it is one of the most powerful educational forces in the world of music at the present day."

MABEL LAINHART PARMELEE.

THE RULES OF THE GAME

Mr. Kelly slowly mounted the front steps.

"Is your father at home?" he asked.

"No," said Elizabeth from the depths of the hammock, "he's gone to the theatre with mother."

Mr. Kelly sank into a chair.

"Nice evening," he ventured sociably.

"If I made a remark like that it would be considered inane," murmured Miss Canfield, apparently to the piazza railing.

"Quite so. A person who can't talk of anything but the weather had better keep still. Fact is, though, I wasn't thinking of what I was saying." He looked at her from under half-closed lids, but if the girl noticed the implied compliment she made no sign.

Mr. Kelly, after some preliminary fishing, produced a box of cigarettes, and removing one, placed it between his lips, where it hung dejectedly.

"You are very impolite," said Miss Canfield serenely. "You should say 'May I smoke?' The King boy did when he came over last evening."

"The King boy hasn't known you as many years as I have," was the placid answer. "Now, I know you don't object to smoking."

"Say I don't object to smoke and it will sound better, though it may not be any truer. The trouble is, you understand me too well." The girl made this ancient and rather shop-worn remark in a way that restored to it some of its pristine freshness.

"I'm a bit out of practice," confessed Mr. Kelly, "but I believe the answer to that is, 'You know you are not like other girls.'"

"Very good," nodded Miss Canfield approvingly. "Now you may smoke."

As the match flared up she regarded him curiously. For a moment the indifferent manner, which he assumed to hide an unbounded interest in life, was gone, and she realized suddenly what it was that attracted to him such men as her father.

Then the girl surveyed the quiet street and the man surveyed the girl.

"Do you know," said he at length, "you're looking rather well this evening."

"Which is more than I can say of you, considering that hideous necktie you're wearing," retorted Elizabeth briskly.

Mr. Kelly caressed the offending bit of silk pensively. He was rummaging through his pockets, absently at first, but as his search was unrewarded, it grew more and more frantic.

"If I can be of any assistance—" murmured Miss Canfield.

"You don't happen to have a cigarette about you?"

"Smoked my last one," she mocked.

"I thought I had another box," said the man, and his tone was tragic. "Now every moment I stay here is a thousand compliments to you."

Elizabeth rose slowly from the hammock.

"As you yourself have often remarked, many compliments are not good for the young." She spread out her fleecy skirts and made him a curtsy. "I bid you good evening, Mr. Kelly. Father will be sorry to have missed seeing you," whereupon Mr. Kelly, nothing loth, betook himself to the nearest drug-store.

The third dance was just beginning as Miss Canfield entered the Yacht Club next evening. Robert Brunton sauntered up to her.

"Have this with me?" he asked in a tone that would have impressed an outsider with the idea that he hoped she would refuse. To Elizabeth, who in a measure understood him and his vagaries, there was nothing strange in it.

"I think so," she said doubtfully. "Let me see—a lancers for Cousin Dick and a waltz for Mr. Fitzgerald. Come, then. Mind you don't step on my dress, it's new."

"Hold it up, then," growled Mr. Brunton, taking a firm grip on the bow of her sash, which was, fortunately, sewed. "Is this a waltz or a two-step?"

"If you don't know from the music, I'm not going to tell you," whereupon, after several false starts, they succeeded in getting twice around the room before the music stopped.

"It isn't so bad when you get started," muttered Mr. Brunton confidentially, as he mopped his face.

The girl laughed upat him.

"You're a wreck," she said kindly. "Go and get something

to cool you off. You need it." She stood watching him as he hastened down the hall.

"Do my eyes deceive me," came a cheery voice behind her, "or do I behold my ward alone and unprotected?"

Miss Canfield turned.

"Far be it from me to make any unkind remarks about your eyesight," she replied, "but at the present moment I am neither alone nor unprotected. Take me out on the veranda, guardian, I'm hot. Why aren't you dancing this evening?" she asked, as they stepped out into the moonlight.

"I have been watching you," replied Mr. Cartwright severely. "Your open frivolity surprised me, and as your guardian I feel called upon to protest."

The girl laughed.

"Considering the fact that you have told me that on an average of twice a week for some years, I think your choice of words is unfortunate. You may be grieved, mortified or chagrined, but surely not surprised. You're not my guardian, anyway."

"Well, we won't go into that," said Mr. Cartwright, somewhat hastily, "but the fact remains that I saw you flirting with that King fellow." The amount of feeling that he managed to put into those words is truly remarkable.

"The fact may remain," responded Elizabeth, "but 'that King fellow' didn't. He left for Bar Harbor this morning."

"Well, it was somebody, anyway," said Dick, quite unabashed. "Don't let it occur again."

"There's one comfort," murmured Miss Canfield, "in a week you'll be half-way across the Atlantic and then I can do as I please."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Cartwright, who was now thoroughly enjoying himself. "'Not so, but far otherwise.' Although business, stern and uncompromising, tears me from your side,"—he was going to motor through France—"yet I shall be informed of your every action, and if you do anything the slightest bit out of the way, I shall cable."

"For me to come over, you mean?" she asked innocently.

This was too much, even for their gravity, and in the laughter that followed their difference was forgotten.

"Betty seems to be enjoying herself," said Mrs. Canfield to her husband, as they sat at the lower end of the veranda.

"She is evidently enjoying Cartwright. I don't think I know a girl who has less chance to enjoy *herself*." Mr. Canfield's tone was careful.

"Well, whose fault is that?" said his wife, yawning slightly. "They're your friends."

"I *did* bring in Brunton and Kelly and Cartwright," he admitted, "but they're the best bridge players I know. Anyway, I'm not responsible for Fitzgerald nor for your Cousin Dick."

Mrs. Canfield looked guilty.

"One has to be decent to one's relatives," she said apologetically. "Besides, he's so good to Betty."

"He is," he responded in a heartfelt tone. "They all are."

"But they're all so much older than she is," said his wife discontentedly.

"All the better," replied Mr. Canfield. "She's getting excellent training."

His wife opened her eyes very wide.

"Training?" she repeated.

"Uh-huh. You see it's like this," he unconsciously assumed his most didactic tone, and Mrs. Canfield settled herself for a siege. "The average girl of the present day has no idea of values. She can't take things for what they're worth, but keeps searching for deep and underlying motives, which usually aren't there. She doesn't understand attentions without intention. There have been some who misunderstood the rules of the game. Betty will never do that."

Mr. Canfield paused for breath.

"Tom," said his wife in an awful tone, "have any of your friends been making love to Betty?"

"No, not that," answered Mr. Canfield, startled at the effect of his words. "I mean that they give her compliments and—er—all that," he finished vaguely.

"I wish you would be more explicit," said she, declining to help him out.

"They're all very fond of her—"

"Do you mean they want to marry her?"

"That's exactly what I *don't* mean," cried Mr. Canfield wildly.

"When you find out what you *do* mean, just mention it," she said scornfully. "But, Tom," her voice grew piteous, "why didn't you tell me this before? Don't you see?"

Mr. Canfield's face was blank. Evidently he didn't see.

"She's very young"—Mrs. Canfield's voice was tearful—"and she has faith in human nature. Suppose she should fall in love with one of these men and he should break her heart. Suppose she *has* fallen in love with one of them."

Over the temporarily darkened mind of Mr. Thomas Canfield there broke a great light. His shoulders heaved convulsively; evidently he was enjoying some pleasant memory.

"I wouldn't worry about Betty," he said at length. "She can take care of herself."

His wife shook her head dolefully.

"Now you mention it," she said, "several things come back to me." Her forehead was wrinkled and she was evidently thinking deeply. Finally her brow cleared. "I have it!" she said. "She shall go to Cousin Mary's."

Mr. Canfield with great difficulty retained his somewhat precarious position on the piazza railing.

"For goodness' sake, why?" he demanded.

Mrs. Canfield sighed.

"There are moments, Tom," she said at length, "when I think you haven't even the ordinary amount of sense. Why, to get her away from those men, of course."

"Oh!"

"She ought to know more young people. I don't want her to grow up thinking that the only kind of people in the world are men who say pretty things that they don't mean. She mustn't think that all men are insincere. Your friends are too sophisticated for a child like her. Mary is giving a series of house-parties for Alice," went on Mrs. Canfield, half to herself. "She asked me to send Betty up in June, but somehow she didn't get started. She can go next week."

So Elizabeth went to Cousin Mary's, and being young and self-possessed and rather pretty, she had her share of admiration.

"I'm having the best time," she confided to her cousin one evening.

Mrs. Herst smiled at her.

"You seem to be giving some one else a good time, too," she said. "Go ahead, child. He comes from an excellent family."

Betty looked at her with puzzled eyes.

"His family doesn't interest me in the least," she said at length, "but John is so amusing; he pretends to be so dreadfully in earnest."

"Most men in his frame of mind *are* in earnest," responded Mrs. Herst dryly. She looked at the girl keenly and wondered if she were really unworldly or a consummate actress; but the girl's face told her nothing. Betty was on the point of asking what John Lawrence's frame of mind was, but her cousin had started down the hall, so she said nothing, but went out on the veranda where John Lawrence was waiting for her. Waiting for Betty was a pleasant habit which he had contracted of late. He looked at her with his heart in his eyes, as she stood in the doorway.

"May I tell you something?" he asked gravely.

"Anything but the story of your life," replied Miss Canfield, as she sank into a chair. "I don't feel quite equal to that."

The boy hardly noticed her reply.

"I think," he said, stammering a little in his eagerness, "I think you look beautiful in blue." He stopped, frightened at his own temerity.

"So they tell me," she answered calmly.

"Did anyone ever tell you that before?" His tone was almost rough.

The girl opened her eyes wide.

"Why, of course, only they weren't so blunt about it. Still your bluntness is a distinct asset. Anybody might easily believe you meant what you said. Don't say it," as he started to speak. "I know the answer; it is 'I *did* mean what I said,' but I don't like compliments that are forced from a man."

If she had expected a reply she was disappointed. Somehow or other, she told herself petulantly, she was often disappointed in him. He let slip so many opportunities for playing up to the situation. Still, he had possibilities, this youth with the earnest eyes.

"As Mr. Kelly would say—" she began.

The boy interrupted her.

"Who is this fellow Kelly?" he demanded uneasily.

"He's a cousin of mine," hummed Miss Canfield, her good humor quite restored.

"How near?" inexorably.

"Just—about—as—near—as—you—are," she answered, pausing after each word. "All the nice single men I know are my cousins. Mr. Kelly is, and Robert Brunton, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Fitzgerald. There's the minister, too, and Cousin Dick, but he really is mother's cousin. Are you satisfied?"

He was not, but, having some glimmerings of wisdom, he did not think it best to say so. There was silence for a moment, then,

"Don't you want to talk or can't you think of anything to say?"

"I can think of several things I should like to say," he answered, and in his eyes there was a look which puzzled the girl, for it was not the look of Mr. Cartwright, nor of Robert Brunton, nor yet of Mr. Kelly.

She nobly stifled a yawn.

"Let's go up to the Bradleys," she said suddenly. "The others are all there. I think they're going to dance."

"I don't feel like dancing," responded Mr. Lawrence in a hollow tone.

"Yes you do; come." She laid her hand lightly on his arm. "You shall have the first waltz."

John Lawrence, with a neatness and dispatch of which she had never dreamed him capable, lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it very gently. Miss Canfield regarded him with interest.

"When Mr. Kelly does that to mother, he puts his own hand over hers and kisses that."

"What does he want to kiss his own hand for?" he demanded with great scorn.

"And what do you want to kiss my hand for?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't know?" asked John Lawrence, and his voice was harsh.

"My conversational powers are not so limited," began Betty coldly, "that I am compelled to ask questions to which I know the answers." Her vague sense of irritation was not at all lessened by the fact that the orchestra at the Bradleys' was tuning up.

The speech that the boy had prepared slipped from him.

"It's because I love you," he said simply.

Betty's spirits rose. The boy certainly did have possibilities. He was doing even more than anyone could possibly expect of him.

"I thank you," she said prettily. "Now let's go and dance." She started, but John Lawrence stepped in front of her.

"Tell me," he began, and in his voice there was the misery of doubt, "do you love me, or do you not?"

The girl was distinctly puzzled, but it could never be said that Elizabeth Canfield was at a loss for an answer.

"I always try," she said demurely, "to love my fellow-men."

"I don't mean that way; I want you for my wife."

She looked at him with wide, uncomprehending eyes.

"You don't know what you're saying," she gasped.

"I *do* know what I'm saying. There's nothing in the world I know better. I loved you from the first minute I saw you. You can't have been with me so much and not know that. Dear, I'm asking you to marry me."

"You want to marry me?" she repeated dully.

"Yes, dear."

She could only stand motionless, held in the grip of an indefinable dread such as she had never felt before in all her life. This was not the game as she had played it.

"I can't marry you," she said at length.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know." She passed her hand wearily over her forehead. "I must go in," she added, like a tired child.

But John Lawrence had no thought of pity now. He seized her by the shoulders and held her so that her face was in the light.

"You shall not go until you tell me why you refuse to marry me."

There stole over the girl a sudden feeling of disgust. She hated him for his strength and for his power to make her afraid. She knew all at once that life could never be the same to her again and she hated him with that hate which we reserve for those who rob us of our illusions.

"Take your hands off my shoulders," she said, and although her voice was calm, it was the calm of concentrated anger. He let his hands fall, not knowing in the least why he did so.

"I cannot marry you," she said, "because I will not. I do not love you."

All the boy's jealousy and his wounded self-conceit blazed out.

"So you've been leading me on," he cried roughly. "You tried to make me love you, so you could laugh at me afterwards. You encouraged me, simply to satisfy your own vanity. You are a flirt."

"That's a lie," said the girl calmly, and such was the force of her personality that for a moment he believed her. "I never led you on. I have treated you as I would treat any other man of my acquaintance."

"I don't know about the other men of your acquaintance," he said, and his tone would have been insulting if it had not been so full of pain, "but I do know that when a man is with a girl as much as I have been with you, it means that he loves her and wants to marry her, and any woman that is a woman knows it."

She stood appalled before the task of making him understand. She realized that this boy and she were as unlike as if they had been born in different worlds, and that she would never be able to convince him that she had not so much as suspected that he loved her.

"If the girls you know look upon every man as a possible husband," she said fiercely, "go back and marry one of them. As for me, I never meant to marry you nor any other man." She saw him turn white, yet she felt no pity. It was, indeed, many years before she could bring herself to pity him. She went into the house, closing the door behind her.

An hour later, Mrs. Herst, seeing Elizabeth's door ajar, went into her room. The girl sat on the edge of the bed, looking straight before her. In the middle of the floor was her trunk, locked and strapped.

"Why, Betty," said her cousin, "what is it?"

"I'm going home," said Betty simply. "That's where I belong."

HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER.

SKETCHES

MAMMY'S LULLABY

All de birds am croonin' to der babies in de nest,
De little lambs am gaddered in de fold.
De sun am sinkin' slowly down, way ober in de west,
A' turning all de quiet leaves to gold.
De stars am coming slowly out, a peepin' one by one.
An' ebery ting am solemn like, 'cause now de day am done.

De little brook dat ripples down hab sure forgot its noise.
De petals of de rose am folded tight.
It's past de time for kinky-headed, sleepy little boys,
To tumble into bed and say, "Good night."
De dreams from off de poppy tree am fallin' in a heap.
An' hush ! for see, de baby boy am gone clean fas' asleep !

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN 1910.

GOTTERDAMMERUNG

The fire of the world in the willows is glowing,
Smouldering dull through winter's bleak chill,
'Till through the sun-warmed earth,
Tiny flames spring to birth,
Flickering crocus and gold daffodil.

Summer comes on apace with her hot noon-day,
And roadside and meadow blaze high in their pride,
Where wild wood lillies, bright,
Burn with their torch-like light,
Or golden rod gleams o'er the parched country-side.

Then with a burst of flame, from the tree tops.
Over valley and upland the earth fires go,
Flaring from vine and tree,
Blazing right royally,
'Till they sink to gray ash and the willow's dull glow.

MARGARET SEABURY COOK 1911.

AT GREEN POND

Over the western mountain a dull line of cloud appears, grows, approaches. Standing by the tent opening, I see the cloud, and feel the message in the damp, surcharged atmosphere, even though the sun still shines brightly. I see the lake, at the foot of the hill, sparkling, still as glass—and all around, the dry, crackling vegetation that is dying for want of rain.

As I stroll down the pathway to the road, a little hopeful breeze has sprung up, and the long, fragrant grasses, ripe for haying, sway gratefully at its touch. I am out upon the road, opposite the farm-house.

“Rain, eh”? remarks genial Farmer Johnson, as I pass.

“Um—yes,” I reply—“if she doesn’t veer around to the south—most always lately they do. Pity about the hay.”

“Yes—haint started the east slope yet, nuther. Wal”—he grieves, “It’ll drive th’ rattlers back to the swamp anyhow. Kind o’ scared o’ snakes, eh—eh”?

“So are you—of the poisonous ones,” I retort, and walk on down the hill.

The breeze has grown :—a veritable little gale. It sweeps across the birch-grove and the swamp beyond, with ever-gathering force. Saplings rustle and bend—little waves are splashing on the beach below—and always the cloud is nearer. A small brown rabbit scurries into the road before you and stops, quivering, every muscle tense. She snuffs the air, and then leaps off again into the dry blackberry-bushes.

The breeze has now become a high wind, forceful and strong. The sun is blotted out. Far out on the lake is a dense, chill mist that advances with the wind, and veils the western mountain. The waves break more loudly upon the pebbles.

A heavy drop—then another—and in an instant the mist has reached me, and rain is beating with pent-up force on lake and field alike. Hurriedly I run toward the little row boat, moored to a post on the beach. I pull on the oars with a will, and the boat is soon some distance out from shore. The rain is pounding, the wind is blowing, and the storm is glorious.

Now a vivid flash lights the west and immediately follows a low, unsatisfied rumbling, close to earth, that rolls away south and breaks over the hills in a far-away, deadened crash.

Suddenly there is a lull. Over the mountain a bright streak of blue sky gleams through the mist. Rapidly it widens, and the rain abates. The waves die down. But the storm is not over. Retreating to the south, it gathers its reserve forces and swiftly descends with a strength that is gloriously exhilarating. The waves have white-caps now, and in the bottom of the boat the water is two inches deep. Again a blinding glare, and close upon it, a reverberating crash—it seems as if Thor must have shivered his mighty hammer to atoms upon the rocks. The boat is whirled about, lifted, carried aloft, and set down again with a scraping noise upon the beach.

The thunder is to the northward. The mist becomes thinner—in faint outlines, the western mountains can be seen, rosy from the reflection of the coming sunset. One moment more, and the sun, a great dazzling ball of light, breaks upon the lake, glinting brightly through the falling rain.

The wind dies down, the waves are calmed. The rain ceases. Brighter and brighter grows the western sky. At my feet, the lake is crimson and silver, a broad pathway of quivering light.

HELEN FITZJAMES SEARIGHT 1912.

THE MARCH OF THE CHILDREN

Tramping, tramping, up the dusty highways,
 Marching ever onward children go ;
 Smiling, sighing,
 Laughing, crying,
 Climbing, climbing, hand in hand together,
 Never turning backward as they go.

Hear the tread of little feet a-tramping up the highways,
 Mother-hearts are sore for them with thought of toil and pain,
 Father-hearts exult for them and warn them of the byways,
 But heeding not, they all press on to join the happy train.
 Yet mother-love they carry far, not knowing whence its sweetness,
 And father-words they bury deep, to treasure wisdom so,
 And hearts a-fire with their desire they climb to life's completeness,
 Shining castles just beyond the hills that steeper grow.

Marching, marching, rank and file together,
 Forging ever forward children go.
 Some go skipping,
 Some go tripping,
 Some go stumbling, weary by the roadside,
 Never turning backward, on they go.

Hear the joyous singing of the children up the highways,
 Happy, hopeful army as they tramp the road along,
 Heeding not, nor waiting for the stragglers at the byways,
 Pitiless but kindly tramps the ever-changing throng.
 Sturdy boys with hearts of men, so bravely onward thronging,
 Sturdy little women with the home-call eyes,
 Fill the hours of waiting and the hours of weary longing
 With the ringing and the singing of their cheery courage-cries.

Singing, singing, up the dusty highways,
 Climbing ever onward children go.
 Some go dancing,
 Hope entrancing,
 Some go weeping bitterly and weary,
 Never turning backward on they go.

Hearken to the trumpet-call a-ringing up the highways,
 World-old call imperious that thrills each soul anew,
 Hearts attune, they follow on and surging past the byways
 Strive in rank and file together all the long years through,
 Eager hearts and willing feet in answer to that calling,
 Some in bitter struggle as they climb the dusty way,
 Some with gladsome hearts and light, the sun's own warmth entralling,
 One and all the children climb to gain each brighter day.

Tramping, tramping, up the dusty highways,
 Marching ever onward children go,
 Smiling, sighing,
 Laughing, crying,
 Climbing, climbing, hand in hand together,
 Never turning backward, on they go.

GERTRUDE SEXTON 1911.

MOONBEAMS

From still dream fields behind the moon,
 Where poppies nod in deep sleep swoon,
 And fresh-eyed stars like flowers blow
 To the lulled and lapping wind's soft flow :
 From the vale of the sheenful moon,
 We come, a sisterhood serene,
 Bearing dream thoughts all unseen,
 Like mystics from some shadow place,
 Of strange sweet mien and hallowed grace
 The votive nuns of night.
 Our fingers thin a blessing shed
 Unasked upon the sleeping dead.
 We're wandering spirits ages old
 Frailly lovely, palely cold,
 The ghosts of dead sunbeams.

LAUREL SULLIVAN 1910.

ANDREW

Andrew, of course, is a Swede. The number of Swedes in Minnesota is large enough to warrant an "of course." He has red hair, shrewd, kindly, light blue eyes, and a laugh. There is no suggestion of dyspepsia or of the complexity of life in Andrew's laugh. He will stand looking at you, catch (or pretend to catch) the point of your joke, and then out will come a chuckle brimful of glee. It has been the point of departure for our family love of Andrew.

Andrew tells his story differently every day, apparently in earnest search of the spice of life. Once he is thirty-five years old, the next time forty-five (with a despondent "Yais, Andrew's gettin' old, Mees Rankin"); and when the committee came to make him work out his road tax he insisted stoutly that he was fifty-one, and so exempt. He says he came from Sweden at an age ranging from ten to twenty years, and has knocked around Minnesota ever since, cooking for lumber-camps and restaurants, and doing "all kinds work, Mees Rankin; all kinds; yais."

This illustrates one of the manifold peculiarities of Andrew's speech. Without coming to a full stop at the end of a sentence, he glides off into a "yais" or a "no," which is convincing, to say the least. When Andrew says, "You want de Meggie hitch up; no," I feel that under the circumstances, however much I may want a drive, it would be utter folly to have "de Meggie" hitched up. She, of course, is our "guid mare Meg."

Our collie is named Psyche; a conventional family name for dogs. Andrew spent much time training her to chase Meg and bring her back to the barn, when she wanders too far down the road. On such occasions he will eke out Psyche's zeal by exhortations of his own.

"Look a' dat, now, Psyche! Look a' de Meggie; yais. Get it out o' dat, Psyche! Bite him, bite him! Bring her back, now, bring her back! Chase it!"

And Psyche responds, so that when Meg escapes in Andrew's absence, we are obliged to use our best Swedish dialect as a matter of diplomacy.

As an accomplished angler, Andrew will come to the door with the trolling line in his hand, and say, "How many feesh you want this day, Mees Rankin?"

"Oh, about two good-sized pickerel and two bass."

"Hall ri', hall ri', Mees Rankin. Two pick'rel and two bass ! I breeng heem !"

Father once set Andrew at weeding an onion-patch, work which Andrew detested.

"Das 'oly fright, Mees Rankin ; das 'oly fright, yais. Dem ongions ! Man cannot make it. Das vorst vork I haf since long time ; yais man !"

Yet Andrew is not lazy. He loves animals, and will spare no pains in the care of them. He cheerfully scours the countryside for our three heifers, when they take their periodic swim across the lake, and his tribal devotion to us personally is expressed in brief—"I nevair forgait Missa Rankin since I die."

When Andrew takes a dislike he is covertly mischievous, and his practical jokes grow in point and number. The victim usually succumbs before long, and either leaves "Seven Springs" or patches up a truce.

One incident, very characteristic of Andrew, will illustrate this. A young man, "Massa Vest," was visiting us, and Andrew thought him finicky and old-maidish. At that season the pests we call "wood-ticks" were very numerous. Andrew had once, in mentioning them to me, called them "bed-bugs" and then corrected himself. One afternoon Mr. "Vest" was going for a drive. He stood by Meg's head, fondling and stroking her. Andrew walked near to the carriage.

"Oh, Mees Rankin," he called, "I peek two-tree hundret dem bed-bugs out de Meggie's head dis morning."

And poor Mr. "Vest" believed for some time that we told him Andrew meant wood-ticks only to allay his natural suspicions.

We leave Andrew, a faithful caretaker, at Seven Springs when we come back to the city after vacations. He cooks and does his own household work, and keeps the place a marvel of neatness and order. For companionship, he has Psyche, Meg, his flock of chickens, and the heifers, who run to him like dogs on his call of "Come, bo-she." He treats all the animals like humans, so much so that last winter he warmed their drinking water on the stove, so that they would not have to drink the icy spring water.

Andrew wanders around disconsolate as we prepare to leave.

"Oh, Mees Rankin, dat place be von dead von ven you go. I die all 'lone, expect [i. e., except] I haf de Meggie and de rest. But it be von dead von!"

And as the train pulls out of the station, the last thing we see is Andrew, bravely but sadly turning back to the "dead" farm, to commune with heifers, horse and dog.

JANET RANKIN 1912.

WHAT DOES COLLEGE MEAN TO YOU?

What does college mean to you? Looking back over the past three or four years and summing up the changes which you have undergone, that is not a very difficult question to answer, although upon first thought it may appear so. And it is a question worth the time and thought which it requires.

We are never really inactive during our college life and have little lesiure for retrospection, or for introspection. Then, too, there seems to be a prevailing horror of being alone. I once heard a junior say to her freshman sister, "Mary, you must not go off by yourself that way. Get some one to go with you when you go for walks or down street. It doesn't look well to wander about by youself, and besides you ought to associate with the girls." That is the rather trite expression of a sentiment which seems to be generally accepted. We work in crowds (to use the popular term), "bat" in crowds, and, in short, *live* in crowds. There is small wonder that we seldom find time for meditation.

In its own way, this association is one of the best phases of our college years, but it is by no means the chief end and significance of college life. We are too apt to lose sight of the real meaning of these four years and to look upon college as a place for "batting" or for working with "the girls." These associations are now, and in all propability will always be, some of the closest and most valued in our lives, but the intercourse which we have had here in our college life will have a deeper significance in the life which we enter upon after Commencement. In learning to live in harmony with the college world (and most of us know only too well that it is no easy thing to learn) we are unconsciously preparing ourselves to be a concordant part of the sphere of life which we shall occupy when college

days are over. It is the lasting significance of these associations which renders them so valuable.

Not long ago it occurred to me to ask some of the members of the upper classes this question, "What does college mean to you?" Their replies were surprisingly fragmentary. Some said it meant happiness and a good time; others said it meant intellectual development, or the acquirement of self-control; still others that it meant the elimination of conservative judgments and the acquirement of our ability to find and appreciate good in others. Without doubt college does represent each of these things, but it seems to me that it has a deeper significance—a significance which embraces all these and something more vital.

Most of us come to college from homes where every care has been taken for our well-being. And freshman year we had well-developed opinions of what other people owed us, rather than the understanding of our duties to those about us. Perhaps that is the fundamental reason why freshman year is a time of upheavals and the acquirement of new and hard facts about ourselves and about our social environment. However that may be, I have heard many girls say during sophomore year that so-and-so "was very hard to get on with last year, but this year she is just great."

In the change which that oft-heard remark implies, it seems to me that the true significance of our college years lies. They may mean—and I certainly think they *do* mean—happiness, and intellectual development, and the appreciation of good in others, and the gain of forbearance, but they should mean something better and greater than any or all of these. They should mean the ability to see life in perspective and to find our place in that perspective. Perhaps we do not and can not find the real life until college days are over and we have commenced our mature life, but we *can* find ourselves. We can learn to know ourselves and our capacities. We *can* determine what our attitude toward life shall be and how we shall meet its vicissitude as strong, sincere women.

GERTRUDE E. WILSON 1910.

THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS

Once when times were quaint and olden, in the days of long ago,
Lived a pretty little princess in a castle built of snow,
And many princes wanted her, their love t'was very keen,
But it didn't help them any, with a wall of ice between.

And so the little princess lived all lonely and forlorn,
Away inside her castle cold, and wished she'd ne'er been born,
And all the little princes stood outside the castle gate
Warm robed in furs and bearskin, and loudly railed at fate.

Until there came a prince along who saw the princess fair
A standing at her window, and he threw her kisses there.
Then he went and got a polar bear and to his collar tied
A message to the princess, and he sent him to her side.

And the princess read the message, "Lady fair, I love you true,
And I'll rescue you from freezing, that's the first thing that I'll do!
Then I'll marry you, my princess, if you love me, and we'll be
King and queen together, in my kingdom 'cross the sea.

So he went and fought a dragon, and he beat the beastie sore,
And he made him promise truly that he'd roam the world no more,
But he'd follow his young master, and he'd faithfully fulfill
All the prince's plans, and always he would carry out his will.

So the young prince led the dragon rather near the wall of ice,
And the dragon breathed upon it, and t'was melted in a trice,
Then the prince quick built a scaffold, straight up to the window where,
He had seen the little princess sad and lonely, standing there.

And he sent a carrier pigeon, straight into her arms it flew,
And she read, "Climb out your window, princess dear, I pray you do,
Seat yourself upon the platform you have seen me building there,
I'll be with you in a moment. First send down your polar bear!"

Then the young prince led the dragon to the castle's other side,
And the dragon breathed upon it, till the wall seams opened wide,
And the castle all was melted, then the dragon breathed some more,
The water all evaporated leaving there a polished floor,

And the princess on her platform, with her loyal polar bear
Keeping guard down at the bottom, scaring off the princes there.
Then the prince climbed up the ladder, kissed the princess, (Lucky Jack!)
And they rode off to his kingdom on the faithful dragon's back.

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN.

IN A STREET CAR—A MONOLOGUE

"No, that's not the car.—A green one?—No, a red one. Yes, this is it.—Why, what a very rude conductor! My dear, your veil is slipping a little, let me fix it,—there, that's all right. Oh, here's our car.—What! the fare? Do we have to pay before we get in? How bothersome! Where is my purse? I must have left it behind. No, here it is,—my last nickel, too. Have you any change? All right. What a stuffy car! (Signals to conductor.) Will you kindly open this window? What? Against the rules? Why, how very absurd! Very well. Oh, Mary! have you heard about the Remsen's baby? You haven't! Why, my dear, it was kidnapped yesterday afternoon, and the police haven't found the least clue yet. No, they don't want the story to get around, so they have kept it out of the way of the reporters. Where do you have to go? Oh, I have to go to those same places, too, and to White's also. Oh, is *that* Mrs. Johnson, Senator Johnson's wife? Yes, the one just getting on. Isn't she a dowdy!—but then, all of them are. Yes, and you know he bribed a lot of people to vote for him, they say. Where? Oh, down there—the woman in brown? isn't she a sight? Her hair is frightful! Yes, I do too, and the style gets worse all the time. Did you ever see such a rude woman?—to push me way over like that so her dirty little boy could sit on the seat! (To woman with boy) Your boy's feet are very dirty and they are on my skirt.—My dear, don't you think Italians are the filthiest people you ever saw? They are as bad as the Germans, only they don't smell of beer quite so much. Do you still go to that dressmaker? Yes, isn't she a jewel? And so reasonable. Why, she only charged me forty dollars for making this suit. Very good looking? Well, I should say so. I got the goods in New York last spring, and then decided not to have it made up. Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Mahew! So glad to see you. How are the children? Oh! I'm so glad—I should think you would be relieved—governesses take such a responsibility off one's mind, don't they? Well, I suppose I'll see you at Mrs. Smith's tea to-morrow afternoon? Really, not going? Oh, I know they are stupid, but one has to go or people think one has not been invited. Isn't that woman

a cat? I can't stand her. Yes, her husband was the man who got rich so suddenly two years ago, everybody wondered just how, but nobody seemed to know. Why, how long we are waiting here—what can the matter be? Car off the track, and we have to get out and walk to the next block? What a bore! These lines are run abominably, aren't they? Come on! Oh, I have left my bag. Thank you, yes, that's it. Come on."

VENA LOUISE ROBINSON 1911.

THE LADY CATHALEEN

'Twas in the north of Ireland,
Down by the Irish sea,
The Lady Cath'leen, white and dead,
With dim lamps burning at her head,
Lay straight and sorrowfully.

Nurse Eden spoke to Killymoon
And to that lord quoth she,
"What wilt thou call the tiny child?
Shall she be named for Mary mild
Or some saint dear to thee?"

Lord Killymoon looked on the face
Which lay upon the bier
And bending low, he whispering said,
"My dear, my saint,—that thou art dead
And leav'st this world but drear."

Without the wind rushed by,
The Lady lay so fair, serene.
"Aye, nurse, for some saint dear to me
Who'll lie here by the Irish Sea
For whom but Cathaleen?"

And all the folks in Cull-Magheen
Prayed for the soul of Cathaleen.

CAROLINE BURNE 1910.

ART-LONGING

Oh yes, I know now that it cannot be;—
That joy I dared to dream might come to me,
Which artists feel;—that divine ecstasy

When, God-like, they create.
And yet I pray still for a humble part
With them in joy. So let me train my heart
That, sensitive to all that's true in art,

I may appreciate.

MARION KEEP PATTON 1910.

EDITORIAL

"It is a thankless task to be a parent in these exacting days," says Agnes Repplier in her essay, "In Behalf of Parents," and some of us can cry with equal fervor and with an added feeling of personal concern, "It is a thankless task to be a college girl." For parenthood has at least the seal of time upon it; there have always been parents and, if we may judge the future by the past, there always will be, notwithstanding the doubts expressed by certain eminent persons. But if we may believe anything we read, a college girl is a thing apart, the like of which has never before been seen.

Colleges for women have existed just long enough for us to have numerous responsibilities thrust upon us, but they have not been in existence long enough for the world at large to have any particular faith in our ability to fulfil them. It is said, for instance, that the future of the country is in the hands of the American college woman, and those people who are, according to their belief, thereby relieved of all responsibility, spend some of their leisure moments in speculating as to what the American college woman is going to do about it.

The result seems to have been a quickening of that curiosity which is one of the fundamental instincts of mankind; a desire to know more about these strange creatures. Fired with a zeal for scientific research, energetic individuals have hastened to Massachusetts, where there are three of the largest colleges for women. Then it was that we realized fully what Burns really meant when he said warningly, "A chiel's amang you takin' notes." It has been a matter of debate whether the "chie" promptly lost his note-book, or whether his notes were in short-hand and he was unable to read them when the critical moment arrived. At any rate, anyone at all acquainted with the institutions described might, on reading the finished product, be justified in believing that the writer, in the words of Sheridan, was "indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts."

There is a proverb to the effect that lookers-on see most of the game, but it would seem that, in justice to the players, if the spectator has any intention of giving his views to the world, he ought to wait long enough to find out what the game is, under what rules it is being played, and what the score is. Surely, any comments or criticism given without this knowledge would be unworthy of serious consideration.

Women have been told so many times that they are illogical that many of them have come to believe it. Doubtless it would be wasted effort to contradict this time-honored statement. One thing, however, it may be safe to assert; at Smith, logic is a required subject and most students of it have some knowledge of the fallacies. Investigation discloses the fact that there exists "The Converse Fallacy of Accident, which consists in arguing that what is true of a thing under some condition or accident, can be asserted of it simply, or in its essential nature." There is also a fallacy known as "Generalization on an insufficient basis of fact."

It seems to be especially to this latter error in reasoning that we are indebted for most of those peculiar statements which have lately appeared in print. The tendency to generalization is responsible for so many false impressions! Smith students object to having these misleading statements scattered broadcast for the same reason that they object to having the college referred to as "Smith's"—because it isn't so.

The things which can be predicted of "all college girls," or even of "all Smith students," are strangely few. There is no typical college girl, any more than there is any typical woman. There is no characteristic or set of characteristics which all college women possess, nor has the college woman any one trait which distinguishes her from the rest of her sex. The higher education does not deprive students of their individuality so that they may be labeled and docketed, even for the edification of the reading public. Nothing can be more false than to speak of "*the grind*," "*the celeb.*," "*the sport*," or "*the shark*" as though these were categories into which students may be placed with definiteness and finality. There is no such thing, for instance, as "*the shark*," simply because there are as many kinds and varieties of "sharks" as there are brilliant students—and a great many more, if we may believe the enthusiastic assertions which we hear so frequently. To imply, then, that

there can be a typical brilliant student is practically to deny the existence of the one attribute which "sharks" have in common. Such a classification is only another of those "glittering generalities" against which many writers seem never to have been warned at all, or to have been warned in vain.

If we are somewhat dismayed by the rather personal remarks which are made about us in the newspapers, it is not because we object to criticism. Intelligent criticism, springing from a knowledge of the facts and a desire to be of service, is a thing to be received with consideration. There have been such comments on Smith and we hope there will be many more,—but not too many, lest we become like the man in the fable, who tried to please everybody.

HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER 1910.

The MONTHLY Board announces the resignations of

Katherine Duncan Morse, Sketch Editor,

Josephine Keizer, Treasurer ;

and the election of

Josephine Keizer, Sketch Editor,

Annabel Hitchcock Sharp, Assistant Managing Editor,

Gertrude Wilson, Treasurer.

EDITOR'S TABLE

We are quite familiar with the "killing"-ness and "nearly-died"-ness of humor. From all accounts, we who live in a world where one must often laugh should lead lives like those of the Italian despots—"one prolonged terror." Another phase of humor, too, we know—its "rich"-ness and its "lovely"-ness. We may need appreciative courses in Mazzini and Giotto, but we consider ourselves past-masters in the æstheticism of wit. The "saving-grace"-ness of humor is, however, a phase more often overlooked. Perhaps it is not until your roommate becomes homesick and forgets the trick of punning which you had thought her most exasperating habit, or until blackness envelops your own soul so that you cannot laugh at her best sallies, that you appreciate the utility, nay, the necessity of humor.

It is apparent that we are not making nice distinctions. Not that we would wish to defend the pun from modish obloquy—that would be to deprive those who cannot play upon words, of their own little joke of groaning at those who can,—but merely that to us the criterion of humor is not excellence in wit, but charm in point of view.

The person who can get far enough outside of life to perceive its true perspective must see humorously. Even he who gets only so far as to see it foreshortened attains a whimsical wittiness. The man who does not know it when he is ludicrous is so cooped into the narrow confines of his own personality that he can scarcely peer between the bars; while he who can stand the ultimate test of a sense of humor, that of enjoying a joke at his own expense, has a free sprite of a mind that can perch on his bed-post and grin at him, or flit out of his window, up, up, and smile back at all the world, himself a part of it.

It is the lack of this soaring spirit which, in the midst of all our laughter, leaves us such solemn creatures after all, with half the sparkle, the charm, the richness of life unseen through our dull eyes.

Those who have grappled most sternly with the bitterness of life and have come out best from the encounter know, as no trifler can know, the necessity of humor. Cyrano de Bergerac knew it when he fought disappointment, poverty and contempt with his gay cavalier laugh. Stevenson knew it when in the throes of agony he smiled and made the world smile with him. Yes, humor is in all verity "a saving grace."

It is a far cry from Stevenson to the "heavies" of college periodicals. Yes, but would it were not so far. We college people seem to think that we must either be so funny as to make people hold their sides or else that we must don long black gowns and spectacles, pull down the corners of our mouths and be "scholarly." Melancholy indeed are the exceptions which prove the rule—the smart cleverness which, in trying to leaven soggy essays, succeeds only in giving them a disagreeable flavor. This is what we should fear if we plead: "Write more humorously. Try Lamb and Stevenson for masters once in a while." No, if writing like them be your aim, you will fail, of course, and be insincere, which is worse. But if we try to think and see and feel as they did, we shall at least limber our souls, and as for our writing, perhaps after many patient moons—who can tell?

PROPHECY

All verse, all music; artistry
 Of cunning hand and feeling heart;
 All loveliness, whate'er it be,
 Is but the hint and broken part
 Of that vast beauty and delight
 Which man shall know when he is free;
 When in his soul the alien night
 Folds up like darkness from the sea.
 For e'en in song man still reveals
 His ancient fear, a mournful knell;
 Like one who dreams of home, but feels
 The bonds of an old prison cell.

Horace Holley, in Williams Literary Magazine.

ABOUT COLLEGE

EVERY MAN

She bade him good-bye
With a tear on her cheek,
But a smile in her eye.
She bade him good-bye ;
With relief did she sigh,
He had been here a week.
She bade him good-bye
With a tear on her cheek.

MARTHA BARKER 1910.

THE COMMITTEE

Rules and regulations have come to Smith to stay,
No more open books in class, with that they've done away,
No more cheating in exams, for girls with piercing eyes
Are watching all your actions, and may take you by surprise.
So be advised, ye Smith girls, and take care what you're about—
The committee's going to get you
If you
 don't
 watch
 out.

Once there was a freshman who never did her math,
She wouldn't and she couldn't, so she chose the crooked path ;
With open book upon her lap, she'd fluently recite,
But one day she was noticed, and she left for home that night.
Oh Smith girls, do be careful, for there isn't any doubt—
The committee's going to get you
If you
 don't
 watch
 out.

There was another girl who always let her glances stray
 To see what on the paper of the girl beside her lay.
 But one sad day she let her eyes too evidently roam ;
 They saw her, and that afternoon she took the 5:12 home.
 So once again I tell you, and warningly I shout :
 The committee's going to get you
 If you

don't

watch

out.

LOUISE BENJAMIN 1912.

EVOLUTION

Freshman

A Princeton banner pinned to the wall
 Back of a pillow Yale blue ;
 Aunt Sally, Sir Galahad, Cousin Jo
 Hang over the chafing-dish all in a row,
 While four volumes of "Betty in College" show
 In the bookrack, bronze and new.

Sophomore

Mission furniture, dark green walls,
 A Copley print of "Fate,"
 Two pictures of seniors, three of the team,
 (Replacing the family it would seem),
 Ten limp-leather poets all gilt and gleam,
 And a Bible Cram up to date.

Junior

A rose-colored border, a white-covered couch,
 A fern trailing over a book ;
 Cologne cathedral hangs over the bed,
 While a wand marks the pages of Ibsen read,
 On a desk with argument papers spread
 Near a thick engagement book.

Senior

Hippolyta's cues on the chiffonier propped
 The easier are to scan,
 In the midst of a Senior Essay maze
 Looms the family pictures of freshman days,
 While conspicuously the desk displays
 The portrait of a man.

ELIZABETH BABCOCK 1911.

Alice in Wonderland never looked more dazed than did a certain Smith College sophomore whom I saw standing in mid-campus this September. She could not find the old gymnasium anywhere. When she does discover it on the banks of Paradise what will her amazement be to see it changed from red to glossy green in freakish disregard of Nature's custom in autumn? The Hatfield House is hard to find, stripped of its ivy and hidden behind the Dewey and Wallace Houses. In comparison with the new library, all the buildings on campus now look strangely dwarfed. We hope before Thanksgiving to penetrate the mysteries behind that "No Admittance." The ground round about, which we left so torn up, is now covered with fresh green grass. In front of the Students' Building the site of the old tennis courts is smooth green lawn.

The best part of all in this Wonderland we have come back to is the noisy lot where the scaffolding rises higher every day and the derricks swing busily back and forth. By the first of June the Dewey House girls will be able to step directly into the auditorium from their back door. The main entrance on Elm Street will be impressive with its six tall brownstone columns and broad steps. No one will need to come early to chapel in a hall which seats two thousand persons. Freshmen will still have their bird's-eye-view of the upper classes for there will be back and side galleries if not the same old "rubber row." There will be a platform large enough to seat two hundred and fifty persons. The organ will be directly over the platform and private rooms will be generously distributed.

The new auditorium has long been expected but no one last year had a presentiment that the Student's Building would be the scene of recitations. Yet the teaching of German in the S. C. A. C. W. room is a cause of only mild surprise in comparison with the other changes. The practice piano has invaded the sanctum of the council room. The missionary room holds another instrument for the use of pupils. The enthusiastic music students have already been thrilled by Mme. Schumann-Heink and are to have the privilege of listening to the pianist, Rachmaninoff; the violinist, Mr. Mannes; the Olive Mead string quartet with Mme. David, harpist; and the New York Symphony orchestra. So far this year, surely, it has been worth while for Smith College girls to keep their eyes and ears wide open.

MARJORIE FULLER, 1911.

A WARNING

Oh this is the tale of a poor little Freshman,
A wee verdant Freshman of innocent mien,
Who, seeking some practice in versification,
Was told she could find it in English 13.

In prose too she yearned to become quite efficient,
This poor little Freshman of innocent mien,
She felt that her genius, as yet but a seedling,
Would sprout with a vengeance in English 13.

Her fervor ran high at the first recitation,
That genius was burning was plain to be seen,
Home she ran in mad haste to get pencil and paper
And write many hours of English 13.

But alas! on the way she was met by a Sophomore,
Who beguiled this young Freshman of innocent mien
Into going to Hadley to get some new cider—
Alas! oh alas! for that English 13.

So the days they passed by in a round of excitement.
At frolics, teas, dances the Freshman was seen,
But always the time or the place or the weather
Was not quite conducive to English 13.

At each recitation returned the ambition
Of this poor little Freshman, so young and so green,
To become a great writer, but somehow or other
She couldn't get 'round to that English 13.

At last came the time when exams were approaching.
This Freshman with troubled expression was seen,
Her pencil she chewed and much paper she wasted
In trying to do all that English 13.

In vain did she summon that long-hidden genius,
In vain did she try her annoyance to screen,
At last she declared in a manner emphatic :
"I'd rather be hung than do English 13."

Moral

Take warning, ye Freshmen, from this little poem,—
Unless you're a genius that's plain to be seen,
Unless you can write with much ease and enjoyment,
Then never, oh never, take English 13.

HENRIETTA CHANDLER PEABODY 1912.

THE BALLAD OF THE PROCRASTINATING FRESHMAN

With hair sleeked back, and night-lamp flickering low,
 Clasp her battered math-book to her breast,
 The Freshman sat, and gazed into the dark,
 And mused on sines and secants, and the rest
 Of those dark terrors that beset the path
 Of trembling wretches who are poor in math.

And, as she mused, the sputtering flame burned blue,
 And, from the darkest corner, shadows crept,
 Dread forms, with trailing robes and rattling teeth.
 The Freshman, seeing them, would fain have wept,
 For well she knew the shadows, every one;
 They were the ghosts of things she had not done.

And one with baleful glare stepped forth, and said,
 "A, b b a, a b b a, c d !
 I am Miss Baker's sonnet ; long ago,
 Oh careless one, you should have written me !
 Now in your ears shall ever ring my song :
 ' You put me off, you put me off too long.' "

The Freshman bowed her head, and forth there stepped
 A tall, thin shadow, creaking as he came.
 " On May tenth I was due, I'm English A,
 My message and Sir Sonnet's are the same ;
 Sleeping and waking, you shall loathe my song,
 ' You put me off, you put me off too long.' "

And then a shadow in a purple robe
 Came forward, and in sapphic strophe said,
 " Integer vitæ never can she be
 Who has not learned the odes that were assigned her ;
 Carpe Diem ! your sins are on your head.
 In good alcaic will I chant my song,
 ' You put me off, you put me off too long ! ' "

Then thirty little ghosts, with fateful tread
 Marched out in dread array, and for a space
 The flame blazed high, and blue-green was the light
 That lurid shone on each accusing face.
 The Freshman saw, and with a hopeless moan
 Heard, while they spoke in grim, relentless tone :

"We must be strangers, for all through this term
 You have ignored us, though you might have seen
 That our time too would come ; now it is here ;
 Why did you not keep up in your 13 ?
 No wonder that you shudder at our song :
 ' You put us off, you put us off too long ! ' "

Last came a shadow with a pale-blue card
 Like those one sometimes finds in College Hall,
 And, with hawk-eyes, it seared the Freshman's soul,
 And handed her the card, nor spoke at all.
 The legend on the card ? 'Tis short to tell :
 "Procrastinating Freshman, *fare thee well !*"

CLAIRE WILLIAMS 1910.

THE ADVICE OF A SOPHOMORE TO THE FRESHMEN

Dear trembling Freshmen, allow me to tell
 What otherwise, in a few days,
 Experience bitter, that wise pedagogue,
 Would inform you about college ways.

Of course 'tis no wonder that Freshmen like you
 Should make now and then a mistake,
 And in begging for pardon increase your disgrace
 By some other horrible break.

But you shouldn't make more than necessity's due,
 So I'll tell you what many have seen,
 That although you are fresh, and uncommonly so,
 You need not be verdantly green.

I know you are homesick, and feel you don't care,
 But don't be discouraged about it,
 For really it's rather expected of you,
 And you wouldn't be Freshmen without it.

Now when you're with Seniors, let them have the way,
 Whatever they ask of you, do,
 And treat them with all that profoundest respect
 That to dignified Seniors is due.

And when you're with Juniors, your good sister class
 Must of course have your hearty good will,
 But even so, dears, you must never forget
 That they're two years ahead of you still.

And when you're with Sophomores, down on your knees,
Don't speak of last year, it might tease them,
But treat them as if their august presence awed,
For that is the one way to please them.

When they send you on errands, smile, say you'd be pleased,
And do them with affable ease,
And if you're untiring, perhaps you'll avoid
The smiles and the glances that freeze.

In a word I will tell you it all, and of course,
At first it may seem a bit queer,
That the Seniors and Juniors and Soph'mores are great,
But the Freshmen, well, you're simply here.

LOUISA F. SPEAR 1912.

The Smith College concert course began October 1st with a song-recital given by Mme. Schumann-Heink, accompanied by Mrs. Katherine Hoffman. Her program, was on the whole, of a serious nature and displayed the great power of interpretation as well as the variety and beauty of tone which characterize her singing.

The wonderful possibilities of musical declamation were exemplified in her rendition of such intensely dramatic selections as Wagner's "Die Götter-Dämmerung" and Schubert's "Die All-Macht." She exhibited the tender and exquisite qualities of her voice in the arias from "Titus" by Mozart and "Samson and Delilah" by Saint-Saëns. Charming effects were produced by the staccatos in Chadwick's "Danza."

She gave as encores a repetition of Margaret Lang's "Irish Love Song," "The Rosary" by Nevin and the famous "Trinklied" from "Lucretia Borgia," one of the songs for whose interpretation she has won great distinction. The nobility, grandeur and tenderness of her style seem but an expression of that character which she bears as a woman.

ELSIE SWEENEY 1910.

AFTER COLLEGE

The MONTHLY staff appreciates the consideration which the editors of the *Alumnae Quarterly* have shown on its behalf, and extend the heartiest good wishes for the success of the new magazine. May it flourish as a genuine Smith enterprise.

THE FIRST OPENING OF SMITH COLLEGE

On the fifteenth of September, 1875, I arrived on the afternoon train from the north, rode up Elm Street in a station hack, was whirled round the familiar turn and through the entrance between College Hall and the President's house, and was brought to a stand-still at the east corner of the Dewey House, which then stood—do I need to say?—where Seelye Hall now stands. A slim and active, red-bearded, keen-eyed young gentleman—the President!—came to meet me, and in the doorway stood the Lady Principal, a beautiful and charming woman, all grace and kindness. The first impression was of cordiality and fine, high things. I liked college on the spot!

Three or four other girls came on the fifteenth, and next morning the rest arrived from out of town. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the sixteenth, the number presented for entrance was fourteen. According to the college records, these were Mary Adkins, Mary Bonney, Abbie Carleton, Adelaide Edwards, Mary French, Mary Gorham, Julia Gulliver, Henrietta Leonard, Kate Morris, Sylvia Spaulding, Corinne Tuckerman, Harriet Warner and Mary Whiton, seven from Northampton and the neighborhood, and seven from out of town. We met in Social Hall, the chapel and Assembly Hall, registered, and were introduced to the faculty, three in number besides the Lady Principal, and were forthwith examined in the studies required for entering the freshman class. Professor Clark, a handsome elderly gentleman with a ruddy, smiling face and snow-white hair, took us one by one into the adjoining room and tested our knowledge orally, in Latin and Greek. One of our number had worked throughout the summer on Greek and had lain awake all the night before.

She remembers that in closing the examination Professor Clark said, "You have done very well, my little lady. I think you need have no anxiety, you seem a little flushed." He was equally kind to us all, though from the course in Hadley's Greek Grammar, to which he later treated us, I fancy he found us more defective in forms than he for the moment admitted.

Miss Hastings, the mathematics teacher, seemed to us about seventy years of age, though when I met her twenty-five years later she seemed just the same. She gave us three problems in algebra which none of us could do. Consequently, we all had to study algebra in the beginning. She also conducted the examination in spelling, and one of us, later the distinguished principal of a girls' school, spelled neighbor *nybor*. The same girl was so frightened when President Seelye examined her in English that she could not tell what conjunctions were. None of us, however, proved utterly unworthy candidates; we were all admitted, and next morning at prayers felt profoundly relieved at being really "in."

The platform and reading desk for prayers were at the east end of Social Hall, near the President's office. Two rows of chairs were set out for us on the south side of the central aisle, the rest being piled in the rear of the room. It is my impression that on that first morning Miss Smith's portrait looked down upon us. The two engravings, Holbein's "Madonna" and Rubens' "Decent from the Cross," which long hung, one on each side of the portrait, may also have been there. What Scripture the President read and what hymn was selected has not been recorded. Does anyone remember? The class had considerable musical ability, two really beautiful voices, a soprano and alto, for leaders, and an excellent accompanist, so that I do not think even our first hymn-singing was bad. What did we look like? In general, we looked young, as was natural to our years, and very serious and in earnest, as became pioneers. We wore our hair brushed smoothly back, tied, braided, and coiled low. A few of us frizzed the short temple locks.

Our skirts were long and heavy and had to be lifted up when we walked. We wore basques buttoned tightly with a ruffle in the neck. Some had long watch-chains. Most of us were country girls, the daughters of ministers or teachers; our array could hardly be expected to reach a high level of style. When we were dressed-up we wore black silk.

Such as we were, the college began with us on that Friday morning thirty-four years ago, and the seed was sown which, all undreamed-of by anybody, was to yield a thousand-fold, from fourteen to fourteen hundred and more.

After prayers I suppose we lingered a moment in the down-stairs room by the fireplace, afterwards the teachers' room. We got our mail there, and there the college library of that day was kept, an Atlas, and Webster's Unabridged and Smith's Classical Dictionaries. Recitations were held in No. 3, the present registrar's office. There the blackboards were too high for us, and she of the algebra problems made us stand on blocks of wood which she procured in order that we might reach the top.

Professor Clark wore a dress-suit at recitations, and was benevolence personified, benevolence with an undercurrent of persistence as to Greek grammar.

The lovely Lady Principal heard us recite Thalheimer's Ancient History in the same place, and did the President lecture on the aim of the college in that room? Him alone I cannot see in that chair.

Over at the Dewey House the process of getting under way was somewhat more difficult. The domestic machinery hitched, the heating apparatus had not been installed or would not work, and we even had to go to bed for a

night or two with candles stuck in potatoes. The bright spot was the Lady Principal, who did everything in her power to cheer us. On the first Sunday afternoon, for the sake of warmth and sociability, we all sat together, to read and write letters, in the reception room at the right of the door. It was my eighteenth birthday and I had a toothache, with which item, personal, as is natural in an oldest living graduate, I will close this fragment of ancient history.

KATE MORRIS CONE 1879.

SMITH COLLEGE MISSIONARY RECORD, 1909-1910

On July 9 of the past summer, the daily papers printed a brief notice concerning Miss Mary B. Daniels, who on the day before, at Osaka, Japan, had entered into rest. It was a brief notice of a brief life : student days at Smith ; teaching in Northampton ; professorship at her own college ; appointment as a missionary of the American Board, in 1889, to Osaka,—Smith's first representative in Japan. Then twenty years of unrecorded service,—service slow enough to be wise and patient ; quick enough to seize the opportunity, to meet the need, to redeem the time. How good it is that a life is not measured by its length of years, but by its fulness of service. Separated from her by distance and time, we can only guess how richly and freely she labored, sparing neither mind nor spirit nor worn body ; but boys whom she taught in the school at Osaka, wounded soldiers whom she tended, women whose barren lives were touched with beauty at her word,—they know.

FLORENCE ANDERSON GILBERT 1898

A missionary register may not always be complete since long-distance correspondence makes recent news impossible and information is often meagre, as in this instance.

After graduating from college in 1898, Florence Anderson entered the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, and became general secretary of the work in Schenectady. In 1902, when she sailed for India with her husband, it was to be connected with work not unfamiliar ; for Mr. Gilbert had been appointed traveling secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association for North India, with headquarters at Lahore.

In the spring of 1904 Mr. Gilbert resigned his position, and returned to America. After a stay of about a year, accompanied by his wife, he went to Hankow, China, to represent a New York business firm. Here Mrs. Gilbert taught English for an hour a day to a class of Chinese boys in an American mission school. When we last heard from them, over a year ago, they expected to return shortly to this country. The editor would be glad to receive any further information from Mrs. Gilbert's friends.

Last address given, Mrs. Frederic M. Gilbert, Hankow, China.

MABEL MILHAM ROYS 1900

During her college days, Mabel Milham attended a student conference where she met Dr. Charles Kirkland Roys, who, like herself, was a volunteer for the foreign field. They were later appointed to the same station in China and Miss Milham began her work there as Dr. Roys' wife.

The years between Miss Milham's graduation from college in 1900 and her departure for the field in 1904 were not idle. For two years she had the honor of being a national traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and was further fitted to be the wife of a missionary by her experience as secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York, New Jersey, and Minnesota. She was married in June, 1904, and in the following August sailed with her husband for Wei Hsien, the province of Shantung, China.

Dr. Roys is in charge of the large hospital and medical work at Wei Hsien. Upon Mrs. Roys devolve the duties of a missionary wife and mother. That her influence is not confined to her own home is shown by the words of Dr. Arthur J. Brown of China: We regard Mrs. Roys as a woman of fine culture and devotion, and as a missionary she is exerting a splendid influence."

At college Mabel Milham was the center of a large circle of friends who loved her for her spontaneity and humor and for the rich and unflinching friendship which she gave them.

The latest word received from Mrs. Roys came last summer in a stirring letter (kindly loaned by Frau Kapp) concerning the famine of native pastors in China. The evangelization of China must be accomplished largely by its native pastors; yet in view of the social degradation of this class, and the meagre salary—\$2.50 per month—it is easily understood why even Christian young men prefer business or professional careers. During the past decade only five or six of the alumni from Shantung College have entered the ministry. Yet last April this college was the scene of a wonderful movement, without parallel in the history of student life throughout the world. During this movement,—which arose among the students themselves, with no emotional demonstration—over one-third of the institution (104 college men and 25 academy students) voluntarily offered themselves for the Christian ministry. These decisions are the result of earnest conviction; Here is cause for thanksgiving on the part of those who work for the coming of the Kingdom; but as these volunteers are only a tithe of all that are needed, there is also cause for fervent prayer.

Address, Mrs. C. K. Roys, Wei Hsien, Shantung, China.

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB, Editor,

31 Vauxhall Street, New London, Conn.

Miss Delia Dickson Levins 1901 will sail this fall for Tungchou, near Pekin, North China, where she will remain for seven years. Through the efforts of the missionary department it has been made possible for Smith to have her own representative on the foreign field. The commission service for Miss Levins was held at the regular college vesper service on Sunday, October third.

Under the direction of Rosamond Kimball '09 and Mabel Stone '09 a loan library has been started for the benefit of girls who wish to lessen their college expenses. The students responded generously to a request for books and more than 1000 volumes have been collected and placed in an alcove of the Seelye Hall Library. Three hundred of these books, covering the work of the first semester, are now in use, and the future success of the library is heartily hoped for. Margaret Cook '11 is now in charge of all business in this connection.

SENIOR DRAMATICS 1910

Applications should be placed on file at the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton.

Each alumna is allowed one ticket, and may not use another's name to secure extra seats. It is urged that applications be made for Thursday evening, June 9th, instead of for Friday evening, June 10th, since that time will be less crowded. Saturday evening is not open to alumnæ.

No deposit is required, and tickets need not be claimed until Commencement week from the Business Manager in Northampton.

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Laurel Sullivan, 8 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

'00 Mrs. Alden H. Clark (Mary S. Whitcomb) will be in New York and Boston from September, 1909, to September, 1910. Address, 635 West 115th Street, New York City.

'04. Alice Morgan Wright is engaged in making a portrait statue of Sir Henry Irving as Becket. The figure is part of Mr. Fraser's commission for six actor statues which are to be placed in the auditorium of the new Davenport theatre on 63rd Street, New York.

'05. Mary L. Darling has announced her engagement to Ernest Thomas Hethrington.

'08. Jean E. Chandler has been made Assistant Registrar of the college.

Miriam A. Myers is visiting friends in Manila, Philippine Islands. Address, 173 Calle Real, Care of Judge A. S. Crossfield.

Mabel F. Tilton has announced her engagement to Arthur W. Coolidge of Reading, Massachusetts.

'09. Ethel Bowen will be at home during the year, in East Aurora, New York.

Lura Bugbee is principal of the graded school at Hartford, Vermont. She has announced her engagement to Marshall Cummings, of North Thetford, Vermont.

Laura K. Darling will remain at home during the winter, studying music and substituting in the upper grades of the public schools at Hyde Park. Address, 110 East River Street, Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

- '09. Louise French is teaching seventh grade work in the graded schools at White River Junction, Vermont.
 Ella Mayo is teaching science and mathematics in Augusta, Galveston.
 Minnie Catherine Morse is teaching Latin, French and history in Messina, New York.

MARRIAGES

- '05. Ruth Tracy Bigelow to the Reverend John Watson Christie, pastor of the Nelson Memorial Presbyterian Church of Columbus, on July 28, at Utica, New York. Address, 1362 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio.
 Dagmar Louise Megie to George W. Ross, on October 23.
 Elizabeth Morrison Moulton to John R. Reigart.
- '07. Ethel May Bartholomew to James Kirkpatrick, on September 1.
 Helen Field Cobb to Carl Bragdon, on June 17.
 Helen Margery Dean to Surgeon Fred M. Bogan, U. S. N., on October 12.
 Alice Edith Goodman to Thomas Byren Gilchrist, on September 14. Address, 261 89th Street, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, New York.
 Alice Alden Knapp to Gordon MacDougall Taylor, in July.
 R. Muriel Robinson to G. Houston Burr, on June 22. Address, 103 Pond Street, Natick, Massachusetts.
 Jeanette Welch to Henry Strong Denison, on August 19.
- '08. Eugenia Ayer to Oliver Frost Cutts, on June 30. Address, 756 New York Block, Seattle, Washington.
 Frances Ward Clary to Silas Snow, on October 2, at Williamsburg. Address, 221 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.
 Helen F. Harris to Norman Leslie Snow, on June 5.
 Annie Florence Keene to Neil Dow Stanley, on July 12. Address, 206 Adams Street, North Abington, Massachusetts.
 Harriet Jackson Lytle to Harry C. Bonney. Address, Fairhaven, Massachusetts.
 Madge Edna Moody to Gordon Milne Howe. Address, 249 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.
 Alta Smith to Elliott Ruggles Corbett, on September 1, in Portland, Oregon.
 Alice Emeline Stahl to Daniel Seltzer, in June.
 M. Louise Young to Owen A. Locke, on September 4.
- '09. Vera Douglass Booth to Halsey Raymond Philbrick, on October 5. Address, 107 North High Street, Mount Vernon, New York.
 Helen Dana to James Battles Draper, on June 17. Address, Brooks Avenue, Maynard, Massachusetts.
 Elizabeth Dickenson to Charles H. Bowker, on August 18. Address, 59 Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, Massachusetts.

- '09. Mabel Holman Lee to Percy Orrin Dorr. Address, 244 Pearl Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.
Susan F. Orr to Alfred Houghton Abbott, on September 22.
Pearl Frances Parsons to William H. Stevens, on October 14. Address, Sandy Hook, Connecticut.
Phoebe Olive Strubel to Louis A. Dalrymple, on September 1. Address, 6 Academy Street, Newton, New Jersey.
Elizabeth May Wright to Henry Herbert Murdock, Jr., on September 11. Address, 60 Morris Street, Albany, New York.

BIRTHS

- '93. Mrs. Walter J. Rickey (Grace Landon), a daughter, Jane Flint, born September 1.
'07. Mrs. D. Merton Rust (Isabel Brodrick), a daughter, Susan Brodrick, born August 20.
'08. Mrs. Everett F. Dodge (Florence Aurelia Gray), a daughter, Eleanor, born July 24.
ex-'08. Mrs. Lawrence Allen, Jr. (Helen Alfred Abbott), a son, Lawrence Allen, Jr., born August 28.

DEATHS

- '02. Mrs. Charles D. Allen (Margaret Virginia Lusch), on July 29, at 951 President Street, Brooklyn, New York.
'07. Marie Vincent, on September 17.

CALENDAR

- October 13. Sophomore Reception.
- “ 14. Mountain Day.
- “ 20. Open Meeting of the Oriental Society. Lecture
by Professor Patan of Hartford Theological
Seminary.
- “ 23. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- November 1. Violin Recital by Rackmaninoff.
- “ 6. Group Dance.
- “ 13. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

The
Smith College
Monthly

November - 1909

Conducted by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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No. 2

EDITORS:

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TREASURER

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ALUMNÆ TREASURER

HENRIETTA SPERRY

THE NEGRO'S DEBT TO SLAVERY

BY ARDRA SOULE

The institution of Negro slavery was, in its nature, a makeshift, and as such was only temporary and indicative of social incompleteness. But that the Negro owes to his period of servitude gratitude for certain benefits is equally true. This is not a plea for the reinstatement of slavery, but there were results of it accruing to the Negro which are generally overlooked by Northerners, and which ought to be recognized in justice to the southern civilization of the time. At present the Negro's condition is improved in nearly all of its aspects except the social one, but freedom in 1800 would have presented quite different problems.

There are those who insist that slavery is a crime under any and all circumstances, and the slave-owner a criminal. In 1800 these were the common grounds of vituperation on which the Northern reformer assailed the Southern slave-holder. It should be remembered that the commercial advantages and the increase of manufacture in the North had worked for the gradual

removal of slavery quite as much as for the prevalence of public opinion against it. It should also be remembered that in Georgia at this time slavery was still an economic necessity. There were vast regions of uncultivated agricultural land which could not have been developed by the white population alone. Georgia was a comparatively newly settled and sparsely populated colony, and depended for her support almost entirely on agriculture. In the enlightened period of the twentieth century there ought to be a much more intelligent knowledge of these facts and their bearing on the subject than at the beginning of the nineteenth, even, when the North may have had a little more excuse for her inability to comprehend the condition of the South.

"But think how cruelly and inhumanly the Negroes were treated!" one hears. There was undoubtedly much suffering among the slaves, particularly in the extreme south, but the number of those who were ill-treated was far less than the number of those who received kind and humane treatment from their masters. Cruelty is a vice which has not been eliminated from mankind yet, and it is no fairer to adjudge all slave-owners cruel task-masters because of a few, than it is to say that all husbands are brutes because a few instances where some ignorant, uneducated man beats his wife, are known.

That slavery produced an injurious effect upon the whites is true. It did tend to make them despise manual labor and leave it to the slaves, but this in itself was a benefit to the Negro, because when freedom came to him he was better able to take up and perform whatever work first came to hand, and he was not held back by any prejudiced idea of the inferiority of manual labor. In his own country the Negro had had little incentive to labor, none to organized work; slavery taught him the alphabet of systematic effort. Booker Washington himself says, "After the abolishment of slavery, the slave, except for book-learning and ownership of property, was about as well equipped to start in life as his master, because always having had manual labor thrust upon him, he did not despise it, and had, in many cases, mastered some handicraft." An instance was given of a Negro who received training, while a slave, as a skilled mechanic, and was able, when freed, to set up a business which prospered and flourished in a large city. It was a commonplace matter for a slave to be well trained; excellent cooks, cabinet-makers, jacks-of-all-trades were found among them.

An article by Theodore Bratton in the June, 1908, number of *The Southern Workman*, states that up to the time of the reconstruction period the better class of slave-owners and slaves lived together in satisfactory relations, with implicit trust in each other. This close and sympathetic relation suffered from 1868 to 1880 and in the sundering of the two races the social relationship suffered most of all. Under the old regime, the master was shepherd of the plantation, and whatever motives he may have had did not destroy his care for the slaves. This statement affirms a similar one made by Booker Washington in his work on the future of the American Negro.

In writing his autobiography, "Up from Slavery," Booker Washington says, "Negroes in this country who themselves or their ancestors went through the school of American slavery, are in a more hopeful condition materially, intellectually, morally and religiously than is true of an equal number of black people in any other portion of the globe." The Negroes came into slavery without a religion or a language, and during this period they were taught Christianity and the American tongue. They were, moreover, taught a lesson which the Americans themselves had hardly learned in 1800, and that was, loyalty and obedience to their superiors.

We admit, do we not, that the abolishment of slavery was not only a measure taken in support of a principle, but that its object was also to give the slave an opportunity to become an independent, educated man? A brief survey of the conditions of the United States in 1800 will suffice to show that it would have been practically impossible, at that time, to have fulfilled this purpose—as far as education was concerned at least, and education, in many ways, is much more important for the Negro than undisciplined independence. Such training the Americans of the earlier period were not in a position to grant. Educational advantages were decidedly meagre,—what schools and colleges existed were not of a very high intellectual standard and scarcely sufficed for the children of the whites.

Freed in 1800, the Negro would not have known which way to turn politically. Launched upon the United States at this time it would have been next to impossible to give him any school education, and in his freedom the Negro would not have had around him the influence of the superior education of 1865, and hence would not have been stimulated with the desire

and ambition for it himself. After a generation of Negroes had died out and there were no more skilled laborers and mechanics who had been taught in slavery, the Negro could only have degenerated, because the Americans had neither the time nor money to take care of a surplus population against which they were socially prejudiced.

The superiority in numbers of the slaves was a constant menace to the South, and it would have been a far greater danger had the slaves been free, during this interval of governmental and economic experiment, to act and think for themselves. As for the Negro himself, the years of slavery were preparing him for emancipation through the disciplining of forced development, and meanwhile he was learning lessons which, as habits of life, were to make him, eventually, a citizen of the United States.

AUTUMN LEAVES

BY ISABEL A. GUILBERT

Madly, cheerily, scamper and dance,
Gay little russet elves!
O'er golden stubble caper and prance,
Gay little russet elves!
The rough strong wind is striding free,
The wild white clouds race merrily,
And you are leaping high in glee,
Gay little russet elves!

Sadly, wearily, flutter and fall,
Tired little russet elves!
Come at the good earth-mother's call,
Tired little russet elves!
The cold, rude wind sounds sharp and shrill,
The gray sky lowers dull and chill,
But the earth will cradle her children still,
Tired little russet elves!

THE MOUSE AND THE MOONBEAM

BY LAUREL SULLIVAN

Scuddlekin was a little gray mouse with two bright eyes, several spruce whiskers and an elaborate tail. He lived in a tight little hole way down in the corner of some one's closet near the shoes and the very old clothes. To folks familiar with Cook's Tours and the Y. M. C. A. lecture hall, life in the closet might have seemed limited, but Scuddlekin was happy there, as he gnawed and nibbled at the plaster, making queer little noises, and scampering up and down the shelf. And there was a half-eaten chocolate cream in a coat-pocket which he especially delighted in.

Scuddlekin was an orphan whose parents had lost their lives by meddling with that very cheese machine which now stood baited in a corner of the closet. Scuddlekin himself regarded the trap as a Frenchman might look upon the guillotine,—though realizing its danger he knew he could feel at home there.

Had it not been for the old walking-boot, Scuddlekin would have grown up to be a most ignorant, unsophisticated mouse, for he had never ventured out beyond the closet door. But the walking-boot was a wise old fellow who had seen something of the world and liked to give advice. In his irascible, testy way he was fond of the mauve mouse and prided himself on being a good foster-father. Having known the Scuddlekins for several generations, he constantly dwelt upon the misfortunes of that ill-fated family. Over and over again he warned Scuddlekin never to touch the trap that stood baited in the corner. "You have enemies," he used to say, "who will destroy you if they can. Unhappy the mouse who dies in the trap." Scuddlekin listened earnestly to this sage advice. But there were passions and desires in his little mouse interior which the old boot, whose only ancestor was a cow, could not be expected to understand. How he longed to taste that dusty scrap of cheese that dangled so alluringly just inside the trap! All day he thought about it,—even his dreams had a cheesy flavor. At intervals he tried to forget all about it, but inherited characteristics are ever

strong, and poor little Scuddlekin was as fond of cheese as though he had been brought up on the best de Brie and Roquefort. Still he knew that the old shoe was right,—danger lurked among the innocent wires of that small trap, he knew. As time went on, he grew to ignore the half-eaten chocolate cream in the coat-pocket, and established a regular route through the shoes from his hole to the trap. He investigated the cheese apparatus from every mouse standpoint,—he circled round it, watched it, sniffed at it, scratched about it, and even touched it, oh, so lightly. Then he would scamper over to the old shoe to ask questions about different cheese flavors and the general risk of traps. But the boot, who did not like to be pestered with questions which he could not answer, grew irritable at Scuddlekin's teasing. And so I think it was sheer pique that led him into a friendship with the broken-down French slipper, who had retired from high life some time since. She had a vain and worldly disposition, but the old boot found her congenial.

So little Scuddlekin was left to himself to worry over the cheese problem and become unhappy.

But one night when he was scurrying past the closet door, he saw something which set his little mouse body a-tremble with joy. It was long and slender and very yellow. Scuddlekin's tail stood out stiff and straight with excitement. Yes, it was cheese, he felt sure—and there was no trap attached. What kind mouse-providence had sent it he did not question. He only knew that here was an exquisitely dainty sliver of cheese that had come in by the window. He longed to test his cheese capacity. But even now Scuddlekin felt a bit timid,—he did not like to venture out into the big room where he had never been. The ticking of the clock made him nervous and he was fearful of the pattern on the rug. So he sat down in the lee of the door jamb to gather courage. For an hour he watched the cheese wafer, and became conscious of a very curious thing,—slowly, almost imperceptibly, the cheese wafer diminished in length. Scuddlekin grew anxious. Some one must be nibbling on the other end, he thought. This silent shrinking was so mysterious that his whiskers drooped from fright and he dared not move from the door jamb. Inwardly he was in a panic. Was he to miss this opportunity and wait until the mysterious wafer had disappeared completely out of the window? The old

shoe was pretending to be asleep, but he knew that the French slipper was watching, because he heard her giggle. That decided him.

He streaked across the floor like a quick-passing shadow straight for the glorious cheese wafer, and buried his nose deep into it. But oh, what cruel deceit! There was nothing there but the rug and a bit of bright light that dazzled him. He sniffed, but there was only the smell of dust on the rug. He was too stunned to think, then he remembered something about a moonbeam—he did not know just what—but he was sure that the French slipper would laugh at him again. Like a flash he darted back to the trap in the closet where the genuine cheese, all dusty and faded, dangled on its bit of wire. The slipper did not utter a sound. There was a metallic click. The little gray tail shivered slightly and was still. And the old boot knew what had happened.

SONG OF THE MAYTIME

BY KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE

Sing ho! for the joy that young life yields,
When my heart and I go Maying,
Over the meadows and shining fields,
While the daylight is delaying.

Oh, young God Love, wilt lead us a dance,
The dance we dance at the Maying?
Drawing us on in a breathless trance
By the magic lure of thy playing.

Oh, sweet brown bird, wilt sing us a song,
A song of the madness of Maying?
I could lie and list to you all the day long
'Neath the blossomed branches swaying.

The lover whispers low to his lass,
She blushes a rose at his saying;
My feet fall light on the petaled grass,
And joy is mine at the Maying.

LOVE'S PASSING

BY KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE

I laid me down beneath a tree,
All weary from the reaping ;
I woke to sigh,
For Love passed by,
The while that I was sleeping.

My heart that wakeful e'er should be,
Alas ! no watch was keeping ;
And so I sigh,
For Love passed by,
The while that I was sleeping.

THE MAN THAT FAILED

BY KATHARINE LOVING BUELL

The Bay of Kitsap is a harbor formed by a wide dip in the mainland facing the west, deepened on one side by one of the numberless islands that make Puget Sound so famous for its scenery. The bay is deep and very blue, and dark evergreens surround it, coming down to the water's edge, and stretching eastward to the Cascades crowned by the white peaks of Tacoma and St. Helena. Beyond the mouth of the harbor across the blue waters of the sound, above another line of dark forest trees, stands the snow-clad range of the Olympias.

Upon the waters of this bay some fifty years ago the slanting rays of the afternoon sun lay warm and still. The long line of shore and its clear reflection showed no sign of human habitation, the tall forest trees were but gently swayed at intervals by the wandering breeze, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the occasional rustle of a falling cone loosened by a red squirrel making his evening meal in the topmost branches of a fir. Suddenly he stopped eating, and scampered off chattering into the woods. A bluejay took up the cry, and the shining head of a seal disappeared quickly into the bay. A moment later a canoe containing three men rounded the corner of the island.

As it did so, the man in the bow stopped paddling and said something to his companions, pointing to the spot on the shore where the lighter color of the foliage suggested a spring. The canoe promptly turned in, glided across the bay and grated on the gravel beach. As the men pulled it up on the shore, the afternoon sun shone across their faces. Two of them were white men, their rough garments stained with days of travel through the woods, leather moccasins on their feet, and bandanna handkerchiefs stretched across their foreheads and knotted behind, the red cloth heightening their deep tan. The third man was an Indian. When they had lifted the canoe above the tide-line, the two walked down to the water's edge and stood looking across the bay.

"So this is the place, is it?" said the second man, with a sneer.

"It is," said the first, "and I've never seen a better harbor nor a finer view."

"Now, scenery be hanged! Who d'ye think's goin' to pick out a place to live in just for a lot of good-for-nothin' mountains fifty miles away?"

"Well," said Taylor smiling, "some people would, and the harbor's the finest on the sound."

"Well, you know what I think of your fool's home."

"Yes, I know what you think, and I know what the fellow who's outfitting us in Steilacoom thinks, but you can bet your life I know what I think!" and he strode back to where the Indian was squatted over a little fire of driftwood cooking a salmon-trout on a forked stick. They ate in silence as the sun blazed down behind the mountains; when the stars came out they slept, rolled in their blankets beside the little fire, and when the first rays of the sun fell on the tallest pine that crowned the island, they were gone.

So Taylor began his city. Ever since he had run away from his New England home, and during the many years spent as a sailor and a wanderer over the world, this had been his aim, to create a city, and when at last he came to the west coast of America, in Puget Sound he found his longed-for opportunity. At the head of his little group of pioneers, landing their small supply of household goods upon the gravel beach, he looked the great forbidding wilderness in the face and called it Puget City. All day the sound of axes rang through the woods, all day the

trees came crashing down as the men pitted their strength against the age-old wilderness. At night the smoke curled up from the stone chimneys of small log houses huddled round the landing-place. Hardship, hunger, discouragement seized the woodsmen, but Taylor's hope never wavered. He cheered the men on, he joked and scolded and encouraged, he did the hardest things himself. When in November the winter rains set in, and the enforced idleness led to quarrelling and discontent, Taylor was an unfailing source of good-cheer and put life into the flagging enthusiasm of his men.

Early in March, when the first trilliums were beginning to show white in the corners of the damp woods, Taylor left them struggling with the immovable stumps and made a trip to Steilacoom. When he came back he brought with him a wife. She was always afterwards the joy and comfort of the settlement. She brought with her a slip of rose-vine that she planted by her cabin door. The roses were white with a touch of yellow at the center, like the snow of the mountains at the streak of dawn, and they bloomed fragrant and delicate beside the grim forest as her sweet gentleness blossomed among the rough sternness of the men about her.

One day in October, some ten years later, Taylor stood on the floating wharf that lay just beyond low tide at the foot of the one street of Puget City, waiting for the tug that was returning from towing a boom of logs to Steilacoom. While he waited he was explaining the habits of a jelly-fish to his little son as the child watched the creature over the edge of the float.

A considerable crowd of men, women and children were gathered about the rough board building that served as store and post-office. They were waiting for news of the decision of the heads of the corporation that was putting the Northern Pacific railroad through to the coast. What was to be the terminus of the road? Upon this decision hung the fate of Puget City.

The years that had followed the first struggle with the wilderness had been hard. With the second year the novelty began to wear off and the people had to settle down to slow work. The life was isolated and dull, the long rainy winters were wearing, privations and toil were the common lot. But under Taylor's guidance all these hardships had been past in time, and, year by year, the settlement had grown. Every spring saw the plowed fields a little broader, every fall a larger harvest

and an increasing number of new-comers. And now the railroad was coming, and the people confidently expected that their "city" would be the terminus. If it did come, the town would grow like magic, and before many years had passed it would be the city of the West.

Soon a chug-chugging was heard, and the crowd swerved toward the float. As the boat pulled in, the captain, jumping off, exchanged a few words with Taylor, who winced as though he had been struck, and stood with bowed head. Then, turning, he faced the crowd.

"Fellows," he said quietly, "the Northern Pacific is going to Tacoma."

That very night five men left on the tug. The next morning two families went with all they owned, and before the year was out almost all were gone, gone to Tacoma where the boom was on. Taylor and a few of his closest friends remained to till the fields and mourn over the deserted city.

The spring sunshine filtered through the apple-tree before the cabin door for the first time in over a week, and Taylor rejoiced accordingly. He was getting old and wet weather made him rheumatic. He would go out into the sunshine and dry out a bit. So he whistled to his dog and together they strolled down toward the beach.

Many years had passed since the scene on the float that day in autumn, years of toil, discouragement and calamity. For a while Taylor and his friends struggled to keep up the work of the community. But it was too hard. Things went from bad to worse, and at last, one by one, his friends and children left. But Taylor would not go. Here was the dream of his heart; he could not give it up.

As the years went on his wife began to lose her merry laugh. Toil, sorrow, and the winter downpours wore upon her spirits. When she died he planted one of her own roses on her grave, and after that he always thought of her as she had been in the early days—a flower in his wilderness. Then he was quite alone, but he did not go away.

This spring day, as he strolled along the beach, he was planning the work for the year. He must fence the orchard, and clean out the spring, and that back pasture ought to be plowed. He was no longer able to plow all the fields every year. No, that one would have to wait. Following the old street to the

rickety fence between the pasture and meadow-land, he leaned upon it wearily, the lines in his face deepening and his old hand trembling as it rested on the top rail. Huckleberry bushes and young firs and alders were thickly scattered over the field. Taylor knew what that meant; before this he had seen plowed land, left alone for five or ten years, go back into a wilderness as dense as the original forest. And this was the beginning of the end. A slow tear coursed down his weather-beaten face.

The dog, wondering why his master stood so still, came and thrust his nose into his hand and whined.

"It's no use, Jack," said Taylor, slowly, "we can't help it."

And together they went back to the house.

It was a day in July a year or two ago. Kitsap Bay lay very still in the noon sun. Not a breath stirred the surface, and the trees stood dark and motionless along the shore. Through the stillness a faint cool tinkle could be heard among the trees, and in the distance a kingfisher screamed. Suddenly there was a rattle of footsteps and a burst of laughter as two children came around the point.

"Look, Brother," said the little girl, "what a funny patch of second-growth trees at the head of the bay! Wonder if it used to be a clearing."

"No," said the boy, "it's too big for a ranch, must have been a fire. Let's go and see."

And they plodded off down the beach and turned in along a cattle trail and toward the rising ground.

"How still it is," said the girl.

Soon they came to a little open space surrounded by a solid wall of dark firs, in the middle of which was an old log house, the walls darkened with the rain of years. Through the pungent gloom one ray of sunshine fell on the flushed white roses that spread in wild profusion over the sagging walls.

"Brother," said the little girl, "is it a ghost house?"

"I don't know," said the boy, awed for once into doubt. "Let's go away."

And they started down the next queer tunnel, only to come out shortly into another open space with its tumble-down house and white roses, fragrant in the stillness. On they wandered, coming upon another and another of the queer dead houses buried in the dark evergreens until, near the water's edge, they found one that showed signs of occupation. It was small and

tumble-down, but smoke rose from the old stone chimney and the skin of a red squirrel was tacked upon the door.

Toward the house came an old bent man, feeling his way with his cane, and talking in a low monotone to his dog. In a moment he saw the children.

"Want some blackberries? I got the best old berry patch hereabouts. Help yourselves."

While they were eating, the old man told them stories of Indians and cougars and black bears, and they asked him what the ghost houses were and where *his* children had gone, but he only shook his head and showed them more curious things.

When the little girl was sure that their father would be missing them, he led them to the beach and stood waving his cane as they walked away shouting that they would come again, but when their happy voices died away behind the headland he still stood gazing out across the water, watching the sunset with his almost sightless eyes. And, as the crimson glory blazed upon the domes and pinacles of the Olympias, perhaps he saw, beyond their shimmering ranges to the west, the far-off city of his dreams.

THE GARDEN OF MAKE BELIEVE

BY GRETCHEN TODD

Deep in the Garden of Make Believe,
By the Fountain of Let's Pretend,
Where the softest breeze,
As it slips through the trees,
Is whisp'ring of joy without end,
Through the misty, silver hush of the night,
Through the fountain's tinkling chime,
Throb the golden, liquid notes of a bird
In the sweetest song that can ever be heard—
The Song of the Happier Time.

The breezes sink to a whisper low,
And the flowers bend near through the dark;
The glancing rays of the moonlight clear
Seem to cling to the quivering leaves to hear,
And the whole night stills to hark;
For the song is the song in the heart of the world
Of that dream time when no one shall grieve,
When all they who aspire
Shall have won their desire
In their Garden of Make Believe.

THE CALL OF THE SALMON STREAMS

BY HESTER ADAMS HOPKINS

This is the song of the Salmon Streams—

With the dark's soft clutch at the throat,
With the world shut in by a starless night,
And a single narrow thread of light
From the bow of the poacher's boat.

The keeper peers at the dark outside,

And turns again to his fire,
But the poacher thrills at the cold and damp,
As he scans the path of his blazing lamp,
And the flames go leaping higher.

The waters roar on the rocks below,

That hinder the river's rush.
The tall oaks bend where the wind-steeds race.
And then, as they pause a breathing-space,
The pine trees whisper, "Hush."

And it's oh, for the sweep of the steady arm,

With the spear held firm and fast!
And the brace for the frantic downward plunge,
And a tightening grip, and a mighty lunge,
And the victory won, at last!

The law may call, but its call is drowned

In the river's whirl and dash—
In the sound of the trees at the water's brink,
That groan again, as they strive to shrink
From the wet wind's stinging lash.

Oh, the keeper turns from the clutching night,

And sinks again to his dreams,
But the poacher creeps, in drizzling rain,
Through briar and bog, when he hears again
The call of the Salmon Streams.

UNMARRIED AUNTS

BY LOUISE WOOD

Interest in the old tale of "Cinderella" never wears out. Its moral carries better than the painfully plain ones of "Æsop's Fables," which all healthy children skip. They appreciate the goodness of Providence, which, in the guise of the fairy god-mother, sent forth the pumpkin coach and the six harnessed mice to convey the despised one to the pleasures denied her before. But there is one peculiarity of this delicious old literature which is extremely unjust. It is found in the very beginning of many of them,—“There was once upon a time a woman who had three daughters; the eldest was crooked and ugly, proud and envious.” So is the second sister, but in less degree; the youngest, however, is blessed with every virtue, and every endowment of person and mind. She is beautiful as the rose, patient and gentle. She is subjected to inconceivable ignominy; she is the servant for the rest of the family; she wears rough-spun garments, while they are beautifully clad in satins; she performs the most menial housework, while they ride about in gorgeous coaches of gold and silver. Such is the usual distribution of virtues and vices in the fairy-tale family. In real life the reverse of this is often much nearer the truth. Elder sisters, and especially those who remain single, are often the personification of all the virtues combined.

The younger sisters grow up taller and fairer, endowed with grace and beauty even as the fairy stories tell us, each with her peculiar talent,—this one musical, that one witty, or a genius at painting. But the eldest, poor Sister Mary, with no showy accomplishments, no genius, no beauty, no grace, is the same indefatigable, loving, helpful being she has always been. There are many things which tend to make the life of the eldest child less happy, less favored than its successors, for it is incredible what experiments of training are tried upon first children by parents who have crotchety ideas on infantine education. They may be arrayed in the laboriously embroidered garments of which every young mother is so prodigal for her first-born, but what avails this to the little victim of fantastic systems or of

ignorant mismanagement! Many a parent may trace an infirmity of temper or body in her first-born to her own philosophical ideas and absurd notions.

There are women destined to live and die in a state of single blessedness. These are the Sister Marys. They see one after another of their attractive sisters wooed and wedded. First one and then another goes off and all the gossips of the town aver that Mr. Brown's daughters are marrying exceedingly well. Still Mary remains to rejoice in the joy of others, never anticipating it for herself. How is it that no worthy man, requiring in his wife every virtue which can grace a woman, ever seeks the hand of Sister Mary? Many a plainer woman has married, and many a less intellectual one; and every day dozens without a tenth of her goodness of heart are chosen to be the good angels of some happy home.

Is Mary a useful member of society? And what place does she hold in the family? Sister Lucy would like to stay a month or so abroad. "How nice it will be—for Sister Mary can take care of the children!" says she.

Tom's naughty little boys have had the measles, and need a change of climate. "Just the thing! They can go to Aunt Mary's; she takes such good care of the children!"

She is at everybody's service. They know she will never fail them, whatever her own desires might be. For she has never failed them, from the time when she coaxed her young brothers through many a weary declension or conjugation; when she helped to dress her younger and more aspiring sisters for the many parties where they, not she, were to figure; when she helped to make the bridal garments as each married off; and then as she assumed the new character of aunt, spending many an hour laboring over tiny garments for each new-comer; from all those days and their duties, to the time when she became mistress in her father's house, reading for hours to the old gentleman, not books of her choice, but his, and walking out with slow steps, supporting him, whenever the sunshine was warm enough to tempt him abroad.

But suppose (for such things have happened) Sister Mary has an offer, an unusually good one which will bring her the happiness she so much deserves. How pleased her sisters must be at her good fortune! Let us listen to them while they are reading her letter.

"Only think," says Sister Lucy to her husband, "how ridiculous of Mary to think of being married at her time of life! There's an end to our trip abroad!"

"I think, after living single so many years, she might have chosen a more convenient time for marrying than just now when my poor dear children all have the measles," says Tom's wife, "but that's just the way with old maids, they always do something foolish in the end. There's really no occasion for her to marry. She couldn't have been more comfortably situated, but these old maids, you know—"

Thank Heaven, the vulgar term of "old maid" has gone out of use; for the type, which few of us ever saw outside of a novel or play, has almost disappeared.

In her place we have a most cheerful, benevolent and popular lady, seldom behind the fashion, up on current events and literature, beloved by the whole circle of relatives, especially by young nephews and nieces.

FAIR LADIES

BY MARGARET SEABURY COOK

The hills are veiled in a blue-gray mist
As if seen through sleepy eyes,
And a tree's a delicate shimmering thing
In whose heart enchantment lies.

The roadway winds 'mid fields which thrill
At the breath of the roaming breeze,
And wild birds whistle low and clear
Hidden deep in the shadowy trees.

The orchard's a garden of white delight,
A shower of fragrant rain,
With its heavy blossom-laden boughs
Swaying low to the wind's refrain.

And trembling at the touch of life
Lies the new-awakened land
Where my Lady of Spring and my Lady of Dreams
Are walking hand in hand.

WHAT THE MIDGET DID

BY MARION B. LINCOLN

The Midget was most unhappy. Perched on the top of a stone wall, she kicked her heels viciously against it and gazed down the road. Two people, deeply engrossed in conversation, were slowly rounding a bend in the road, a girl beneath a cool green parasol and a man.

"Ugh, there they are!" exclaimed the Midget expressively, as she slid hastily down to the ground on the opposite side of the wall.

The Midget was small and homely. Her hair was straight and scraggly and yellow, and her nose was very much freckled. Her sister Helen was a constant source of wonder to the Midget. Tall, beautiful Helen, with her glossy black hair, her mischievous eyes, her perfect little nose. The Midget considered Helen her own especial charge and had long ago decided upon the man whom her sister should marry. Jack Drainard, big, handsome, jolly Jack, had been her choice for Helen, ever since the latter's high school days. Everything had gone as the Midget wished until about a month ago, when this Upstart from goodness knows where appeared.

If only the Upstart had been good-looking. But he was tall and lean and lanky, a regular Ichabod Crane. His hair was of that shade commonly known as carrot-red, while his nose was of brilliant crimson hue. Worse than that, his clothes didn't seem to fit well; his sleeves were always too short, and he had a most awkward way of trying to get hold of his sleeves when talking to anyone; and oh, how he stammered!

Something must be done, that was evident. But what? How was the Upstart to be dealt with? Suddenly the Midget sat up and listened attentively.

"Y-y-you know, Miss Clark, y-you are really the most b-beautiful girl—" The Upstart stopped short as a burst of song came from the direction of the wall.

"Red head, red head, ginger-bread head,
Sorrel-top, strawberry blond head—"

The Midget sang or rather shouted with fearful earnestness.

"Midget!" Helen sounded decidedly angry. "Midget!"

"My name is Margaret Hathaway Clark."

"Well, Margaret Hathaway Clark, come here!"

Slowly the Midget's head appeared above the wall. "Hullo Helen."

"Margaret, won't you come and say good-afternoon to Mr. Emmons?"

The Midget looked ominous. "Good-afternoon," she said stiffly, but she did not offer to leave the protecting shelter of the wall. "Can he kill snakes?" she demanded, addressing Helen and ignoring the unfortunate Mr. Emmons completely.

"Margaret—what is the matter with you?"

"Er—I—I—" began Mr. Emmons.

"Can you kill snakes?" This time the Midget addressed her victim directly.

"W-hy—why, y-yes—M-Mi-Miss—Cl-Cl—"

"Clark," impatiently. "Well, Mr. Emmons, there's a *great* big rattlesnake down by the brook. Will you come and kill him?"

"I—I—c-c-c-couldn't leave—M-M-Miss He-Helen."

"Yes, you could, Helen knows the way home."

"R-rattlesnakes are *very* poisonous, you know."

"Margaret Clark, how can you tell such stories? I don't know—"

"Good-by, Helen," sang the Midget tauntingly, as she ran swiftly away across the field. "Good-by, Mr. Emmons," and she disappeared from view among the trees.

The Midget pursued her way to her sanctum sanctorum down by the brook. Here, deep in the thicket, by the side of the "murmuring stream," as she was wont to say, she hid her treasures. Here she buried her pets and her dolls, and here she thought out her troubles. She found a visitor in the sanctum this morning when she arrived. A small boy sat on the bank of the stream. Billy, for so he was called, was the only person who was privileged to invade the sanctum whenever he chose. He did not look up when the Midget arrived.

She sank on the ground and thought deeply for several minutes. Then, "Billy," she said softly.

Silence.

"Billy," more insistently.

"Yes?" questioned the boy carelessly.

"Helen's in love."

"Is she?" indifferently.

"With that Emmons man," contemptuously.

Billy continued to fish in silence.

"He's *awful* homely." Pause. "He's red-headed." No reply. "And he's afraid of rattlesnakes."

"He is!" Billy evinced signs of interest. "How do you know?"

"Well, you know that rattlesnake that's been around here, the one that Jack said he'd kill for us—"

"Yep."

"I asked him to come kill that snake, and he didn't dare."

"Honest!" demanded Billy incredulously. "Gee, but he's a duffer."

The Midget suddenly jumped to her feet.

"Oh, Billy! will you lend me some of your menagerie to-night?"

"What for? What do you want me to lend you?"

"Your box of snakes!"

"What!" Billy stared. "Those dangerous and valuable reeptiles?" He pronounced it "reeptiles," having found it in the dictionary.

"Uh-huh."

Billy stared in amazement, then gradually her intention dawned upon him. "Gee, but you're a hummer," he said admiringly. "Sure, I'll let you have 'em, if you'll be careful. You know they're very dangerous," he warned her.

She nodded gravely. "I'll be careful," she promised. "He's coming to tea, Billy," she giggled.

Helen looked very lovely as she greeted her guests that evening, and the Midget, resplendent in a new pink dimity, looked her best. Helen greeted the despised red-headed one altogether too effusively to suit the Midget, and passed Jack by too quickly. The Midget had eyes for no one but Jack, and passed Mr. Emmons with a chilling good-evening. At table the Midget sat silent and disapproving, and refused absolutely to be drawn into the conversation. She was seated beside Jack, opposite Helen and Mr. Emmons. Now and then she wriggled uncomfortably and looked at the floor. Once she jumped abruptly from her chair and disappeared under the table, but was back in her chair before the company could recover from its astonishment.

"Margaret—" Mrs. Clark began.

"Lost my slipper, mother. It wouldn't be p'lite to leave your shoe off." She smiled serenely and applied herself once more to her supper.

"What's the matter with you, Emmons?" demanded Jack a few minutes later. You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

The unfortunate Mr. Emmons tried to answer, but was unable to get a word out. His breath came in gasps, and he seemed unable to take his eyes from the floor. At last, however, after one frantic effort, he gathered strength enough to jump to his feet, and fled from the room.

Helen was staring at the floor as if fascinated. "Snakes," she whispered, "snakes, dozens of them." Jack was on his feet in an instant.

"Oh," cried the Midget, clutching his coat anxiously, "oh, Jack, *don't* hurt them, they're Billy's."

A few minutes later, after the snakes had all been carefully collected and returned to their box, a frightened, much disheveled figure appeared in the doorway, bearing a huge stick in either hand.

"Wh-where are the r-rattlesnakes? D-don't worry, M-Miss Clark, I w-w-will protect you."

Helen collapsed into a near-by chair. "They really were quite harmless water-snakes, Mr. Emmons, and they are all perfectly safe in their box. As for their presence under the table, Margaret shall explain to you—"

But Margaret was not in sight.

"I—I—really think I must be going," stammered Mr. Emmons, looking at Helen. He drew himself up with dignity. "I—I have been most rudely treated. Good-evening." He disappeared into the hall-way, and a few minutes later the heavy front door slammed behind his retreating figure.

"Dear," Jack was saying to Helen, "I'm not good enough, but—but—O, can't you say 'yes'?" But Helen only smiled a little and walked into his outstretched arms.

"Boo!" said the Midget as she slipped from the room.

THE LOVE STORY

BY HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER

"Your search for literary material must lead you into strange paths," remarked Mr. Fitzgerald. "In my youth I used to escape censure for various misdeeds by saying that I had been getting news for my paper."

"What a reputation that paper must have had in your family," replied Miss Dean cruelly. "As for paths, I have been wandering somewhat from the 'straight and narrow'—I'm writing a love story."

"Indeed," Mr. Fitzgerald's tone grew indifferent to a remarkable degree. "Have you gathered any material for it yet?"

"Oh yes; I've steered them safely through the introduction." Mr. Fitzgerald sank back in his chair.

"And to think that you should make a mistake like that," he said meditatively.

"Like what?" The girl did not like to be told that she made mistakes.

"Why, having them introduced. Don't you know that in *the* love story they are never introduced; they just get acquainted. Sometimes they've grown up together, sometimes they're at a house-party, sometimes they just naturally get to talking on a train or at the station where she has gone to meet the man she's engaged to—"

"You've been reading Robert Chambers," said the girl accusingly.

"The only love story I ever read where they waited for such a superfluous thing as an introduction, was in the *Ladies' Home Journal*," he went on unheeding.

"I don't care; it's my story and they shall be introduced," said Miss Dean firmly. "I don't think it's nice not to be."

"If I remember correctly," remarked Mr. Fitzgerald, "you and I were never introduced."

"It wasn't my fault," she said unwisely.

"Certainly not," with suspicious emphasis.

"What I mean is, John thought we had met before. Oh, you know what I mean."

"Of course I do," he said soothingly, "but I like to hear you explain."

"We were talking about the story, I believe," she reminded him.

"To be sure. Now, having, as you very properly insist, introduced them, what is to happen next?"

Miss Dean wrinkled her brows.

"I don't know exactly," she said uncertainly. "You see I have the central idea in my mind, but I haven't worked up the details yet. Now there ought to be some indication that they—that they liked each other."

Mr. Fitzgerald pondered for a moment.

"I have it," he said at last, triumphantly. "It's something quite new—only been used in about half the stories I've read lately. Put in 'and at parting he held her hand a great deal longer than was absolutely necessary.' When you see that in a story, it's a sure sign that it's all up with one or both of them."

"That's all you know about it," she scoffed. "Ever so many men have held my hand 'longer than was absolutely necessary' at parting, and they didn't mean a thing by it."

Mr. Fitzgerald, outwardly calm, surveyed the moon.

"For, when you come to think of it," went on the girl after a suitable interval, it isn't 'absolutely necessary' to shake hands with anybody."

"And the heroine—I hope she will not have an unkind disposition," said he virtuously.

"The hero certainly sha'n't have a jealous one," she retorted, and they both laughed as if at some excellent joke.

"Well, go on," said he at last, encouragingly. "Don't you think it's time something happened? Isn't it customary to have something going on in a story?"

Miss Dean looked at him scornfully.

"I said a love story; nothing ever happens in love stories. But I suppose a man who does nothing but read history couldn't be expected to know that."

"I may spend some of my time reading history," admitted Mr. Fitzgerald, "but you spend all of yours making it, so I don't think you're any better qualified to judge."

"That depends upon the kind of history. Do you consider the kind I manufacture sacred or profane?"

"You'd better hurry up with the story," advised he, meanly refusing to commit himself.

"There's plenty of time," said Miss Dean, as if she were talking to an impatient little boy.

"There is not," he contradicted her flatly. "After the first of June you are not to write a single story for a long time."

"Very well, I'll write married ones," she retorted, "and I'll put you in as the grumpy old husband, and then I guess you'll be sorry. I shall write just as much as I want to," she finished mutinously.

"You shall not." He was laughing, but there was an undercurrent of seriousness in his tone.

The girl lowered her lashes and allowed the corners of her mouth to droop slightly. A sigh escaped her.

"All right," she said meekly.

Mr. Fitzgerald meditated. He looked at the girl, and recognizing the inevitable, yielded to it.

"Well, perhaps one or two," he temporized.

"So good of you. Now shall we go on with the story?"

The man took out his watch and turned it so the moonlight fell on it.

"It is now a quarter after ten," he announced. "In exactly fifteen minutes, owing to the responsibilities of your position, you will be obliged to go in."

Miss Dean shook her head.

"It isn't the responsibilities of my position; it's my mother."

"A mother is a responsibility," said Mr. Fitzgerald. "I will give you just five minutes to finish the story and launch that unfortunate couple on the sea of matrimony."

"Why can't I have the whole fifteen minutes?"

"That question is both foolish and unnecessary. Now hurry and put in a moon and a conservatory, or a garden. A man has to have an appropriate setting if he's going to ask a girl to marry him."

"My recollections are somewhat vague," replied Miss Dean coldly, "but I think you proposed to me on the train going to a foot-ball game."

"Quite so," assented Mr. Fitzgerald, not at all abashed. "I knew you wouldn't dare refuse me for fear I'd cry before the assembled multitude."

"I know how I'm going to end it," said the girl suddenly.

"I'll put in 'and in her eyes there was the light that never was on land or sea.'"

"Ah yes," he said effusively, "so original! Never been used before. I—"

"I trust you will pardon this intrusion," said a man's voice. "You needn't be frightened—I'm walking backwards. Mother says—"

"Oh, we know what mother says," interrupted Mr. Fitzgerald wearily. "'If Marion doesn't get plenty of sleep,' and so on. 'She must look her best,' and so forth. Go on, Tom, she'll be in in a minute."

"I suppose you really ought to go," said the girl some minutes later. "Though there's still a whole week."

"A whole week," repeated the man, but he said it differently. He had reached the gate when he turned. "Good luck to the story," he said.

The girl ran down the path.

"May be I won't finish it," she confided to him shyly. "It seems so—when I compare it with the things that really happen—you understand."

The man bent over and kissed her very gently.

"I understand," he said.

SKETCHES

ARCADY

BY MARY LUCE

Is there a land called Arcady,
Where flowers grow and bluebirds sing,
Where years are always at the spring,
Where Love rules all and everything?
In Arcady?

Could I live there in Arcady,
Where sorrows never come to stay,
Where shadows never mar the day,
Where Love lives? Could I go there? Say!
To Arcady?

'THE HEART OF MY VIOLIN

BY MARGARET SEABURY COOK

I fell asleep in the wildwood,
Beneath a beechen tree,
And the dreams that enthralled my spirit
Were of thee, dear heart, of thee.

And a magic song awoke me,
Ringing clear from the tree above,
Where a small brown bird was warbling
Blithe songs of thee, my love.

For oh! he sang so sweetly
That I followed him forth and away,
Through the valley and over the upland
To the crimson death of day.

When the darkness fell I caught him
Asleep on a hawthorne white,
And shut him fast in a wooden cage
To sing for my delight.

But alas! he is singing in sadness
From the prison he's pent within,
Oh list, as he pours forth his passion
From the heart of my violin.

BEHIND THE MASK

BY IRENE GRAHAM

They were a strange contrast, the monk and the fairy, as they left the merry dancers and made their way toward the conservatory. Of course he knew her. How absurd that he shouldn't! He had known her the very first dance, and the five since had only confirmed his opinion. It would take more than a silly little pink mask to deceive him.

"And you still think I don't know you?" he asked.

The fairy nodded her head. She was so persistent in her resolution not to speak; surely, that was a sign that she knew he recognized her.

They found a secluded corner and sat down. He knew by the dimpling of her chin under the edge of her mask that she was smiling, almost laughing at him.

He leaned back and surveyed her calmly, quite sure of himself. "In the first place," he said, "your dancing was a dead give away. There never was another girl who danced the way you do."

The fairy was unmoved.

"Then that little curl by your ear, that the wind always blows loose when we break the speed laws." She raised her hand quickly to the curl, and he laughed aloud.

He leaned toward her and lowered his voice a little. "You should have worn a larger mask, Beth. As if a fellow wouldn't recognize that dimple in your chin." She started slightly at the name and the dimple deepened.

"And that soft white spot under your ear, Beth, that I kissed once. George! but you were angry that time." The fairy turned away her head.

His hand closed over hers. "Beth," he began. The clock in the hall struck twelve. "Unmask," he cried, springing to his feet and tearing off his own mask. The fairy rose also and fumbled with the strings, but the man caught the pink ruffle and pushed it back. The next instant he was looking into the laughing eyes of his own sister.

HER PERFECT HOUR

BY ESTHER CRANE

Rose Marie sat waiting for Arthur in the arbor at the end of the garden, a little rose-covered arbor, just like the one in which Lady Constance waited for Lord Reginald. She was very lovely, with her blue-black hair, and her big dark eyes, with long lashes, and straight brows, just a trifle too intense for perfect beauty. She looked like a picture, as she sat there, dreaming, and she knew that the picture was fair.

It was all so beautiful, and so sad, she thought to herself, and no one understood but just they two. They said she was only a baby, and could know nothing of love. True she was only fourteen, and Arthur was just sixteen, but some girls can feel more at fourteen than others can ever feel. Rose Marie felt sure that hers was such a soul. Besides, Juliet was only fourteen, and Arthur was surely as old as Romeo.

But her mother and father couldn't understand all that ; great passion never was understood. Only a great soul knows what it is to be alive, she thought to herself, and she wiped away a little tear for her own misunderstood condition. They were sending her away—away from Arthur—to a hateful old boarding-school. This was to be their parting, their last hour together. Here in the garden, where they had romped as happy children, they were to say their last farewell. How far away that happy girlhood seemed ! For she was a woman now, she told herself,—a woman developed by suffering.

Would he come a little before time ? she wondered to herself. He would walk down the path, and she would be sitting there, with her profile turned to him—was it the left side of her hair that had waved most gracefully ?—gazing pensively out over the sunny valley. She would not hear him until he was very near, and then she would turn and see him. She was all ready for him now. She had placed a vase of roses on the table—red roses, roses of passion—and now she took out one and fastened it in her dark hair. She had placed her “Love Sonnets from the Portuguese” on the little wicker table and she stood there idly turning its leaves. Everything was ready. Oh, no, she had forgotten the hour-glass. How could she have forgotten

it, when she had been so proud of that thought? It had been suggested to her by a love story which she had read a long time ago, in which the lovers had but one hour, one short fleeting hour of bliss, and then came death. In that story there had been an hour-glass through which "slowly slipped the relentless sands which marked their perfect hour." It had been a beautiful story, and Rose Marie had wept over it. She must have that hour-glass.

She ran lightly back to the house, and returned slowly, holding the hour-glass daintily in one hand and gazing down at it. Was there some one in the arbor? She walked still more slowly, entered with eyes down-cast, started a trifle, and looked up—to find the arbor still empty. Surprised and a little angry, she seated herself with her back to the door, trying to look very dignified and much offended. He was very late now, and when he came she would not forgive him, would not listen to his entreaties, would not even look at him. Well, perhaps, if he pleaded very hard, she might. But the minutes passed slowly by and the little heap of sand grew larger and larger. Why didn't he come? Something dreadful must have happened to him. Nothing else could possibly have kept him. How sad that would be and how sorry everyone would feel for her. A tear rolled down her cheek, and a lump rose in her throat.

A shrill whistle sounded near by and she looked around, then turned back and continued to gaze straight ahead. He had whistled from the gate, so now he must be coming up the path. She was very angry. She would never forgive him. He was coming; she was angry.

My—he was slow. Why didn't he hurry? Cautiously, out of the corner of her eye, she looked around and saw him standing at the gate. He couldn't see her, hidden by the vines, so he called, "Rose Marie! Oh, Rose Marie!"

She flushed angrily. She had told him to meet her in the arbor. How dared he stand there and whistle for her? Well, anyhow, he needn't think she would come to him! He might stand there and whistle all night if he wished.

The boy at the gate, after one more whistle, turned away. "Arthur! Oh Arthur!" she called, and started to run down the path, but caught herself midway, and walked slowly and with dignity toward the gate.

"Hello," Arthur called. "I came to ask you to the ball game to-morrow afternoon. It'll be a corking game, and we're sure to soak it to 'em."

Rose Marie caught her breath; the shock of reality was so great. Then she said simply, "You have broken your tryst," and turned to leave him.

"Oh, don't go, Rose Marie," he called. "I remember now. But I had forgotten all about our date. Really, I forgot it. Honest Injun I did, or I surely would have told you I couldn't come. You see I couldn't come because I had to play football in Reddy's place. He got laid out yesterday, so I'm to play full-back. It will be a close call for us, Rose Marie. You must come and root for us."

Now, if he had told her that he could play better in her honor and in hope of her praise, or had asked her for a favor to wear—Rose Marie always wore an extra ribbon in hopes he would some day—she would probably have forgiven him. As it was she only remembered that Romeo did not play football, and that a true lover never broke a tryst. So drawing herself up proudly, and saying merely, "Farewell, unworthy knight," she swept up the path, broken-hearted, but still trying to walk like a tragedy queen.

DISILLUSIONMENT

BY MARY LIVINGSTONE RICE

That you no longer love me,—'tis not this
Which fills my heart with anguish and with pain;
Rather, that you who showed the way before me
Could stoop to that which I must count as vain.

Not that I on life's weary road must suffer
Grief-tortures,—till at length, the journey through,
I find relief; but that I, worn with fears and doubting,
Am still a finer thing than you.

A SIGN FROM HEAVEN

BY MARJORIE O. WESSON

"Mawnin', Miss Ethel," grinned the old darkey, as he opened the gate. "You-all lak some nice, fresh s'rimps to-day?"

"Are you sure they're fresh, George?" drawled the lady addressed.

"Yes, m'am, dey's as fresh as—as fresh as de roses en yo' cheeks, Miss Ethel. I done cotch dem myse'f dis mawnin'."

"How much are they?"

The price was satisfactory, and George selected the best in his pail for Miss Ethel, who sent the butler for her purse.

"What do you think about the eclipse, George?" she asked in the interval. "Do you suppose the weather will be good to-morrow?"

"'Clipse, Miss Ethel? What's dat?"

Miss Ethel explained.

"Gets all dark in de day time, an' de birds go to roost? Dat de trufe, Miss Ethel? What fo' do it do lek dat?"

Miss Ethel endeavored to make clear the reason for the phenomenon, but the Reverend George Washington Franklin Bowers' intellect did not match his name, and he could understand only the results which were to be expected when the moon so far forgot her manners as to cut off the world's supply of sunlight. He pondered over what he had heard, and disposed of the rest of his shrimps, for the Reverend instructed his flock on every Sunday morning and evening, and Wednesday night, and during the rest of the week he sold oysters and shrimps to certain regular customers, chief of whom was Miss Ethel.

That evening happened to be Wednesday, and at service the versatile pastor spoke with unusual fervor.

"Bred'ren, ah takes fo' ma tex' dis evenin' de fourty-second verse ob de twenty-fourth chapter of Saint Matthew, 'Watch, derefore, fo' yo' know not what hour yo' Lawd doth come.' Bred'ren, dis life am powahful uncertain; yo' nevah can tell what de morrow will bring fo'th. S'pose, my bred'ren, dat de

en' ob de worl' was to come, an' de sun were darkened, an' de moon didn't gib her light, an' de Lawd come in de clouds ob Hebben, wid powah an' great glory. What would yo' do, ma bred'ren, what would yo' do? Will de Lawd fin' yo' ready with yo' lamps burnin'? or am you-all's talents buried in de earth? Will yo' meet Him in de fields, or on de streets, or in His house, dis yere blessed centenary? Are yo' ready, ma bred'ren? Yo' know neither de day nor de hour when de Lawd cometh."

Such was the trend of the Reverend George Washington Franklin Bowers' sermon. Small wonder, then, that the next morning when the eclipse began, and the sky grew darker and darker, and the birds ceased singing, and the chilly breeze raised the dust in great clouds, that the darkies of the quarter forsook their occupations and hurried to the church. The shepherd found a thoroughly frightened flock there when he himself arrived, considerably later. He at once began to reassure them.

"Bred'ren, dere am nothin' to fear. De Lawd am berry good. Dis am not de en' ob de worl', but a visitation f'om Hebben. We am sinful, bred'ren, sinful, an' de Lawd mought have resumed us wid His light'nin', but 'stead ob dat, He sen' de darkness as a sign. Bred'ren, Ah was settin' on de steps ob ma house, an' Ah had a vision. Gabriel, he come to me an' he says, 'George, de worl' am berry wicked, an' de Lawd really don't see what He's gwine ter do 'bout it. Fust He thought He'd better jes' do 'way wid it, but den He thought maybe dey'd be better ef dey was warned, so He done sent dis darkness to covah de earth,' an', bred'ren, *dis am de sign*: Gabriel, he's gwine take away f'om you-all's roosts des as many chickens as you-all have stole en yo' life. But, bress de Lawd, bred'ren, fo' He's mercies on us sinnahs! Dat's *all* de Lawd's gwine do to us dis time."

"Hallelujah! Amen!" shouted the congregation, and could hardly wait for the hymn of thanksgiving to be sung before they went to see if their chickens were really gone. They were.

The day after the eclipse, the Reverend George Washington Franklin Bowers stopped at the house of his best customer.

"You-all lak some nice chickens to-day, Miss Ethel?" he inquired.

MRS. M'LANE

BY JANET RUTH RANKIN

McLane's is the general store of Armandale, where one buys everything one can wish, from rock salt to shrimps. Mrs. McLane is the true head of it. She is tall and bony. Her nose is as sharp as a gimlet, and her eyes and hair alike have a jetty gleam. Her cheeks are freckled and roughened by a life in the country, and her hands are scarred by work. Her laugh can be heard rods away, ringing out in full-hearted, rasping jollity. No one can be kinder than Mrs. McLane to some small boy who has forgotten his errand, or, for that matter, to anyone in trouble.

Mr. McLane puts up sugar and shoes, butter and brooms, and when his better half is absent, timidly tries his hand at gossip. But we don't mind him. He runs the auto ("a Buick, of course, Mis' Rankin; I wouldn't be saw in no other kind") while Mrs. McLane points out the beauties of the landscape, in a voice heard above every possible racket of the motor.

Running a country store is a profitable business, and more than that, it is an autocratic position. Mrs. McLane is dispenser, not of destinies, to be sure, but of dinners, and dresses which often shape and control events. More than this, she is the fountain-head of gossip for the whole country-side. When Mary buys a new ribbon everyone knows that John is coming to call; while if John buys a ring—but words cannot picture the excitement following such an event.

"Well, good-morning, Mis' Rankin! You've driv' in good and early, ain't ye? And what'll I do for you this morning? Butter it is, you want. Hen, Hen (calling Mr. McLane), put up a jar of butter for the lady. That butter," turning to me, "I just got from the Daniels'. I would give ye Bartlett's butter, it's the best, but Eathel Bartlett spilt the hull of twenty gallons of cream last week, so they couldn't churn. I never heard of such a thing! But say, Mis' Rankin, did ye hear about Eathel? They say she's run off with that young feller working at Will's—Will Wenzel's, I mean. Yes, they say they went down to Buffalo and went an' got married! Jerome—

that's Eathel's uncle—was in here to-day, but I couldn't get a word out of him. He's the closest-mouthed person *I* ever see!"

Here Mrs. McLane, as in etiquette bound, stopped to recover her breath, and to give me a chance to talk. I wondered whether it would be improper to suggest my other errands. The morning was flying.

"Cookies you want? Hen, put up a pound of cookies for Mis' Rankin. And how's your mother to-day? I heerd she was ailing a while ago."

I said she was better, and that I should like some sliced ham.

"Hen, half a pound of boiled ham, sliced! Ye know, Mis' Rankin, the first time I see ye I knew I'd like ye, and I want you should come to my picnic. There's going to be a lot of travelling men I know, here in town in two or three weeks, and I want to have a picnic out at our Sunday place on Lake Augusta."

I regretted, and mentioned the growing heat, and the fact of my other errands.

"Awful sorry ye can't come. Let's go outside to talk. What was I going to say? Oh, yes, about them campers! I never see such folks. They litter up our shore with their picnic rubbish till we don't get no peace Sundays, with clearing what they leave week-days, when we're in here. Why, even last Sunday, when me and Mr. McLane were out at our place, a lot of 'em come up and set down and commenced to throw things around, tell I couldn't stand it no longer. I went right to 'em and I sez to 'em, 'If you folks want to be let stay here you got to throw your rubbish in the lake. I can't be forever picking up after you!' They looked sort o' surprised, but I don't care! They got to learn manners, if I have to learn 'em!"

I made one last effort, and completed my list of purchases.

"All right, all right. Hen'll put 'em in your wagon. Why, your horse looks sort o' hot! It's a pretty hot day, I guess. Sometimes I just about die off with the heat. Don't old Granma Davis' garden look pretty 'cross the way! Don't it just make you want to get in and *lay*!"

That was too much for me. I fled precipitately, and as I sweltered and choked on the road home, white with dust and glaring with heat, I reflected that at the bottom of my popularity with Mrs. McLane was that quality we are told is so desirable, the ability to listen.

ON THE DECEITFULNESS OF BABY CARRIAGES

BY REBECCA ELMER SMITH

In the quiet of a Sunday twilight we sit around the fire and listen to Mendelssohn and "The Rosary." Through the tear-inspiring strains, the squeak of a baby-carriage sharply penetrates. There is something distinctive about the squeak of a baby-carriage, as full of import to one who knows it as an automobile horn. The new inmate of the college may raise her eyebrows wonderingly as the squeaks increase in number and volume, but the hardened girl knows what it means.

"Why," asks the freshman, "should all the inhabitants of Northampton take their babies for an airing at just this one time? These can't be college girls, for it's against the spirit of the founders for them to take an outing on Sunday, and this approaches an excursion."

She may press her nose against the glass and watch the baby-carriages trundle up and down the street, but it takes experience to teach her what all this portends.

I know, I was a freshman; and one Sunday evening during "Rosary" hour I was toiling up Bedford Terrace. At the crest of the hill I met a baby-carriage careening on its way down the sidewalk, hotly pursued by a large woman.

"Mother of Heaven," she gasped, as the baby-carriage shot by me.

"Ah, poor mother indeed!" I exclaimed, pitifully, at the same time adding in a noble tone, "Fear not! I will save your child!"

I sprinted after the baby-carriage, which was accelerating its speed with each bound. Catch it I must, and with set teeth I plunged after the runaway. Shades of John Gilpin! As we neared the bottom of the hill I had a momentary vision of the trolley-car that would doubtless meet us there. But save the child I had sworn I would, at whatever cost, and I lashed myself forward. We crossed the track a bare block and a half in front of the car, the baby-carriage only a few feet in the lead. It struck a puddle, I embraced it, and we went down together, safe but spattered.

Jumping quickly to my feet, I tenderly raised the bundle that had fallen in the mud. Quite large for a baby, I mentally commented, and most remarkably well wrapped. It seemed uncanny, too, that no shriek pierced the air. Instead a death-like stillness prevailed all the time I was nervously taking off the outer wrapper. Could the child have died of fright? I wondered. At last I got the outer covering off, stuck in my thumb, and pulled out—a soiled skirt.

So don't believe in baby-carriages. They are a blind, a snare, a delusion, perpetrated by snobbish Hibernians and others to gloss over the hidden shame.

O COME AND TAKE A WALK, MY LASS

BY KATHARINE JONES

O come and take a walk, my Lass!
The daisies bow to let us pass,
The wind plays music through the grass.
O come and take a walk, my Lass.

O tell me, have you ever been
Down where the tall snake grasses lean,
And sweet wild strawberries grow between
Like shadows red amongst the green?

O come and dream a while with me
Where forest trees nod drowsily
And shadows purple on the lea.
O come and wander there with me.

Deep in the cool and fragrant shade
Of balsam-scented everglade,
'Tis there the vows of love are made
When lovers bold the woods invade.

O come and take a walk with me,
From flower to flower the honey-bee
Drinks sweetness, Love,—and why not we?
So come and take a walk with me.

"TOM'S WIFE"

BY HELEN SNYDER

Mr. Sheldon sat before his fireplace with his wife and daughter and a brother who had just returned from a three years' residence abroad and whose ignorance of the more recent news gave Mr. Sheldon's satisfaction with himself and life in general an excuse for expression. The improvements made upon his estate, his successful management of some important business deals, his horses, and finally his family were all given their due. Tom, his son and special pride, he saved till the last.

"Yes, Tom's in Yale now—Sheffield Scientific School." He said impressively, "Well, I don't mind saying that he's a smart boy—brought him up according to my own ideas. Kept him right down to business—no foolishness about Tom. He's a sensible, smart boy. Doesn't smoke cigarettes and never looks at a girl," he ended triumphantly.

"But, father," his wife interrupted, "remember that picture on his dresser last summer. You know he never told us about that. And of course I know that Tom wouldn't do anything he oughtn't, but she did look actressy."

"Yes, yes, I know," her husband answered testily, "but I guess that was only a fancy picture. Tom wouldn't dare defy my orders and I told him when he left home not to fool around chorus girls—not that *he'd* ever think of such a thing, but a warning never comes amiss."

"Uncle, don't you want to see the picture? it's still on his dresser," said Marjorie, mischievously. "I'll run and get it."

The picture was accordingly shown to the uncle, who also pronounced it "rather actressy." It was a picture of a good-looking girl with an affected smirk and an exaggerated hat. As he handed it back to Marjorie, Mrs. Sheldon, who sat opposite, exclaimed, "Why, there's writing on the back of it! Do let's see what it says."

Across the top was written, "To Tom, from his loving wife." If Mr. Sheldon had heard that Tom had looted a bank, he could not have been more surprised. His face grew red and his whole body shook with anger.

"I'll settle him! I'll show him! He'll rue the day he met that girl. Why, I suppose he was married last summer! And all the time I was bragging about his sense he was married to that! He'll come home at once!"

Meanwhile Tom sat amid clouds of smoke in his room at college. His expression was most unhappy and did not change when his roommate entered.

"Well, you're the saddest looking goat I've ever seen for a man just engaged," he remarked as he lighted a pipe. "Cheer up for the looks of the thing, anyway."

"Well, if you were up against what I am, I guess you wouldn't be so cheerful, either."

"Ah, naughty, naughty, that's a pretty way to talk about your fiancée—"

"Shut up, Ted, you're a fool! You know my father thinks I never look at a girl and prides himself upon it. I never did, either, before I met Mary, and I've just never had the nerve to say anything about her. Not that the family wouldn't be crazy about her—she's one of Marjorie's best friends."

Ted started to make another facetious speech when some one banged on the door and said, "Telegram for you, Tom."

Tom tore the envelope open and read, "Come home at once. All is discovered. Father." Tom read it in silence and Ted saw his face set in a way he well knew and which he had learned to respect.

"Well, I'll go. I might have known he'd act this way. But he needn't think I'm a kid. I'll marry whomever I want—that's not his affair. Come on, Ted, help me throw some things into this suit-case. There's a train in fifteen minutes."

The next morning the family were sitting in mournful consultation. The first heat of anger was over, and together they were bewailing their shattered idol. His mother sat rocking by her sewing table, but her darning-needle moved only occasionally and from time to time she gave a furtive dab at her eyes, absent-mindedly using the toe of a stocking. Her husband sat at his desk, a small black tin box open before him.

"Well now, Callie, there's no use in crying. He did it himself and has got to take the consequences. My lawyers will be here in half an hour and my will's going to be changed. We'll see how the young jackanapes will get along by himself supporting a wife. Not one penny more from me now or ever. If he'd

married some nice, decent girl and finished college, I'd always intended to give him a start in business and settle a third of everything I have on him."

"I never heard of anything so silly," Marjorie spoke up disgustedly. "When this town is full of just scores of nice girls. I had him meet Mary Stevens on purpose, and I've been saving her for him ever since. I thought he liked her, too, but that was a year ago, and I suppose he didn't have the sense to keep it up. If he had only picked out an actress we had ever heard of—this one was evidently not good enough to get her pictures in the magazines, at least. She does look sort of familiar, though, I don't know why. I'm sure I've seen those eyes somewhere. How queer! I know I've never seen her, but I feel quite well acquainted with her eyes."

Mrs. Sheldon looked at the clock. "It's time for the carriage from the 11.10 train. You know he might have caught the night express."

The wheels of an approaching carriage were heard, then silence, and finally footsteps ascending the stairway. Mr. Sheldon was standing and had assumed his fiercest expression. His wife was trying to look stern, too, but failed and flew to kiss her son after one look at his downcast expression. Her husband spoke first.

"Well, young man, I guess you know why we sent for you. I'm surprised, Tom. I thought you had some sense and I certainly expected more consideration for my feelings. I'd have fixed you up handsomely if you had waited till you were through college and married a nice girl—"

"Nice girl indeed!" exclaimed Tom. "I'd like to know what's the matter with her!"

"Matter with her? Why, everything!" said his father, and Marjorie and her mother gasped "An actress!" in chorus.

"Actress? What?" demanded Tom. "Why, Mary's no more an actress than you are, Marjorie, and you know it. You've lost your mind."

"Indeed I should like to know how I should know anything about your Mary, whoever she is," Marjorie answered with a toss of her head.

"Know anything about her? Well, you pretend to be her best friend."

"The best friend of that?" and from the mantelpiece she

snatched the offending picture and thrust it in his face. "Look what's written on the back!"

Tom took the picture, looked at it uncomprehendingly, turned it over and read the writing on the back. Then he deliberately sat down on the floor and howled till he couldn't sit up any longer. His family watched him in horror and astonishment. Finally he sat up, and controlling himself for a minute, gasped, "It's Ted—in Junior Prom Dramatics! He was the heroine! 'To Tom, from his loving wife!' Oh, this is too good!" And he went off again.

The truth dawned upon the family. Mrs. Sheldon attempted to laugh, and cried harder than ever. Mr. Sheldon subsided suddenly and struggled to preserve his dignity by swearing at the lock of his despatch box, and Marjorie triumphantly declared that she had been the only one to recognize Ted, and asserted that she "would know his eyes anywhere"—then blushed thoughtfully.

They were all silent for a minute, and as if by inspiration the same thought came to all four. Marjorie and her father and mother exclaimed in one breath, "But who is this Mary?"

Tom smiled sheepishly. "Why—er—Mary Stevens, of course. We're engaged."

THE TAIL OF THE AUTOMOBILE

BY ALICE MARION PECK

"Well, what shall we do next?" was the question which arose simultaneously in the minds of five small boys, ranging from Billy Thompson, ring-leader, and aged thirteen, to Johnnie Limpson, camp-follower, and aged nine. A lively game of base-ball had just ended, and the participants had seated themselves panting on the grassy bank to rest and consider the prospects. It was a scorching afternoon in July. The road was ankle-deep with dust: white dust lay thick on the grass and on the leaves of the neighboring trees and bushes. A locust screamed from a thicket near by as if jeering at the discomfort of mortals, and the heavy, oppressive scent of chestnut blooms filled the air.

"Don't let's do anything," suggested Johnnie, stretching himself out full length in the shade and kicking his bare feet in the cool grass.

"Aw, come on, lazy!" cried Billy scornfully. "Let's play tag."

"It's too hot," said Tom.

"Humph, you're a baby, too! I'll—" but Billy's sentence was cut short by a vigorous thump from the accused one which landed him flat on his back. A fierce struggle ensued, cheered on by the other members of the party. Nothing pleased them better than a fight, as long as they were not actively concerned in it. Billy, superior in age and muscle, was fast coming out ahead, when suddenly—"Honk! honk!" and far down the white expanse of road a cloud of dust arose which soon developed into a big touring car coming on at full speed.

"Auto coming!" cried Johnnie. The battle ended as suddenly as it had begun, at the arrival of a new interest. All five stood up, waving their arms ecstatically, for automobiles were no every-day spectacle in their small town. The great machine whirled by in a flash of red paint, goggles and dust, the wheels throwing out angry little spurts as they churned through the deep sand. In a twinkling it was gone and nothing but the dust and the odor of gasoline remained to tell the tale.

"Hey, fellers! I tell you what, let's play automobile," cried Billy, with the excited air of one who has had a brilliant inspiration.

"All right, come on!" agreed the rest.

"I'll be chauffeur," said Billy.

"Then I'll be the auto, and you two, Tom and Ted, can be the wheels," said Alfred with enthusiasm. "Come on, let's start. Chug! chug! honk! honk!" The auto was about to start off with due ceremony when a screech of anger was heard. Poor Johnnie, entirely left out of their calculations, was writhing on the grass in a frenzy of wrath. His cries would probably have gone unheeded had not Johnnie's mother appeared on the veranda, craning her neck anxiously to see who was abusing her youngest. Under the circumstances it seemed discreet to soothe the wailing one, so,

"Come here, kid, and stop your howling," called Billy. "You can play, too, if you want to. Let's see—" meditating. "What can he be? Oh, I tell you, you can be the smell!"

Johnnie looked dubious as to the honor of the position, but stopped crying and asked what he must do.

"Oh, you just follow along behind," instructed Billy. "But don't get too near."

"Can't I ever go ahead?" asked Johnnie mournfully.

"Ahead! Just like a kid! Whoever heard of the smell going ahead!" roared Billy scornfully. "Come on, fellers—" seeing symptoms of another outburst. "Honk! honk!"

Away they dashed down the sandy road, leaving poor Johnnie trailing miserably behind. The dust which the improvised auto stirred up all blew in his face, and his mouth and eyes were soon full of it. His bare toes sunk deep in the hot sand, which scorched and blistered his feet. Still, the fellows would laugh at him if he stopped, and maybe they wouldn't let him play at all next time. There was always that danger to be considered. So Johnnie plodded on, but as it grew hotter and hotter his footsteps began to lag. The road was fairly quivering with the heat, and the blazing light of the sun almost blinded him.

"I *won't* play any more, so there!" Johnnie stood still in the middle of the road and stamped and screamed in high passion. For fully five minutes he stood there, pouring out his whole little injured soul in cries of wrath which were utterly unnoticed by his fellow-autoists, now fast disappearing around a bend. It mattered not to Johnnie that there was none to hear. When he indulged, as was not infrequent, in what his mother called a "tantrum," he was not to be stopped until he was quite through. Finally, entirely worn out by his frenzy, he sank down in the road in utter exhaustion, too tired to seek a cooler spot, or to care what happened to him, and laid his weary head upon his arms.

Some time later, raising a tremendous cloud of dust and honk honking as it flew past, another automobile came on at a terrific speed. A young man was driving it and two girls were in the tonneau. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the driver, something moved in the road before him, and a small, dust-colored object raised itself on one elbow and looked about him with blue, bewildered eyes.

"By Jove!" shouted the boy, "it's a kid!" Checking its speed, the auto swerved suddenly aside, just grazing the sleeves of Johnnie's little gingham blouse.

"Hey, sonny! What you doing there in the middle of the road? Don't you know it's dangerous?" The driver and the girls had climbed out of the machine and were bending over the dazed small boy, who looked from one to the other of the party, vainly trying to recall his scattered senses.

"Why—why—I must have been asleep. I thought I was driving a truly auto. You see, we were playin' auto, and the other fellers—oh—boo-hoo!—I *hate* them!" and Johnnie raged anew as the thought of his past wrongs came back to him.

"There, there, dear," said one of the girls soothingly, wiping Johnnie's tear-stained face with a dainty pocket handkerchief. "Tell us all about it. Why do you hate them?"

"They—they m-made me b-be the s-s-smell," sobbed the tired child, "and—and I had to run behind, and I ate so much dirt, I'm just nothin' but dirt way through, an' it ain't any fun bein' smell!"

"Poor little shaver!" said the boy. "What is your name, sir?"

"John Marchant Simpson," replied the small boy proudly, his face brightening visibly at the welcome sound of the dignified title.

"Well, John Marchant Simpson, I tell you what we'll do. You just hop up on the seat beside me, and we'll surprise the other fellows so they won't get over it for a month o' Sundays."

"You ain't foolin'?" And—and I don't have to be the smell?" Johnnie looked doubtful.

"No, no. You can sit right by me, and they can be the smell this time. You'll see!"

"Hy, fellers! Look out! 'Nother auto comin'!" yelled Billy.

All four lined up once more by the roadside to behold the marvel of a second auto in one day.

"Gee! who's that up in front? Looks like Johnnie," said Tom.

Four pairs of eyes were directed toward the front seat and a small boy in a dusty gingham blouse perched there beside the driver. As the car flashed by, sure enough, there sat the one-time smell, a grin of triumph illuminating his dusty, tear-streaked face.

"Who's the smell now?" he jeered as he flew past.

ABOUT COLLEGE

? ? ? ? ?

BY MARY RICE

We have dined at Mrs. Boyden's,
We have lunched at the K. K.,
We have patronized Barnstable,
And we love the G. F. A.
We have played with upper classmen,
And we've searched the plant-house through,
But we feel that there is something—
Something *else* we ought to do.

We've been energetic, very—
Filled our cards with exercise,
Signed for basket-ball and hockey,
Taken everyone's advice,
Learned the social regulations,
Memorized th' approved list too.
So please tell us—tell us truly—
Is there something else to do?

ITS USE

BY LOUISE BENJAMIN

Sing a song of Math room—cotangents and sines,
They show how wide a river is, and tell the depth of mines.
Of course it does you lots of good, that no one can deny,
For every girl is bound to do surveying ere she die,
And when she's left the college, across the world to roam,
By measuring the angle she can find the distance home.

ITS MISUSE

BY CLAIRE WILLIAMS

A fool there was in an Algebra class,
 Even as you and I,
 And the first of the week was a time of dread
 When ALGEBRA hovered nigh.
 The fool would have liked to tear her hair,
 But she had to pretend she didn't care ;
 It seemed countless ages that she sat there—
 Poor thing ! She could not even try.

Her dreams were haunted by horrid sights ;
 She felt that her end was nigh,
 And spectres pursued her, all through the dark nights,
 Till she wished that she could die.
 Radicals, roots and surds and things,
 And long black equations with scaly wings,
 And they chanted, with menacing murmurings,
 Till she thought that she would fly.

"X to the nth, plus a square b,
 Take off the radical, change the sign,
 The root of the exponent now is c ;
 Gracious ! Isn't this fine !
 We know you, but you don't know us,
 Can't even tell if we're minus or plus,
 What in the world makes you make such a fuss?
 We're as easy as one times nine."

The fool was puzzled—who wouldn't be ?
 Unless, perhaps, you or I—
 "How do you know when it's f of b,
 And just when to multiply ?
 If I be mad, and I think I be,"
 The fool said softly, and squared a c,
 "It makes no difference if x is d,
 I'm not quite sure that it isn't me,
 Or the coefficient of Pi."

L'ENVOY

The fool is wondering—wondering still,
 If figures can't *possibly* lie ;
 And there in her cell up on Lunatic Hill
 She is patiently asking why ?

"DEAR ETHEL"

BY GRACE B. M'GUIRE

DEAR ETHEL :

Your photograph came in the morning's mail and I want to sit right down and thank you while I have lots of time and before I forget it. My dear, isn't it fine, though! I should think you would be so pleased, for generally yours aren't good at all, do you think so? But don't they nowadays take fine pictures! You know the woman who is taking our class-book pictures? The photographer says she can take a good-looking picture of the homeliest kind of a person if they have a good looking dress on. She makes the picture so dark and sort of indistinct that you really can't tell what they look like. You really ought to try her. She told me I had a splendid face to photograph, it was so reposeful looking, and my negative didn't even have to be retouched.

Oh, my dear, I want to tell you a joke about your picture. You remember you wrote me in the same mail, and so the letter and picture got here at the same time. As the picture had no return address I opened it first, as I was sure it was something nice from Ned. Well, I just couldn't guess who it was. I thought over every good-looking girl I knew and had finally decided on Katherine Moody, you know what a beauty she is. I finally decided to read your letter, as there seemed to be no more to be gleaned from the picture, and imagine my surprise when your letter said you were sending a photo by the same mail. Well, of course after I knew who it was I could see resemblances. But wasn't that a joke!

Well, I really must close now, as you know what a bore writing is for me, and besides I have to study for a written-in page. Do write me again soon and tell me all the news about your dear self, a good long one. I know you like to write on forever. Well, good-bye, dear. I certainly am proud of your picture!

With love,

GRACE.

MSS. FOUND IN A YELLOW-COVERED BOOK

BY MARGUERITE UNDERWOOD

"The subject of trigonometry, as I understand it, is not very well understood." How easily is my own state of mind made clear by these words of one Harvard freshman! It is quite comforting to think of him, as I sit here on the dark side of the room among anxious, scribbling girls and wait for the trigonometry examination to be over. He records in his "Diary" how many things he did that he ought not to have done, how many left undone, etc., but at the end he appeared gloriously in a red-bound book with a picture of the Harvard yard on the cover. It is a charming final outcome. It is exasperating that history should repeat itself only when you don't want it to.

I wish I hadn't gone on this dark side of the room; it's gloomy, and all these girls look wise and hostile. I wish Marjorie were here. I always liked her. She never knew as much as I did in class. But she's taking the exam in another room—that sounds like "drinking beer alone."

The girl next me has looked at me suspiciously several times. She knows I'm not doing the work, for it's chiefly examples, and she wonders how I can write two pages to explain that one formula. She seems to know a good deal. She works with a deadly air of leisure that enrages me—I have so much more time than she has, just now!

I wish I had eaten breakfast.

I wish that robin would keep still out there; he gets on my nerves.

And I wish I could do a few of these examples.

So there are my three wishes, such as the Good People ought to grant me. But my fairy godmother is strangely neglectful of me. In the good rational life of fairy tales, when a child is given an impossible task, a gnome or a sprite appears, who weaves the straw into gold and sorts the mixed-up seeds. Still, think of a poor little fairy after she had taken an examination in trigonometry! She could pass it, of course, but how the bloom would be rubbed from her wings, and her bright colours how faded! I should be sorry to get through mathematics if it cost a fairy all her beauty.

THE INEVITABLE

BY ISABEL A. GUILBERT

This maid had understanding far beyond her tender years—
"You have temperament, yes, genius!" she was told;
So she planned a wondrous sonnet on the music of the spheres—
For her no verse of ordinary mould!

That stuff called local color anyone could write with ease,
Who was gifted with a fair amount of wit;
But for genius such as she had, tuned to far sublimer keys,
The grandest, noblest themes alone were fit.

Her next attempt should be an ode on Immortality,
'Twould put the gentle Wordsworth to the blush!
And then she'd voice her inmost thoughts on Soul Equality,
A subject worthy of a master-brush.

With such high aspirations her poetic mind was filled;
By verse profound she would uplift the age;
And so by hazy dreams of coming greatness she was filled,
She planned an ode to Fame, her heritage.

But lack-a-day! Her Muse disdained prosaic pen and ink;
The flame of genius flickered faint and low.
To college commonplaces being forced at last to sink,
She wrote thirty hours on "Seen from Rubber Row."

GOLDEN HAIR

BY HELEN SMITH

There is a girl in college with gold hair. Not brown hair, nor red hair, nor straw-colored hair, nor molasses-colored hair, but *gold* hair—*red* gold that shines and sparkles and glows and shows red molten in the sunlight. She comes into the library sometimes, and the brass fixtures are duller and the windows dingier and the brown volumes on the top shelf yet browner and mustier as she passes. When she goes out the people at tables push in their hairpins and sigh vaguely and knit their brows over Macmanagel's "Source Book of Early Colonial History"—and look out of the window again. What is the use of some books anyway? What is the use of history at all? What is the use of *any* education that cannot offer a course in Gold Hair.

Perhaps sometime, in the evolution of modern science and the college curriculum, it will. "Special Course; Juniors and Seniors (no pre-requisite); Gold Hair." Until then, is it safe? this anarchy-spreading, unmistakable, unattainable gold hair? They say the entrance lists are much too long already. We should miss her from the campus; it would be a loss nothing in the laboratory nor the Hillyer Art Gallery could quite replace. Yet, for the stability of the peace of our academic minds and the "spirit of the institution," may it not be necessary to exclude—the girl with gold hair?

THE BEST POLICY

BY MARGUERITE UNDERWOOD

She smiled a smile at me as I went past,
I wonder why! She never did before.
Can she have guessed? So sweet a smile it was,
Just made for humble freshmen to adore.

I liked that smile—but no, I have no right
Even to its bewitching memory;
She's very real, I must be honest, too,
I don't believe she meant that smile for me.

I wanted it for mine, and yet—I know
It *isn't* mine, and I must use no guile,
And so when next I meet her on the walk
I'll do what's right—I'll give her back that smile.

ABOUT COLLEGE

BY VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN

The fires of bacon bats have died
Upon the distant hills;
Instead from kettle on the hob
The cheering tea-cup fills;
They come from happy hockey grounds
(That brisk November sport),
Or from the scientific "Lab,"
Or from the tennis court,
Or from another tea—for more—
I'm sorry to report!

And while they eat the muffins hot
 Or cinnamon-y toast,
 As in the coffee house of old
 Spectators learn the most.
 Hot tea unbinds the maiden tongue
 And lets the "gist" fall freely,
 Far more one learns at Rose Tree Inn
 Than in the halls of Seelye.

A vaudeville by faculty,
 And we are here to see it!
 With trials for the hero's part,
 Who do you s'pose will be it?
 The Winter's Tale—Division C
 Are also having trials,
 Loud elocutionary bursts
 Can now be heard for miles.

Yes Mary to the note-room went,
 She won't go any more,
 She reached her notes, she bore them out,
 Then dashed for College 4,
 But breath of life had almost gone
 Before she reached the door.
 Quite weakened in the scrimmage
 For reference books this fall,
 She'd been to chapel in the morn
 And stood against the wall.
 She thought her college standing good,
 She'd stood too much—that's all!

But as the tea began to warm
 A happier outlook breaks,
 They speak of better things to come
 Now they have got to cakes:
 Assembly Hall has buttons now
 To match our library,
 Which, by the way, must ope some day,
 May we be there to see!

Then off they dashed to college halls,
 But notice well their boots,
 A boot so thick, so tan, so tall,
 Right well a college suits;
 And though the rubber coat and hat
 Has fostered hate and strife,
 Who can deny these show good sense
 In daily walks of life?

THE STORY MEMORIAL SERVICE

A large audience, composed chiefly of college students, gathered Wednesday evening, October 27, at Smith College, to honor the memory of the late Edwin Bruce Story, who for thirty years was a teacher of music at Smith. The senior members of the music faculty, those who had been most intimately associated with Professor Story, had prepared a beautiful and appropriate program of music, the numbers of which were chosen because of peculiar associations with Professor Story.

The program opened with an organ arrangement of the Prelude to Parsifal. Following this, Miss Bliss played the Beethoven Largo in D minor, which Mr. Story had frequently played with great feeling. Mr. Olmsted sang a group of beautiful songs, all favorites of Mr. Story, and in which he had accompanied the singer. Miss Bates then played the wonderful Largo from MacDowell's Sonata Tragica. Mr. Olmsted sang "For the Mountains Shall Depart," from "Elijah," and Mr. Sleeper played upon the organ Guilman's Funeral March and Song of the Seraphs.

The entire program was deeply impressive, but was free from any thoughts of gloom or despair. The numbers were received in silence by the large audience.

During the evening Professor Sleeper spoke briefly of Professor Story's long life of service as a teacher of music at Smith College. It seemed to the speaker that three great characteristics pervaded Mr. Story's musical life. First, obedience to duty, so consistent and so absolute, that it became second nature. Whatever was at hand that should be done, was done as faithfully as possible, and without anxiety as to the future. Duty to his mother, herself a singer, led him to make music his profession. Duty to his students led him to perfect himself as a teacher. Duty to the composer whose music he played led him to become letter perfect in all his musical studies, and to seek to interpret each composer as nearly as possible as the composer would have wished his works played.

A second great characteristic of Mr. Story was the elimination of self. Mr. Sleeper showed how this principle affected his music, being perhaps the one great secret of Mr. Story's remarkable success as an accompanist, leading him to lose himself in the work of the singer and of the composer.

A third great principle, all too rare in musicians, was studiousness. Mr. Story was always studying new music and new methods of teaching, with a view to improvement. Because he did not care for a certain composer was no reason for not studying that composer's works. He would return again and again to the composer, to find out what there was good in him. In this way he approached MacDowell, whose works at first seemed unmusical and strained to effect. He finally became a great admirer of MacDowell and a superb interpreter of his pianoforte compositions.

These principles led Mr. Story to be insistent that every pupil should first of all play exactly what was on the printed page. Accuracy and honesty first, emotional impressiveness later. These same principles made Mr. Story invaluable to his colleagues in the music department; his great abilities, his willingness to do whatever was wanted; his self-denying devotion to music and to Smith College.

RACHMANINOFF

BY ELSIE SWEENEY

The piano recital given by Sergei Rachmaninoff in College Hall, November 4, was particularly interesting, as the initial performance, in this country, of one of the new school of Russian composers. The program consisted entirely of his own works. Throughout, its sombreness was unrelieved even in the Humoresque. His compositions were interesting in tonal color, harmonic progressions, and especially in the development of motif. Some of his motifs seemed to have fascinated him, for they recurred in several different compositions, thus unifying the program.

The composer himself said that the first movement of the sonata represented Faust, the second, Marguerite, and the third, Mephistopheles. In accordance with this, the spirited character of the allegro vivace formed a striking contrast to the two earlier movements. The famous C sharp minor prelude closed the program, and brought the most hearty applause. He played "The Exiles" as an encore. While the program was almost entirely new to the audience, the high artistic excellence of his interpretations was appreciated. His playing was marked by the greatest variety and beauty of tone and delicate passages.

EDITORIAL

The new library has seemed, to use the phrase of the Prayer Books, far beyond what we desired or deserved. We have fancied ourselves strolling among the stacks, or reading by the great fire, in a society of books. But have we deserved all this? One has only to walk in to the collections of books to feel that our attitude toward them presents some serious problems. Our main library is so crowded as to offer great temptation to social souls. Many of the books are in upper alcoves, reached by staircases, so that some of our strolling among stacks must be done in spirals. This, however, will be changed in the new building. But the reference library can never be reformed by change of location, as long as the present system of using books continues. We have all rushed for the reference books, and have longed in despair, as we sometimes do in examination, at the disproportion between demand and supply. We have studied there, looking often at the clock, until the hour arrives when we are prematurely sent to our account, or some one else claims our book. A method of reading as disrespectful and unfair as if one should seize upon a member of the faculty and demand all his knowledge at once. For the failures of this system the faculty are likely to blame the students, and the students the faculty; but the simple fact is that there are not enough books current among the college public, and until there are more the problem will not be solved. More of us ought to buy books, and to lend those we are not using to the Loan Library. We might send fewer of the flowers, on which the faculty look with puritanic disfavor, and give more books to our friends. We might vary these gift-books from the usual Kipling, Keats, Ibsen, or Maeterlink, by choosing books which, from their nature, are better fitted to form the solid core of a

library, and which have an added value to us from the fact of our familiarity with them. And we might occasionally give membership in the Forbes Library. If we make such an effort to relieve the pressure, we may reasonably expect that the college authorities will do their part by increasing the supply of books, and by adopting a different system by which the books will remain on the shelves, but may not be removed from the library. If thus a more leisurely, and hence a more thorough and sympathetic reading be possible, there is little doubt that the effect on our work will be good.

HENRIETTA SPERRY.

In this work-a-day world of college, where bells awaken us in the morning and ring us relentlessly through class after class, down to dinner and even to sleep, where, especially among upper classmen, one responsibility crowds upon another, there is a tendency towards nervous haste. It is indicative of the fact that we have not yet learned to accept added responsibilities without losing our mental grasp, as it were, of our day's work. We have too little system in our mental processes. There is a flux and reflux of equally important subjects through our minds; concentration is more or less difficult. We find ourselves attending now to this now to that almost spasmodically. If only the bells would stop, or if the play were over, or the magazine gone to press, we think, we should be in no hurry. But this is not wholly true. This nervous darting hither and thither has become an attitude of mind, the cure of which lies within us.

We are hurried not by too much work but by too little control of ourselves, by our impatient worries. The work of itself is powerless to affect us except in so far as we permit it to. We must decide whether we shall control the work or whether we shall permit the work to control us. The assumption of this control will be one step nearer that fine command of our mental faculties which is the goal of our college career.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The popularity in these feverish days of three such bulky volumes as the novels of William De Morgan is something to note. We have been told for some years that the day of long novels is past; that the public will not tolerate them, except as survivals of an age whose prolixity we deplore; and that even these survivals are gathering dust upon our shelves. Now come these stories, carrying us back in form to "the good old times" of the Georges, however modern the content, and behold we read them, and reading we like, and liking we would gladly have more. We have time, after all, to humor the author, we have leisure to gain more than a superficial acquaintance with his characters; we may even dwell with them in one of the quieter London streets and never grudge the moments.

Some one may even suggest that those readers who have time for De Morgan are no other than they who have always had leisure to keep Thackeray and Trollope well-thumbed. We have no statistics to prove that his is a wider public, wider even than that which Mrs. Warde has kept within long-distance reach of the older manner. Yet when we read the place of "Joseph Vance," "Alice For-Short" and "Somehow Good" among the best sellers we have our doubts. Be that as it may, De Morgan has succeeded.

It may be of interest that two college magazines have recently published critical essays upon Mr. De Morgan's work—one, *The Yale Courant* for June, the other, *The Dartmouth Literary Magazine* for November. It is upon the first of these, as the fuller and more careful treatment, that we should like to dwell. It would be hard to pick flaws in this essay. It is that rare jewel—a criticism which criticizes. It is based upon study and comparison that is systematic and discriminating—it substantiates its every point, and its treatment is adequate. We do violence to so carefully organized a paper to quote it piece-

meal, but it is a temptation to illustrate the writer's way of getting beneath the surface with passages in which he compares De Morgan with the Victorians indiscriminately associated with him in the popular mind.

"His method in attempting to do this [properly to interpret his conceptions] has invited much comparison with Dickens, because it superficially resembles the method of that author. There is a fundamental difference under this fancied likeness which illustrates well some points of De Morgan's technique. Dickens' best creations are not men, but wonderful impersonations of men. . . . But why does De Morgan employ the the methods of Dickens? What invites a realist to use a tool so skillfully handled by an idealist? His very realism. We note that the tool is not so much adapted to Dickens as well handled by him. To gain his effect with it, it is actually necessary for him to conceal the fact that his impersonations are idealized under a mass of realistic detail. Now, play upon individual peculiarities, when kept within the bounds of actuality, is a most effective way of getting realism. And realism is what De Morgan wants; realism about his characters, about his plots and about his detail."

Again, "Now, as he is after close realism, what means does he take . . . of showing us through his own eyes the life he sees? In the main his method is similar to Thackeray's. That is, he talks directly to the reader in countless little insertions and asides. . . . We find this atmosphere responsible for half their charm. Their outlook on life is so broad and generous that it is a pleasure to share it. . . . So far, De Morgan and Thackeray are alike. They differ here, not in method but in matter. Thackeray's view of life is satirical and humorous. De Morgan's is humorous and kindly."

Beginning with a quoted statement of Lady Cecil's, that De Morgan's "deserved success has had very little to do with art," the essay formulates and justifies as the criterion of art that means of communication which best communicates. The paper then deals with two questions. First, what had De Morgan to say? Second, how near did he come to saying it?" The reader is carried with unflagging interest through twenty-eight pages, richly illustrated at every point from the novels themselves, to draw, with the writer, the conclusion that William De Morgan is an artist.

AFTER COLLEGE

SMITH COLLEGE MISSIONARY REPORT

CLARA HEYWOOD SCOTT 1900

Clara Heywood's first year after graduation was spent in studying at the University of Munich. Here she met Mr. Charles Ernest Scott, whom she afterward married. While her fiancé was completing his theological course at Princeton, Miss Heywood prepared herself to be a minister's helpmate. In the year 1901-2 she was employed as assistant secretary of the Springfield branch of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions; during the following year she not only continued this work, but also filled the position of Massachusetts state secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, making her headquarters at Holyoke, where she busied herself still further with city work for the Association.

In September, 1903, Mr. and Mrs. Scott were married. For a year they lived and worked on a Home Mission field in Northern Michigan; another year and a half was spent in a city parish in the southern part of the state.

When their little girl, Elizabeth, was six months old, September, 1906, they sailed for China. Among the passengers who boarded the steamer at a port of Japan were Mr. and Mrs. Pettus (Sarah DeForest), also on their way to the field. Mrs. Scott writes: "Our household goods were on the fated *Manchuria*, which ran aground, so that, though we fortunately did not lose anything, they were pretty well damaged, especially the furniture and china."

Mr. and Mrs. Scott are stationed at Tsingtau, East Shantung. They have acquired the language, and are engaged in active service, Mr. Scott in evangelistic work, Mrs. Scott in the many duties of a missionary wife and mother. Address, Tsingtau, East Shantung, China.

SARAH WOODWARD McRAE 1901

Although it had long been the ambition of Sarah Woodward to become a missionary, she did not, during her college days, enroll as a student volunteer. Yet her interest in the service was so strong that she once wrote, "I should never be content to remain at home if I thought I could be of service on the mission field." With the purpose of fitting herself for such work Miss Woodward taught school for two years after Commencement, thereby gaining experience in work with children. In 1905, after a course at the New York Training School for Deaconesses, she sailed for Shanghai under the auspices of the American Episcopal Mission.

Here in the suburb of Singa she has worked for three years, learning the language and acting as principal of a girls' day school. The pupils are from five to sixteen years of age, attractive and eager to learn, yet they do not respond to Christian influence as quickly as the boarding-school students who cannot return home after each school session.

When Miss Woodward began her life on the field, like many foreigners she was surprised at the modern conveniences in that far-away part of the world. Shanghai is an European city with a foreign population of various nationalities. The new missionary writes: "I think people who have never been here would be surprised at the English houses, the modern furniture and the meat and vegetables which are just like home. Of course the interior of China is very different, but even there one may feel at home." This is enough to open the eyes of those of us whose ideas of China center about a brick shelf for a bed, and rats-in-rice for breakfast.

In the winter of 1907-'08 Miss Woodward was married to the Rev. Cameron Farquhar McRae of the same mission, Mr. McRae having charge of the foreign work in the city of Shanghai.

Last year Mr. and Mrs. McRae returned to America on furlough; during their stay, on November 24, 1908, their little girl, Elizabeth Woodward, was born. The following summer they resumed their work in the mission field.

Address, American Episcopal Mission, Shanghai, China.

SARAH DEFOREST PETTUS 1901

Sarah DeForest married William B. Pettus in June, 1905. In 1906 they went out to China under the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Pettus being one of the national secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. for China.

Although our missionary record has been so long in process of publication that some of the material is now old, none of it, we trust, is stale; certainly not this letter which Mrs. Pettus wrote especially for us, even though its date is May 27, 1908. It seems best to print it as it stands, with regret that space demands many omissions.

KULING, via KIU KIANG, CHINA, May 27, 1908.

DEAR GIRLS OF SMITH:

Time and space have come between me and the old college days, but once a Smith girl, always a Smith girl, and my college pins are daily in evidence. . . .

Kuling is the biggest summer resort for foreigners in Central China, up on the top of the Li Mountains, some three thousand feet high. In fact, one of the big rests of Kuling is the mental rest of getting away from the ever-present squalor of China down on the plain. Do not think from that that we do not like living among the Chinese in close contact. It was just for close contact's sake that we two moved last year from Nanking, where there are over a hundred Americans and Europeans (too numerous for very profitable study of Chinese), to a little city off the great thoroughfare of the Big River, some fifteen miles inland. We had a delightful year of language study, living in a Chinese house on a crowded street not a rod wide, and hearing Chinese from morning till night. . . .

Many times have I wondered during the last winter in Luho what the women thought who came into our house for the first time. . . . One of the first exclamations was, "How clean!" True, in view of the implied comparison. Direct questions in China are not tabooed, as with us; they are a positive essential to polite talk. . . . The questions with which callers plied me ranged from the price of the furniture to the number of clothes I wore, my age, my family, and other topics of an intimate sort. My maid was even asked about my temper—which she loyally confessed to be good, for I was in the room.

I tried last winter to come into as close contact with the women as I could. So I invited them to afternoon teas, and once to a dinner, accepting their invitations in return. . . . It was a great step when the women found that I was interested in their sewing, one of their chief employments, even the peasant women knowing how to embroider more or less. In return for their teaching, I showed them how to knit. . . .

Next winter we are to be again in Nanking. Mr. Pettus' term of study will expire at New Year's [January 1, 1909], and he will take up the work of traveling among the colleges of China in the interests of the Young Men's Christian Association. I shall be left somewhat alone, and, if I guess rightly, shall be making friends among the Chinese women in their homes and in mine, getting help from them as well as giving them what I came to China to bring.

In these days when it is not a great undertaking to go around the world, I hope that we may welcome many of you out here, that you may study missions for yourselves even though you do not stay to take active part in the work.

Very cordially yours,

SARAH DEFOREST PETTUS.

Address, 20 Szechuen Road, Shanghai.

Please send amendments and additions to C. W. Newcomb, Editor, 31 Vauxhall Street, New London, Connecticut.

On Saturday, October 30, a luncheon was held at Boyden's by the Western Massachusetts Branch of the Alumnae Association. President and Mrs. Seelye were the guests of honor. Mrs. Dana Pearson presided, and twenty-two of the thirty-one classes that have graduated responded to the roll-call. President Seelye spoke of the new buildings of the college, and it was voted to subscribe \$250 from the Association treasury for a charging desk to be placed in the new library.

Applications should be placed on file at the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, for tickets for Senior Dramatics. Each alumna is allowed one ticket, and may not use another's name to secure extra seats. It is urged that applications be made for Thursday evening, June 9, instead of for Friday evening, June 10, since that time will be less crowded. Saturday evening is not open to alumnae. No deposit is required, and tickets need not be claimed until Commencement week from the Business Manager in Northampton.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Laurel Sullivan, 8 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

'05. Edna F. Day has announced her engagement to George D. Blakeslee of Clark University, Worcester.

Edith R. Smith. Address, 11603 Kinsman Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

'07. Bertha E. Christiansen has been appointed Assistant Registrar of Smith College.

Agnes Grace Clancy has been appointed reader in Psychology at Smith College.

'08. Mary Prescott Parsons is librarian at the Mt. Herman School, Mt. Herman, New York.

'09. Frances H. Bickford is teaching English and History in Wilbraham Academy, Wilbraham, Massachusetts.

Gertrude E. Bussard is teaching English in the Watertown High School. Address, 249 Massey Street, South Watertown, New York.

Elizabeth Chapman is teaching History in the High School at Ogdensburg, New York.

Ruth S. Clark is teaching in Bethel, Connecticut.

Annie J. Crim is teaching English in the Mohawk High School, Mohawk, New York.

Leah B. Demsey is teaching in the High School at Watertown, New York.

Dorothy Donnell is teaching English in the Calhoun Chamberlain School at Spring Lake, New Jersey.

Marjorie K. Eddy is teaching in the High School at Syracuse, New York.

Esther Egerton is teaching school at Port Deposit, Maine.

Bertha Louise Goldthwait is Industrial Secretary of the Young Women's Association of Lowell. Address, 50 John Street, Lowell, Massachusetts.

Henrietta C. Harris is assisting in the Botany department at Smith College.

Margaret Hatfield and Edna M. True are travelling together in the West.

Margaret Headden is teaching in Pueblo, Colorado.

Olive H. Hubbard is teaching in the Ashville High School, Ashville, Massachusetts.

Edith L. Jarvis is traveling abroad.

Rosamond Kimball is at the head of the College Extension Committee of the Consumers' League.

Belle B. Gormley is studying art in Boston.

Lulu N. Lawrence is studying art in Boston.

Leola Baird Leonard is doing post-graduate work in English at Chicago University. Address, Greenwood Hall, Chicago University, Chicago, Illinois.

'09. Ruth Lowrey is doing post-graduate work in English at Columbia University. Address, 155 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Mary E. MacDonald is teaching in the Shelton High School, Shelton, Connecticut.

Jean Challis MacDuffie is teaching in the MacDuffie School at Springfield, Massachusetts.

Eleanor Marshall is teaching in the School for the Blind at Overbrook, Pennsylvania.

Ella C. Mayo is teaching science in the Hill School at Atlanta, Georgia.

Anna U. McCarthy is teaching Music in Northampton, Massachusetts.

Mabel Louise McElwain will spend the next six months traveling in the the South.

Dorothy McLaurin is studying for the degree of Master of Arts at Columbia University. Her subjects are History and Philosophy.

Alice F. Merrill is teaching in the Mount Ida School for Girls at Newton, Massachusetts.

Hannah K. O'Malley is teaching Music in a Commercial School at Manila. Address, Box 685, Manila, Philippine Islands.

Margaret Painter is teaching English in the Stamford High School, Stamford, Connecticut.

Jeanne H. Perry is teaching Science in Oakwood Academy, Union Springs, New York.

Alice M. Pierce is teaching History in the Macduffie School, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Anne E. Reno is teaching History in the High School at Georgetown, Delaware.

Dorothy R. Ringwalt has charge of out-of-door sports at St. Gabriel School, Peekskill, New York.

Mabel Alice Schnurr is teaching in the Frostburg Normal School, Frostburg, Maryland.

Charlotte Archibald Smith is teaching in St. John the Baptist School. Address, 231 East 17th Street, New York City.

Helen Mahlon Spear is teaching English and Latin in the Walden High School. Address, Walden, Orange County, New York.

Margaret Hall Tuthill is teaching in Mass, Michigan.

Elizabeth Stearns Tyler sailed for Liverpool on November 2, to spend a year in France, Italy, Germany and Sweden.

Merta Underhill is teaching in the West Haven High School, West Haven, Connecticut.

Norma Underhill is teaching English in the Hawley High School, Hawley, Pennsylvania.

Eleanor Stuart Upton is studying for the degree of Master of Arts at Brown University. Address, 156 Congdon Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

- '09. Anna Whitaker will spend the winter in San Francisco. Address, 219 Spruce Street, San Francisco, California.
- Annie Wiggin has the position of Secretary in the People's Institute. Address, 150 Elm Street, Northampton.

MARRIAGES

- '88. Mary Fake Knox to Morris L. Buckwalker. Address, 3315 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Lillian Dubois to Harry K. Wheeler, in June. Address, 107 South Los Rables Avenue, Pasadena, California.
- '92. Elizabeth Campbell Fisher to Howard Clay. Address, Godley, Halifax, England.
- '96. Alice Amelia Blair to Morris Bradley Butter. Address, 507 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.
- Edith Helen Wheeler to Edward P. Ripley. Address, Weston, Massachusetts.
- '97. Helen Belden Kuhn to W. M. Palmer. Address, The Arborway, Hills, Massachusetts.
- '98. Leona Estelle Tarbell to Benjamin Carroll. Address, 1964 Pennsylvania Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- '99. Janet Waring Roberts to A. Everett Hunt. Address, 1 West 89th Street, New York City.
- Elizabeth Sumner Steele to William F. Koelker. Address, 625 Mendota Court, Madison, Wisconsin.
- '01. Mabel Arva Brewer to Dr. Paul R. Higgins. Address, 50 Tompkins Street, Cortland, New York.
- Helen Coburn to Horace Stevens. Address, Plainfield, New Jersey.
- Emeline Palmer to George B. Spaulding, Jr. Address, Stonington, Connecticut.
- '02. Louise Priest Putnam to E. B. Heisler, on April 15. Address, 364 Catherine Street, Salt Lake City.
- Bernice Wood Secrest to A. B. Pike. Address, 1197 Andrews Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.
- Mary B. Woodbury to Tasker Howard, on November 1. Address, 388 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, New York.
- '03. Gertrude Roxana Beecher to Charles F. Park, Jr., on October 22. Address, Englewood, New Jersey.
- Clara L. Bradford to Binnie Morrison. Address, Montclair, New Jersey.
- Clara McDowell to Nuskenn Carley. Address, 539 East State Street, Sharon, Pennsylvania.
- Anna Elizabeth Wilbur to George B. Kelley. Address, 901 Leland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- '04. Ruby Irene Bardwell to Albert J. Chichester. Address, Simsbury, Connecticut.

- '04. Jessie Eastman Northrop to Marion Cragg Walston. Address, 5 Crescent Court, Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg, Canada.
- '05. Florence Spear Barnard to Francis Adams, Jr. Address, Winnetka, Illinois.
- Julia Childs to C. T. Brimson. Address, 1114 Armour Building, Kansas City, Missouri.
- Elizabeth Dunton Clarke to Robert L. Williams, on October 6. Address, 30 Waban Hill Road, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.
- Agnes Emma Nisbet to Alfred Mallowes. Address, 421 Summer Street, Dayton, Ohio.
- Iva Isabelle Shores to Charles F. Worcester. Address, Townsend, Massachusetts.
- Susea Bates Tower to Percy Leet. Address, New Haven, Connecticut.
- '06. Marie Louise Bigelow to James Carl Connell, in September. Address, Baldwinsville, New York.
- Mary Eloise Gallup to John Hynds Weidman, in June. Address, Marcellus, New York.
- Ethel Marie Gleason to Robert R. McGeorge. Address, 797 Potomac Avenue, Buffalo, New York.
- Alice MacLindman to Trevor Owen Hammond. Address, 5052 Washington Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- Helen Perrin Moore to Aaron C. Bagg. Address, 72 Fairfield Avenue, Holyoke, Massachusetts.
- Martha Louise Sears to Harold H. Phillips, on September 18. Address, 121 Berkley Street, Bloomfield, Massachusetts.
- '07. Mabel Agnes Bathgate to Robert E. Hall. Address, Dores, Missouri.
- Helen Ames Crosby to Robert C. Dobson. Address, 197 Elm Street, Northampton, Massachusetts.
- H. Arlene Hasson to Thomas S. Scott. Address, Valdez, Alaska.
- Carrie Gertrude Hillard to Ava M. Dow. Address, 87 Middle Street, Braintree, Massachusetts.
- Edna Pearl Huggins to Carl J. Norton. Address, 12 North 3d Street, North Yakima, Washington.
- Beatrice Isabel Humphrey to John R. Milligan. Address, 2210 Hough Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Edith McElroy to William H. Gardiner, Jr., on June 15, 1908. Address, Armstead, Montana.
- Bessie Moorhead to Allan B. Reed, on June 15, 1908. Address, York Hotel, San Francisco, California.
- Frances Harriet Murphy to Jack Trimcane. Address, 15 Clover Street, Brighton, Massachusetts.
- Mabel Elizabeth Sewell to Leigh F. Turner, on June 15, 1908. Address, 700 Stowell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

- '07. Ethel Adelaide Willard to H. F. Eddy. Address, 3863 W. Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri.
- '08. Helen Ribbel to Lieutenant Jonn Pullman, 2nd U. S. Cavalry, on October 20. Address, Omaha, Nebraska.
- Orlena Adeline Zabriskie to Henry Scoville, on October 23. Address, 846 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, New York.

BIRTHS

- ex-'02. Mrs. James M. Sheldon (Edna Stevens), a son, James Milton, Jr., born June 11.
- '05. Mrs. John H. Lapham (Edna Capen), a son, John, born October 17, at Pelham Manor.
- '08. Mrs. C. Hadlai Hull (Grace Margaret Stoddard), a daughter, Henrietta, born October 10.

DEATHS

- '95. Mrs. Ernest Eldred Floyd (Harriet Luella Vanderhoof), on October 17.
- '98. Mrs. Burton C. Mossmann (Grace Eleanor Coburn), on May 29.

CALENDAR

November 20. A play presented by "The Players."

" 24-26. Thanksgiving Recess.

" 27. Dance given by the Wallace House Group.

December 4. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

" 11. Dance given by the Chapin House Group.

" 13. Open Meeting of the Philosophical Society.

Lecture by Professor Bakewell of Yale University.

" 15. Concert by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes.

The
Smith College
Monthly

December - 1909

Conducted by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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No. 3

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MISS EDITHA GOES TO CEDARHURST

BY CLAIRE WILLIAMS

"I will be there by four o'clock," said Miss Editha Wyman, and sat bolt upright in bed, "but—what's wrong? I can't—" Then she woke up. It was bright moonlight—everything in the room was as it should be; Echo, the bird, was sleeping peacefully, his head under his wing; but Miss Editha had a curious sense of presence; she had heard a voice in the night. The voice was the voice of Rose Penny, sixty miles away in Cedarhurst. It said nothing; it was a cry without words; and yet Miss Editha knew that she had been called; that Rose needed her, and that, even in spite of herself, she would have to go. Having decided this, she lay down once more and slept peacefully till morning.

She did not tell the Two Commonplace Persons about the Voice, when she announced her departure at breakfast; she knew it would be futile to try to explain to them; she merely stated that she was leaving at four o'clock, and asked them to take care of her bird while she was gone.

The Two stared at her, as they usually did ; remonstrated with her for leaving her work ; figured up the cost of a weekly trip to Cedarhurst ; said they should think she could get along without Rose Penny's society for at least ten days ; suggested that if she couldn't she would do better to get a position in the Cedarhurst schools ; reminded her that they were one and all broke, that pay-day was yet a long way off, and that if she went she would have to draw on the Sacred Fund in the Bank ; and finally, they declined, absolutely and unconditionally, to care for Echo, citing reasons for their refusal. Miss Editha was not discouraged ; she was used to opposition from the Two, for they never could understand. She went on with the preparations for her trip, packed her suit-case, wrapped up her bird-cage, and started off for school. She was a pathetic little figure, unused to travelling alone ; she had a predilection for hats of unstable equilibrium, and she actually suffered when forced to face facts or assume responsibility. Now the Two coldly declined to sanction what they considered a fool's errand by getting her ticket and putting her aboard the right train as they usually did ; and Miss Editha, left to her own devices, forgot about ticket, and money, and all, till the volleys of questions with which her wondering pupils assailed her brought her back to facts. "Why !" said they, "what you all dressed up for, Miss Wyman ? Goin' away ? Where you goin' ? What you goin' for ? Got your ticket ?" Ticket ! Miss Editha's heart skipped a beat. The bank closed at three ; she couldn't leave till after four ; and she was penniless. There was nothing for it but to send one of the boys. Accordingly she selected a lanky youth, and, after much sage counsel and precept, sent him forth to bring back all her worldly wealth. And the youth, with the pride one takes in handling large sums of money, when he is about sixteen, chose three crackly twenty-dollar bills as the fittest way of embodying this affluence, and bore them in triumph to his teacher. Then Miss Editha looked in her pocket-book, and found to her great surprise that she had mileage enough to get her to Jamaica, where she was to change cars. So the twenty-dollar bills remained intact.

Now any person who has once gone safely through the mazes of the Long Island railway station at Jamaica is competent to conduct a party around the world. It is a fearful place, with its labyrinth of subways, and its bedlam of noises, the tramp

of hurrying commuters, the rumble and jar of swift rushing trains, the clangor and din of bells and whistles, and the hoarse maledictions of the megaphone men. If some one should roar of a sudden at you, "Islip—East Islip, Patchogue, Centre Moriches, Ronkonkoma Junction and p'int's east all abo-o-ar-rd!" with no provocation whatever, mind you—well—don't you think you'd feel a bit queer? Small wonder then that poor Miss Editha was bewildered; and, when the train she should have boarded was right beside the one she was on, so that all she needed to do was to step from one platform to the other, she grasped her suit-case, bird-cage and umbrella, and stepped with fatal precision off the wrong side of the car, and down into the maze of the subways. Now trains stop in Jamaica only to pass the time of day; and when she finally emerged upon track 4, leaving behind her a trail of indignation and bruised shins, with the hat shifted two points to westward, but with bird-cage, suit-case and umbrella still intact, she gazed upon the last car of the train for Cedarhurst, rapidly vanishing in the distance. The megaphone man whom she accosted laughed cruelly. "Next train for Cedarhurst? Two hours," said he. Miss Editha was ready to cry. Then she decided not to wait two hours, but to go by trolley instead.

It was the fact that she was turned around that led her to try to board a car for New York. A kind-hearted motorman headed her in the right direction; and in the course of time she and her belongings found themselves upon a car for Cedarhurst—a car that was already full to overflowing. In one end huddled weary commuters, dead to all but the stock reports. In the other end was dire confusion, which resolved itself into the Far Rockaway High School foot-ball team, and a crowd of rooters, returning from sending Jamaica to inglorious defeat. Their joyous slogan filled the air—but they paused long enough to gaze upon Miss Editha, with her suit-case, bird-cage and umbrella, and the vagrant hat—and pity filled their hearts. A gallant youth rose unsteadily, leaving the seat beside her vacant. She stared at him, in wonder that anyone who might sit should stand. And then, because he saw that it was necessary, he spoke:

"Well, lady, *why* don't you set down, if you're a-goin' to?"

The car lurched, and Miss Editha sat down—suddenly and with precision.

"You bet we've got a peachy football team."

The pæan of victory swelled loud, and then, then the conductor came, and he said, "Fares, please, fares, get a move on!" And Miss Editha opened her purse, and handed him a twenty-dollar bill. He looked at it, gasped, staggered, pinched himself to see if he dreamt. His jaw fell, and his mouth worked convulsively, but he could not speak. One of the rooters saw the figures in the corner, and whistled. "Gosh all fishhooks, fellers, she gave him a twenty-dollar bill!" Then speech came to the conductor. He was Irish in the first place, very tired in the second place, and, at his best, not slow to anger. And his observations were impressive.

"Know what you've give me? *T-w-e-n-t-y* dollars!"

"Yes."

"Well, *I* can't change it. Got anything else?"

"No."

"Well, you look and see."

Miss Editha looked. "I've a nickel—and a postage stamp."

"Where you goin'?"

"Cedarhurst."

"Well, that won't do it. It's fifteen cents. *Ain't* you got anythin' else?"

"No," faintly.

"Well," helplessly, "what in hell will I do with ye? I hate to put ye off, young woman, but the law don't require me to change a bill that size; an' what's more, *I can't*. Here, take it! I can't change it!"

"Oh, keep it, keep it, please!" said poor Miss Editha. "Never mind the change—only please don't put me off. Give me what you can, and never mind the rest—only please, please let me go to Cedarhurst."

The conductor's brow was troubled. "Nobody with a hat like that'd be passin' counterfeit money," said he. In the meantime, an atmosphere of gallantry, fairly oppressive in its attempts to be inaudible, permeated the front of the car.

"I got fifteen cents; I'll pay for the lady." "I got a dime I'll lend her." "Go on, fellers, let's pay for the lady." "Aw, come on, yer short skates!" "Say! *I'll* pay for the lady, I'd jus' lieves."

Meanwhile the conductor had disappeared to the rear of the car. Now he returned, bearing the change which some commuting magnate had offered; also some very good advice.

"Here's your change, young woman," said he, "but don't you never do that no more. Next time you come a travellin' without yer mother, you have her count the change before you start; and don't ye never, never bring anythin' larger'n a five onto a street-car to be changed—next time it won't be did."

"Thank you," said Miss Editha. "Will you tell me when it's Cedarhurst, so I can get off?"

"Where'll you stop?" said he. "Main Street or Smith's Corners?"

"Why—I don't know," said Miss Editha. "Are there two places?"

He glared. "Young woman," said he, "next time you take a little jant you have yer mother tell ye where ye're goin' after she gets the change counted—Smith's Corners will do for you, I guess."

"Yes sir," said Miss Editha. "Thank you."

Then fear lest she be carried past her destination assailed her, and at every stop she asked the youth next her, "Is this Cedarhurst?"

"Next stop Far Rockaway! All out!" shouted a cruel boy who stood near the door. Miss Editha grabbed for her bird-cage. "Have we passed Cedarhurst?" she gasped. The long-suffering youth turned and looked at her.

"No," said he patiently and very, very slowly. "We—have not yet come—to Cedarhurst. When we do get there I'll tell you. Don't worry."

Presently gleaming lights cut through the darkness, and showed that a town was at hand. He turned again and spoke most distinctly. "We have now come to Cedarhurst. This is Smith's Corners. That door does not open. Take your things, walk to the end of the car, turn to your right, and step down."

Miss Editha followed directions, but she did not step far enough. She missed her footing—and all that broke her fall was the suit-case. Then people who stood near, as people always do, cried out, "Somebody's hurt!" and men and boys came running. Miss Editha rose.

"No," said Miss Editha, "no one's killed." Then, as she surveyed the crowd of innocent bystanders, "That one's about the size, I should think. Boy, do you go to school?"

"Yes, mam."

"What's your teacher's name?"

"Miss Penny."

"Do you know where she boards?"

"Yes, mam."

"Well, you carry my suit-case down there, and I'll give you a dollar."

Miss Editha was getting sagacious, "For," thought she, "it would never do to admit before all these people that I really don't know where I'm going."

Her hat rode aloft triumphantly, like a schooner's main-topsail in a head wind, and she clung to the battered bird-cage with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. The small boy seized the suit-case and umbrella, and together they went to seek Miss Penny.

Now this was the night when young Colin MacDonald had come five hundred miles to see Miss Penny. Colin MacDonald was for Miss Penny *the* man, only he did not know it, and Miss Penny did. He was very young, very proud and sensitive, and he worshiped Miss Penny with a hopeless devotion that had dared show itself only in his eyes. And because she knew what he did not, Miss Penny had been very, very kind to him, so that Colin was encouraged to ask her to go into New York on Thursday to hear Carmen.

Miss Penny's perplexity was great. The law of Cedarhurst schools is as the law of the Medes and Persians; she forfeited her position if she left without a substitute. She had no substitute; and if she declined to go with Colin, he would be hurt and mortified, and go back in hiding behind his pride, perhaps never to emerge. You see, she really loved this foolish young man more than he deserved; that was what made it so hard.

"You—you haven't said you'll go with me," said Colin. Are you going?"

If people really can writhe mentally, Miss Penny writhed.

"Well, Colin, I—you see—"

"Miss Penny!" The landlady's voice sounded as if it came from far off. "There's a lady to see you."

Miss Penny gasped with relief at putting off the inevitable even for a moment, and fled to the hall. There stood Editha, her hat over one eye, her belongings gathered around her, sublimely unconscious. She came straight to the point.

"What is it, Rose? What can I do for you? I know there's something—you called me last night when I was asleep—and I have come."

"You *darling!*" said Rose. "There is. Will you teach for me to-morrow, and let me go to New York with Colin MacDonald to hear Carmen?"

"Yes—but—"

"I *can't* explain it to you now—I'll tell you all about it by and by—but just this. You know I'm *awfully* fond of Colin; and if I don't go with him he won't take it right; he'll misunderstand, and I never could explain—he's so sensitive. Will they dock your pay, if you cut?"

"Yes," said Miss Editha, "but never mind."

"Don't think I don't appreciate what you're doing for me! I can't begin to thank you, but I think it will mean my whole life's happiness! Oh, Editha!"

"I hope so," said Editha. "And if that's all now, I'll go to bed; I've had a wearing day."

"Editha Wyman, you're a *dear!* You're a real friend, and you're tactful; and an archangel couldn't be more."

Out of the darkness of the hall Miss Editha watched her going back to Colin; and she smiled.

"Well, it was a real Voice," she said. "I'm glad."

THE GIFT OF TOIL

BY ELSA SCHUH

Through chill of morn and midday's burning sun
He toiled; there was no rest, no respite given;
Sinews and sense and soul to labor bent,
By duty, need, and circumstances driven.
With night came peace hard wrested from the day,
And as at ev'n he raised his eyes to Heaven,
The Voice which sun and moon and stars obey
Said to him, "Thou hast earned the right to pray."

WAITING

BY REBECCA ELMER SMITH

Jane glanced at the clock and smoothed down her hair complacently by the mirror over the fireplace. In the wavering light from the logs she could not see the wrinkles that had crept up around her eyes and across her forehead, nor the traces of gray in her hair. That was why she always had a fire on the hearth when Ben was to be there,—the firelight was kind to her, and besides, Ben loved an open fire. The second reason alone would have been sufficient, for his wish was her law. She had loved him so devotedly ever since their meeting that their engagement had seemed the most natural as well as the most wonderful thing on earth. She was quite aware that he was several years younger than herself, but she believed that love would obliterate any difference in their ages or dispositions. She was alive also to the fact that people smiled wisely when they spoke of her engagement; but she felt no resentment, only pity that they could not understand as great a happiness as hers, a joy into which she had put her entire being, compressed for thirty years and now poured out over Ben.

As she seated herself in one of the two big armchairs before the fire, her father rose from the other and stood by her chair, patting her head lovingly.

"Ben got home from his vacation to-day, so of course he'll be out here to-night," he said. "I guess I'll have to resign the other side of the fireplace to him, eh, Puss?" with a quizzical pinch of her cheek.

Jane smiled happily. "You needn't hurry, Daddy," she assured him. "Ben always gets here just at eight, and it's only a quarter of now."

"I guess I'll go, nevertheless," he teased. "Ben might be jealous if he found me here making love to his lady bird." And with a last affectionate pat he left the room.

Jane sat musingly smiling into the fire. She was very happy to-night at the prospect of seeing her lover after their summer's separation. The light made her eyes shine, and once or twice when she smiled reminiscently, it glistened on her teeth. As the clock began to strike Jane leaned forward expectantly. Her

heart was beating very fast and her cheeks grew delicately pink. She knew just how Ben would look as he walked into the room. She could feel his arms about her and his cheek against hers, and hear his big, soft voice calling her his "little bird." He never called her Jane, for that sounded too old and staid. But after the first night that she sang to him in the fire-light he had christened her his little song-bird, and so she had remained. Perhaps one reason Jane loved him so intensely was that he never treated her as a spinster of thirty, but as any young lover would treat his sweetheart in her teens.

Jane smoothed down her dress hurriedly, pulled a lock of hair loose here, tucked in another there, and settled back into her chair in a pose of studied negligence. It would never do to let Ben think he was of so much importance, though she knew that the instant he entered the door she would fly to him. As the little clock stopped its chime silence settled gently down again over the room. Jane listened intently for the sound of his step on the porch. The silence was pulsating with her heart beats that raced wildly with the little clock on the mantel. It was strange for Ben to be even a minute late. As the time dragged slowly by she tried to persuade herself that she was glad he was a little behindhand, for the joy of anticipation was the more prolonged and sweet. But in her heart she knew she was disappointed. Ben might have come a little bit early the first night after their separation of two whole months. Of course he would explain his tardiness when he came; probably the cars had been blocked or something might have happened to him. The thought struck her like a dash of cold water. Perhaps he had been knocked down and run over. He might be seriously injured. Gasping, she started out of her chair and ran to the window. But before she pulled aside the curtain the self-suppression of all her life reasserted itself. It would not do to let Ben know she was so anxious for his coming, she thought, with a weak attempt at a smile. Why, even now he might be at the front gate and see her shadow on the blind. She moved hastily back to the fire and seated herself, but inaction had become unbearable. The taunting little clock ticked out persistent questions. Why didn't he come? Why didn't he come? Again she rose and paced back and forth before the fire. Try as she might she could not put aside the thought that Ben was injured in some way. She vividly pictured to herself the thou-

sand things that could have happened to him. Even now he might be in some hospital, calling on her to come to him. At length the picture became so painful that she started to the telephone to call up the city hospital. Again the life-long suppression of all impulse stopped her. If she did this it might get into the newspapers and cause talk. Ben was not unknown in the city, and it would undoubtedly occasion rumor for a woman to inquire for him at an accident hospital, especially if no accident had occurred. She would do nothing that might annoy Ben. She dared not even call up his home, for instinctively she knew how he would resent that. If he were not at home there could be no object in telephoning there; if he should be, it was his affair to call her. Her head lifted at the thought. Perhaps he did not care to speak to her. She put the thought aside with a quick, pained gesture as she walked, but it clutched at her coldly from every wavering shadow. She knew he was home from his vacation, for her father had seen him that day in the city. Then *why* did he not come? She could not answer herself.

The picture of Ben lying injured was fading rapidly. Self-pity was filling her heart to the exclusion of the other picture. How she wished she knew why he did not come! Surely he still loved her. He was not the sort of a man who entered into summer flirtations, forgetful of a fiancée at home. Ashamed, she reddened at her disloyalty. She had no right to doubt Ben! His letters had come regularly, if not very frequently, throughout the summer. Her only reason for doubting him, then, was the fact that he was a little late in calling on her his first night in town. Perhaps his family had detained him at home. But Jane knew that was impossible—with Ben. He always did as he chose. Ah! Then he did not choose to come to see her. All the doubts swept back and overpowered her. She sank quivering into her chair, covering her eyes with her hands. She would not look at the clock. In case he should come she would rather not know how late it was. The admission of doubt of his eventual appearance startled her. Did she really think that he would not come at all? At all! The words cut her like two rapier thrusts. Perhaps he would never come again, never, never! She did not cry at the thought; it was too overwhelming for tears.

Then the little clock spoke again, and each of its nine strokes

drove the girl further back into her chair as nine slaps would have done. Nine! Well, after all nine was not so late. Many men never called before nine. Ah, yes! But not Ben. He would have been here long ago had he been coming at all. But he had not come—he had discarded her and not even thought it worth while to let her know she was discarded.

Suddenly she started forward, intent. She knew she had heard footsteps. It might be Ben. It might, oh, it might! If he would only come now she would forgive him this past hour; she would treat him as though nothing had happened to mar her dream; she would promise *anything* if he would only come! But the footsteps passed and slowly died away. She did not sink back again into her chair, for her whole body was too tense to relax. She sat rigid, waiting for something, anything, to happen. This monotony could not endure forever; something was bound to break it. The telephone bell rang shrilly, and Jane ran to it, whimpering. This would surely be he,—it must be,—she willed it to be! Unsteadily she took down the receiver. Her throat was dusty but at last she said "Hello."

"Is this the Grahams' residence?" asked a man's voice.

Jane trembled so that articulation was almost impossible.

"Yes," she said. "Is that—who is this, please?" Her voice was agonizingly pleading. If it could only be Ben; if it only could!

"This is Tremont, of Tremont and Block. May I speak to Mr. Graham, please?"

Jane dropped the receiver and turned unsteadily to the hall. She leaned her hand heavily on the back of each chair she passed.

"Father," she called. Her voice, so dead and flat, surprised her. "Father, some one wishes to speak to you over the 'phone."

Her father came down the stairs. "You look tired, dear," he said.

"I am a little," she admitted. "I think I'll go to bed now. Good-night."

"Good-night," he answered, smiling, but there were tears in his eyes as he turned away. Perhaps more fully than Jane, he realized what the hour had held.

MOTHER THOUGHT

BY MARION KEEP PATTON

O little child that lies upon my breast,
How rosy-warm and human-soft thou art ;
I hold thee to me, closely, closely prest
Against my mother heart.

Yet not too closely, little child, for awe
Holds pent my eagerness for mothering ;
The wonder of you bates the breath I draw ;
Thou art a holy thing.

What must have been thy love, O Mary mild,
Sweet Mary mother, what thy hushed, intense
Self-abnegation for the dear Christ-child,
And what thy reverence.

GOD

BY HILDEGARDE HOYT

O Thou, called Zeus, far-thunderer,
To whom on stormy seas Odysseus prayed,
Or Thou, Thor, of the dark, unbroken forests,
God of a race by gloom and battle swayed ;

Or Thon, Jehovah of the chosen people,
Mahommed, leader of a barbarous horde,
Buddha, thou mystic god of the Nirvana,
Or Man-son, Christ, the once rejected Lord ;

Whate'er Thou art, whate'er the childish symbol
Or creed by which we mock sublimity,
It is by these we grope and stumble upward
Toward Thee, Thou nameless, creedless mystery.

Thou must be there. The instinct for god-worship.
Is this a lie to plunge us into night ?
Does not one sunbeam, filtering through the darkness,
Reveal the dark and tell us of the light ?

A PH. D.

BY HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER

"You can have anything in the world you want," said Mr. Kenyon, "if you only want it enough."

"I don't believe that," retorted Miss Ingersol rudely. "All this summer I wished that a tall, dark young man, without a mustache but with a red automobile, would come and take me out to ride, but he never came. He must have gone to the wrong address."

"I came," ventured Mr. Kenyon modestly.

"So you did," she admitted, "but unless my eyes deceive me you're light, and anyway your car is gray."

Mr. Kenyon looked properly subdued.

"I'm sorry," he said meekly. "I could dye my hair—"

"Oh, you do very well as you are," she replied graciously.

"I just don't believe your old theory, that's all. I don't believe I can have everything I want."

"Certainly you can," he assured her. "What is it?"

Miss Ingersol sat up very straight.

"I'll tell you if you won't laugh. It's this: I've always thought I'd like to have a Ph. D."

Mr. Kenyon went over to the fire and stood looking at it intently for some moments before replying.

"May I ask," he said at length, "what you want a Ph. D. for?"

The girl looked puzzled.

"Oh, I just want it," she said vaguely. Then with a sudden inspiration, "What did *you* get one for?"

"I thought it might be of some use to me, but you see it isn't," he shook his head mournfully. "Some fellow with dark hair and a red automobile will come along and—"

"I sincerely hope he will," she interrupted, "but in the meantime don't be any sillier than is absolutely necessary."

"Very well, I won't," he responded obediently, "but I don't see what you want a degree for."

"I think it would look well," she confided. "Think of having three whole extra letters on the end of your name!"

"I know something much better than that," he said with great assurance.

"What?"

"Marry me and you can have three whole letters on the front of your name."

"But it wouldn't be my name," she objected.

"Yes it would; I'd give it to you."

She shook her head.

"I couldn't feel comfortable living under an assumed name. Besides, anybody can get married, but everybody can't get a Ph. D."

"But everybody can't marry me."

"I guess everybody that wants to can," she laughed.

Mr. Kenyon assumed a threatening aspect.

"Beware lest you drive me too far," he warned her.

"Do be serious," she begged. "Tell me, is it hard to get one? How do you do it?"

"My recollections are somewhat vague, but I believe they sit around a table and ask you questions."

"Oh, I shouldn't mind that very much."

"But you're supposed to answer them."

"Dear me," she said meditatively, "that complicates matters, doesn't it?"

"You have always been quite successful in evading my questions," began Mr. Kenyon with emphasis.

"I learned that at college," she confessed. "But it's partly your fault. I remember there were some professors whose questions it was simply impossible to evade."

Mr. Kenyon scowled.

"Were these questions of an academic nature?" he demanded.

Miss Ingersol wrinkled her forehead.

"Let me see," she began. "Oh, yes; I believe they had something to do with somebody's marriage."

"Indeed!" stonily. "Whose?"

"How insistent you are!" She looked at him reproachfully. "Well, if you must know, it was Henry the Eighth's. I'm sorry I can't remember which one. I believe I had similar difficulties at the time I was asked before."

"An interesting subject, no doubt," admitted Mr. Kenyon blandly, "but I know one more interesting. Will you marry me?"

"An interesting subject, no doubt, but—"

"Will you?"

"Of course I *will*, the question is, *shall* I?"

Mr. Kenyon rose with a determined expression on his face and crossed the room.

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Miss Ingersol warningly. "I really wouldn't. Billy's just appeared in the library, and while of course he wouldn't pay any attention to ordinary conversation, still, anything unusual—"

Mr. Kenyon looked across the hall to the library, where a small boy was energetically pulling several worn-looking volumes out of a book-case.

"He'll be in here in a minute," he prophesied gloomily, "and he'll want me to explain the construction of the ark. Isn't there anywhere else we can go?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered. "A flat is no place to get engaged in."

The small boy, clasping a huge book, was coming across the hall.

"I really think I must be going," said Mr. Kenyon firmly.

"So sorry," she murmured.

As they went out into the hall, Billy, deprived of his lawful prey, retreated protesting to the library and opened his book. Miss Ingersol, in defiance of *Ladies' Home Journal* etiquette, took Mr. Kenyon's coat and held it for him.

"I hope you will come again, Dr. Kenyon," she said as he struggled into it.

At the word "Doctor" he turned and faced her.

"Do you really want a degree so much?" he asked anxiously. The girl's eyes shone.

"Did I say I wanted a degree?" she said innocently. "Surely you must have misunderstood. I said I wanted a Ph. D. Well, I got one, didn't I? You're it!"

Mr. Kenyon, with masterly foresight, closed the library door.

SALLY

BY MARGARET SEABURY COOK

It was the day before Christmas, that day of days in the children's stories, set apart as a time of breathless excitement and joyous expectation; but contrary to tradition, Tim was undeniably blue. He roamed restlessly about the house, upsetting everything in his way, stumping up-stairs and down and generally getting on those very uncertain qualities, the "Christmas nerves" of his family.

"Gee! Everyone's cross in this place!" he growled as the long-suffering cook turned him out of the kitchen. "Wish I lived somewhere else."

"Why don't you play with Sally in the tool room, dear?" suggested his mother. "What has happened to the squirrel-cage you and Billy were working on last week?"

"Busted," was the brief reply.

"Tim, dear, you must *not* touch that pile of boxes. How often shall I have to tell you?"

But it was too late. The carefully arranged heap of presents tottered for a moment and then fell with a crash, scattering a score of neat, red-ribboned packages over the floor.

"Tim!" cried Mrs. Stoddard in despair.

But Tim had gone. By the time order was restored he was far up the road to the mine, strolling moodily along, kicking up little clouds of white dust when his feelings were particularly aroused at the thought of the ill-treatment that he suffered at home. By the time he reached the office he was in what his mother called "such a state" that even a fight between the Mexican foreman's dog and Harlan Wetherall's bull terrier failed to interest him.

"Say, Harlan," he called, pausing at the office door, "can I borrow your horse for a while? Rosa's got a bad foot and father won't let me ride Ben."

The young man at the desk looked up curiously. Silhouetted as the little figure was against the blazing white of the alkali road he could not see the boy's face distinctly, and yet there surely was a hint of tears in the voice.

"Sure, kiddie," he said kindly. "Anything wrong?"

"Nope," and Tim disappeared as quickly as he had come.

"Poor youngster," muttered Harlan, turning back to his column of figures, "I guess he misses Billy. It's a forlorn life for a little chap."

It had never struck Tim that way, and yet his heart was full of something very much akin to self-pity as he rode slowly away. He did not analyze his trouble carefully, but he knew that it was not the absence of Billy that lay at the root of his trouble—what it was he hardly liked to say.

The regular beat of the horse's hoofs soothed his unhappiness, and the tense little jaw relaxed a bit as they drew away from the mining camp up into the hills. The sun was hot even for Mexico, and when they came to a spring in the valley Tim was only too glad to stop and drink. It was a very peaceful place. There was no sound but the soft gurgling of the water as it bubbled out of the ground and the spot was so hidden among the scrub trees that a boy might lie in the shade all day long unobserved and untroubled by any passer-by. Tim thought he would like to stay there a while, it was so cool and quiet. Then there were quail there to watch and sometimes deer came down to drink. The little boy slid to the ground, and, catching the bridle on the Mexican saddle, turned the horse loose to graze on the hillside above.

For a long time he lay by the spring motionless and contented ; then something reminded him of the present and he turned disconsolately over on his face to think over the days just past. Bill certainly was a corking nice fellow, there was no doubt about that. He almost chuckled at the thought of the fun they had. He was the first boy his own age that Tim had ever known and he was nice, but not as nice as Sally. There, he had forgotten again. There wasn't any Sally. He was just a made-up person, Bill had said so, and he had said too that Sally was a girl's name, and worse than that, that only girl babies played with imaginary friends. There Tim had laid his hand on the very root of his trouble. The truth was he missed Sally much more than Billy, and he knew it. Bill could come again because his mother was going to bring him, but Sally never could—because there wasn't any Sally to come. Tim thought of the long winter before him without Sally and kicked the ground in his woe. He had never thought to doubt his friend and neither had anyone else. Harlan always talked to Sally

just the way he did to Tim and Sally used to answer such funny things. Harlan had told him. His mother too always put in enough sandwiches for them both when they went down to Diego's ranch for the day. Were they all just fooling with him? The thought was too unspeakable. It reached the lowest depths of human misery. A few tears forced their way out and they brought the boy in Tim to the fore. He guessed he was a girl baby crying! Oh! he wished he were dead. Then he shook himself crossly, and sitting up shied a stone at a rabbit on the hill near by. Staring down into the water of the spring, he thought hard for a few moments, then he squared his shoulders and walked over to his horse. He had reached a decision. There wasn't any Sally for certain, so he couldn't play with him any more and he couldn't *pretend* to either, the way Bill said he did. The thing for him to do now was not to think of him any more (Tim sniffed a little at that) and never—oh! never to talk about him to anyone again. "See?" he said to himself.

The horse had strayed far up the hill and Tim ran after it whistling. "Nita!" he called. The animal trotted up to him and stood rubbing his nose affectionately against his head. Tim scrambled up into the saddle and leaned over to pat the sleek neck—but what was this? There, hidden deep in the thick mane, was a narrow scarlet ribbon tied around the horse's neck. Tim tugged at it awkwardly and a little gold heart came into view and then a card tied to it. What did it say?

What funny writing! Just as queer as a grown-up person's. Tim spelled it out laboriously. "Merry Christmas from Sally," he read. "I'm sorry."

The boy looked at it speechless, and then the tears which he had tried to keep back before came in a flood. "What the deuce am I crying for?" he sniffed happily, but he was too glad to care. All the way home he held the little heart tightly clasped in his hand. Funny thing, wasn't it, for a fellow to give? But then, Sally wasn't exactly like other boys—and to think he had doubted him! He'd *show* Bill, he would, if he was a fellow with made-up friends like a girl baby.

It was a very different little boy who came galloping back into camp from the one who had left it. The dusk was setting in and he put up the horse quickly. He must find Harlan. He looked in his window, but the room was empty. Perhaps he was at the office. There was no light there, but the door was

unlocked when he tried it, so he opened it and looked in. There sat Harlan Wetherall, his face buried in his arms. Tim stole up to him anxiously.

"Ahem! Harlan," he said.

The man started up. "Hello, sport," he answered. "I didn't hear you come in."

He reached out with elaborate carelessness to close his watch in whose case Tim saw to his astonishment a picture of Miss Sally Holton, the doctor's daughter. Harlan certainly must like her a lot to carry her picture around that way. May be they were relatives.

"Feeling better, Tim?" queried Harlan before the boy could ask the question which arose in his mind.

"You bet," he grunted feelingly. "Say, Harlan, that's what I came to tell you — because — well, I wanted you to know. When Bill was here he said—I asked him to let Sally play with us and he said, 'Who's Sally?' so I told him. I said, 'He's a fellow I've known since I was little, who plays here. He's a good fighter, too,' I said, 'but I can beat him because he's littler than me.' Then Bill said, 'Let's see him.' But when we went to get him Bill couldn't see him, so he told me he was an imaginary friend like girls play with and Sally was a girl's name, too, he said, and there wasn't no such fellow. I licked him for saying so, but I didn't talk about Sally any more to him, and when he went away I didn't believe there was any such boy, and gee! I was sorry. Then to-day you let me take your horse and I went away to the spring above Sebastian's and left Nita, to watch some quail. Then when I came back—guess what! There around her neck was tied this heart with 'Merry Christmas from Sally. I'm sorry,' on it."

"What?" roared his hearer coming to his feet with a jump. "Let's see that card."

Tim handed it to him in amazement which increased tenfold as he watched the man's face as he read it. It was very plain that he was glad about Sally, too, though Tim had never thought he cared particularly about him. He had not time to think very much, however, for Wetherall was firing questions at him five at a time. "Where did you get it? Did you see anyone go by? Where were you? Wasn't it a lucky thing you told me? So she did care, after all?"

Tim had secret misgivings that his friend had suddenly gone

mad, but he gave the answers twice over as he was required, with patience and dignity.

"Say, Tim, old man, I'll give you five dollars gold for that heart," cried Wetherall.

"What!"

"Go on. I'll give you anything you say. I tell you what—I'll give you my South American hunting knife if you give it to me," begged the man excitedly and waited breathless for his answer.

Tim thought a long time. He had wanted that knife, longed for it since he could remember, and here it lay within his reach. The temptation was a great one. Then he thought of Sally and drew a deep breath.

"No," he said. Then more firmly, "No. You see it's this way, Harlan, I'm going to keep it forever to remind me of what a good fellow Sally is. When I didn't believe in him he didn't get mad, but he remembered my Christmas just like a friend. I'd rather have that knife than anything in the world, but I'm going to keep that heart to remember that he didn't go back on me when I went back on him."

TO MARGARET

BY KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE

Ah! sweet my lady Margaret,
Thine eyes are dim with no regret
Of bygone years.
Thy lips when curved in 'witching smile
Say not, 'tis but this little while
And afterward come tears.

Ah! sweet my lady Margaret,
Thy brow is one that shows,—though yet,
'Tis low and white—
The mind within full store doth hold
Of fair, fine thought and learning's gold
And fancies of delight.

Ah! sweet my lady Margaret,
Thy face is one that can forget
Both grief and pain;
But in thy blue eyes' liquid light
All that is glad and pure and bright
Doth lastingly remain.

A QUESTION OF GENEROSITY

BY FRANCES PIERPONT SIVITER

It was Christmas eve and Mr. Douglass sat alone in the holly-decked library dreaming. The house was lonely, especially at Christmas time. It needed more life than two men could give it; it needed a woman. Why didn't Clifford marry Marion Winthrop? They loved each other. The door was flung open and a good-looking, much excited youth burst into the room.

"Oh Uncle Billy," he exclaimed, "see this! Was anyone ever so generous! See this!"

Mr. Douglass read this notice in the paper: "At the fair given for the Children's Hospital Tuesday five thousand dollars were realized from the Indian curios alone. These were the gift of Miss Winthrop—"

"A most splendid act," assented his uncle. "Why, Marion loved those Indian things dearly. She had a wonderful collection of them."

"Say 'Good luck' Uncle Billy. I'm going to ask her to be my wife this very night. Don't you wish a niece for Christmas?"

"I want nothing on earth more, but why didn't you ask her long ago?"

"Oh, I was a fool, afraid she was selfish. I hate selfish women."

"But Marion never had a chance before to prove herself. Good-bye and good luck, my boy," and Clifford left the room.

Mr. Douglass waited long and expectantly for his return. He amused himself picturing the scene in the Winthrops' library—Marion in pale blue sitting before the open fire, Clifford leaning with one arm on the mantel-piece gazing down at her, a shaded lamp in the corner and the fire lighting the room. His heart was with the boy.

Three hours later Clifford returned. "Uncle Billy," he exclaimed, dropping into a chair, "she loves me but she won't marry me!"

"Loves you, but won't marry you! Preposterous! Why?"

"Just because I have been a conceited fool!"

"Certainly you have made a useful and original discovery."

"Don't joke, Uncle. I asked her to marry me, and she said

'yes,' and for half an hour I was the happiest man on earth. I knew that generous or not Marion was the one girl for me! Then I remembered the cause of my present bliss, and told her that it was her generous nature especially shown in the gift of the Indian curios that had brought me to my senses at last."

"Yes, my boy, always be logical with the girl you have been engaged to thirty minutes."

"Oh, don't, Uncle! She rose up in her pride and honesty and told me I knew absolutely nothing of what I was talking about, that if my love for her was measured by her love for those curios, then she would have none of it."

"Wasn't her love for those curios so very deep, after all?"

"No, she hated the stuff all along, and none of us ever guessed it."

And then Clifford told Mr. Douglass the tale of Marion and the curios which he had just heard.

When Marion was a child she saw a performance of "Hiawatha," and after it was over she had begged for a string of dirty beads that Iagoo had worn, and a member of the party bought them for her.

That same Christmas several Indian curios came from other members of the party who remembered the scene of the Indian camp that summer day. At first Marion took a childish pleasure in the greasy war hammer, made of a large, dark, egg-shaped stone and bound to its hickory shank with thongs of deer-skin—stone, thongs, and handle all the same soft shade of gray and all worn smooth through use in many an Indian battle. The next year when instead of receiving the pretty things that a girl of thirteen loves, she was given baskets from Oregon, a small totem pole from Sitka, a buffalo-horn spoon from Nebraska, a dance rattle from Vancouver, a doll from Mexico, and many other things of the same kind, she began to feel that her Indian collection was quite large enough and to wonder how the flood could be stopped.

As time passed the trouble grew. Acquaintances who would never have thought of bringing her gifts if she had had no hobby, brought her souvenirs from all parts of the continent. In the winter curios poured in from Florida, California and Mexico; in the summer from the Canadian Lakes, Banff and Alaska, until by the time she had come out, her rooms were full of barbaric trophies.

She secretly lamented to her mother, "If only valuable things weren't always the oldest and so the dirtiest! Why couldn't Père Marquette have taught cleanliness as well as godliness? It would have been equally useful, and why, oh why are the best examples of Indian baskets in the homeliest designs and rarest Navajo blankets the most impossible colors?"

It was at this time when her bright spirits seemed in danger of being buried under the avalanche of Indian trophies that her deliverance came in the shape of a request for a donation to the Christmas sale for the Children's Hospital.

"If the neighbors could only have seen me," she cried, "dancing a regular war dance when the last load left the house, they would have thought I had turned into a squaw." And then she had filled Clifford with sorrow and dismay by adding, "And so, Cliff, if it was my generosity that led you to me, I can't marry you. If you wish a generous wife, O calculating man, go seek her elsewhere."

No argument he could offer altered her decision. She was actually superstitious about her curios. In the spirit of their owners they had dealt a death blow to her love as they departed, and for a time it lay as if dead.

A year passed. When Christmas Eve came round Clifford went bravely and hopefully to Marion to lay his heart at her feet for the twentieth time.

He found Marion greatly disturbed. She greeted him almost with tears and led him immediately to her own little den which was filled with half-opened boxes whose contents, peeping over the sides, disclosed bits of feathers, beads and wampum poking out in every direction.

"Just look," Marion cried, "all my dreadful things have come back, and I fear with interest. I never saw that awful scalp lock over there before. Uncle Tom sent it and said it came from a real Indian massacre."

"Looks as if you needed a personal protector. With that gory relic you will have ghosts," Clifford laughed.

"I know it," Marion wailed, "and my room was so dainty. I'll never try again to get rid of them. It is Kismet! They'll always stay for there is no way to get rid of them again, because even if the house should burn down more would come in their places, and I'm doomed forever! What shall I do? What shall I do?" and she held out both hands appealingly.

"Do?" Clifford cried exultingly, "marry me, of course."

"Yes, and be deluged with Indian wedding presents from a corn-grinder to a tepee, and some one would probably send an Astec Priest to perform the ceremony. I'd be fortunate if I didn't have to start on my honeymoon riding on a pony with my wedding presents trailing behind me," and she smiled a tender, radiant smile that made Clifford long to seize her and carry her off in true Indian fashion, but aloud he only said, "If you'll marry me, I'll promise not only not to have an Indian curio in the house, but that no one shall even offer to send us one. Won't you, Marion?"

"Clifford," she smiled, "many a time I have been strongly tempted to marry you for yourself alone, but tell me what you intend to do, and then perhaps I'll tell you what I will do."

Three hours later Clifford dashed into the library where Mr. Douglass waited, just as he had done the year before. "Oh, Uncle Billy, she's mine now, generosity or not, only I shall have to employ real Indian strategy to get her and you must help me."

Later, as Clifford ascended the stairs, his uncle's voice floated up after him. "I've changed my mind about the embroidered deer-skin. I'll bring a Navajo blanket. That will be the most fetching thing I can get."

The next evening at the club Clifford was the center of an enthusiastic group of friends whose Christmas greetings were mixed with hearty congratulations, for already the news of his engagement was known. They were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Douglass with a wonderful Navajo blanket over his arm. As they crowded around to examine it, Clifford exclaimed suspiciously, "What's this for, Uncle?"

"It's a Navajo blanket I'm sending Marion for an engagement present."

Then the explosion came. Straightening himself, Clifford cried indignantly, "Uncle Billy, I thought you knew how I hated, abominated and despised Indian curios. I want you and all you fellows to understand right here and now that Miss Winthrop and I are engaged, but I wish you also to know that when we are married there will be none of this Indian business about the house. I don't care how she feels about it, I simply can't stand the stuff. The Indian odor gives me hay fever. And when I think how my great-grandmother was massacred when she was a baby in Deerfield—"

"Hold on, Cliff, hold on, not when she was a baby surely," chorused the group around him, half laughing, half indignant at his outburst.

"Well, then, her baby was. It makes my blood boil, anyway. And there was the Custer massacre, and didn't I get the worst thrashing of my life for playing Gideon and breaking the earthen pitcher under which my Gideonitish candle was hid, the pitcher happening to be a particularly hideous and valuable Santo Domingo Indian one. No, Uncle Billy, this has been the happiest Christmas of my life, and I don't propose to have any Indians in it or in my house, or in my wife's house, or in anything that belongs to us."

And with that he walked off, leaving a half-laughing, half-indignant group behind him.

The next morning when Jack Askin told his sister Louise of the scene at the club the night before between Clifford and his uncle, Louise commented indignantly :

"I never heard of anything so dictatorial in my life. Here is Clifford Douglass crawling around at Marion's feet for a year and he hasn't been accepted twenty-four hours before he acts like a Turkish Pasha. I've a great mind to take up a subscription and send him an Indian tepee fifty feet long for a wedding present. Fancy all of us sending Marion cut-glass and silver for her wedding ! Rowes have a gorgeously horrible war bonnet I was going to send her. It is perfect, even to a spot of blood on one of the feathers. Old Mr. Rowe declares it was worn in the Custer massacre."

"Send it, anyway," Jack interposed. "It's Marion you want to please."

"And have Clifford pitch it into the furnace ? If he said he would, he would, for Clifford is a man of his word. Poor Marion ! Oh, well," brightening, "I can send her a Remington picture. They have lovely Indians in them, and I'll tie so much holly and mistletoe to it Clifford will think it's a Christmas tree."

SKETCHES

SUNSET LULLABY

BY ELSA SCHUH

The day is dying ; in the west,
Low, low,
The glowing sun doth sink to rest.
Slow, slow,
Cloudlets, in gold and crimson drest,
Blow, blow,
Until in rosy piles they drift,
And go, go—
Whither? I'd tell thee, dear,
Did I but know.

WINTER MORNING

BY NANCY BARNHART

A horse and a crop and a winter morn,
And a blue-gray heaven o'er us,
With the breath of the snow on the cold, still air,
And a long white road before us!

All warmth seems gone from the wond'ring earth
As it sees, in a trance, its brightness,
The dazzling glint of the rising sun
On its all-transcendent whiteness.

We, we are the warmth of the fainted earth,
Its heart-beat, as on we ride,
With the glad, fierce pride of our throbbing life
In the coldness of all beside.

CHRISTMAS EVE

BY MARJORIE FRASER

It is Christmas eve. Outside the snow is softly, noiselessly falling. Already it lies deep on the ground, deadening all the usual noises. Now and again you hear distant sleigh-bells, jingling with each step of the horse, or as one raises the curtain one sees a solitary passer-by, wading through the snow, his arms full of bundles.

Inside, everything is full of warmth and brightness. Down-stairs Father is trimming the Christmas tree, adding here and there a bit of tinsel and stepping back with critical eye to see the effect. Big Sister passes back and forth below, singing gaily as she hangs the holly wreaths with their bows of bright red ribbon, or puts a bit of mistletoe in a doorway. Up-stairs Mother is in her room with the door closed. In passing by, the children hear the delightful rustle of tissue paper.

The children find a dozen important questions which no one but Mother can answer, and as she comes to the door they look eagerly past her into the alluring room. The next moment they are down-stairs, giving Father their presents for Mother to place around the tree. Their bed-time comes, and Mother admits them at last into her room, to hang their stockings over the fireplace. All around lie the tempting packages, but they are not permitted to peek at them. After the stockings are properly hung—it is strange how many trials it takes before the pin is driven in securely enough—and after good-night kisses, the children scamper off to bed and cuddle under the covers, eager for the morning to come.

Soon Mother's door opens, and armful after armful of bundles, large and small, square and round, are carried down and put around the tree. In Mother's room the stockings are filled until they are all bulgy. Out of the top of one sticks a doll with golden curls and pink cheeks, and from another a hammer and a little saw. Tired but happy, the family say good-night, and tip-toe off to their rooms. One by one the lights in the house go out, the noises cease. Outside in the quiet white world the snow has stopped falling. The clouds have parted, and through a break a single bright star shines.

THE REBELLION OF BILLY

BY MARION BUCK LINCOLN

"Billy, Billy, *Billy!*"

Billy turned over sleepily, and settled down again with a little sigh of content.

"Billy Morrison!"

"What, Mother?" he answered crossly. Why couldn't she leave him alone!

"It's time you were getting up, son, it's after seven already."

Billy sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes sleepily. What was the use, anyhow, when—Oh! Oh! he had forgotten. With a squeal of delight he bounced out of bed and hastened to the window. The bright sunlight flashed in his face as he pushed up the curtain. It was a wonderful spring morning. "Gee, but it's a corking day for the game," he exclaimed excitedly.

Then suddenly he remembered. There would be no game for him to-day, for hadn't it been announced only last night that the game was to begin at two instead of four? And how was one to attend a football game and school at the same time? Billy gazed rebelliously out of the window. A wee, feathered songster alighted on the ledge without and wished him a polite good-morning.

"Shut up," the boy replied.

The frown on his small brow was becoming more and more ominous. If it had not been for his pug-nose, his expression would really have been quite impressive. Hark! Was that Mother's step upon the stair? He listened breathlessly a moment, then swiftly, stealthily crept back into bed, a look of determination deepening in his eyes.

"Why, Billy Morrison, not out of bed yet!" Mother's voice expressed vexation and grieved surprise. "What *are* you thinking of?"

Billy fixed his gaze steadfastly on a picture which hung on the opposite wall, a picture of a young man in a football suit. It was hard to lie to Mother. "I—I don't feel very well this morning," he faltered. "I guess maybe I've caught the—the small-pox!"

"Not feeling well, dear?" Mother bent over him lovingly and laid her cool hand on his forehead. He looked hard at the man on the opposite wall and took care not to look at Mother. "Where do you feel badly, Billy dear?"

"Why—why—" where under the sun did he feel badly? He hadn't thought of *that* before. "Why, I've got an awful headache, and—and my leg aches, and my throat is sore, too." Billy looked up at Mother and then looked away again hastily. She did look so sympathetic.

"I'm very sorry, dear. You just stay in bed a little while this morning, and I'll telephone Dr. Bennett to come over and look at you."

"Oh, no—no. I don't need any doctor, Mother." Billy sat up so suddenly that he almost bumped heads with her. "You see," he added lamely, "I think I'll feel better bye-and-bye, about one or two o'clock maybe, and—and then, doctors are so e'spensive, mother," he finished hastily. "And I guess 'tisn't small-pox, anyway."

"Well, no," admitted Mother, smiling. "I guess it isn't small-pox, but still, I think we can afford a doctor, son."

She kissed him gently and left the room. Presently he heard her sending in a call for the doctor. With an exclamation which would have shocked his mother, he threw himself back among his pillows and decided to await further developments. Now and then tantalizing odors floated up to him from regions below. He was sure that he could smell fresh doughnuts and chops. Why didn't Mother bring him some breakfast? He watched the big hand come after the little hand on the face of the clock for nearly twenty minutes—it seemed hours to him. And then he heard his mother coming. He sat up in bed expectantly. My, but he was hungry!

Mother appeared in the doorway carrying a tray. He smiled joyfully as she placed before him a plate of—*milk toast*! Was ever mortal so insulted! To be offered milk toast when one could smell all sorts of good things down-stairs! He protested and suggested doughnuts or chops as more palatable.

"Oh, but sick people can't eat such indigestible things," explained Mother.

Well, so be it. When it comes to a choice between school and no football game and milk toast with a football game, milk toast has to be endured. Mother waited while he ate, then

disappeared with the tray and he was left to his own devices. He heard the merry talk and laughter of his companions as they went by to school, and grinned delightedly at the football man. Then he heard wheels stopping before the house and knew that Dr. Bennett had arrived.

The doctor was a shrewd but kindly old gentleman who had known Billy since the days of his infancy, and Billy had misgivings as to his ability to fool the doctor. Presently the doctor came into the room, beaming genially and chuckling over something Mother had said.

"Small-pox, eh, sonny?" and he chuckled again at the boy's discomfiture. Sitting down at the bedside the doctor proceeded to look the boy over carefully. Then he gazed at him quizzically over his spectacles for several seconds. Billy wiggled uncomfortably and gazed at the ceiling.

Then he summoned all his courage. "Do—do you think it's very serious, doctor?" he faltered.

"Well, not so very, sonny. I guess we can fix you up all right in a day or two. Too bad to miss school, though. S'pose you're feelin' pretty bad about that, eh?"

"Oh—yes," agreed the boy. He did wish the doctor's eyes would stop twinkling.

"Well, good-bye, sonny. Oh, by the way, they say Brockton is sure of winning the game this afternoon." Billy started up, but he was gone and mother with him. And Billy wondered if he knew.

Mother returned very soon, bearing a glass in each hand. "You are to take these alternately every half-hour, Billy," she announced, "and I think we'd better begin right away." She dipped out a spoonful of dark liquid and held it ready. Billy opened his mouth to protest and she poured it in. Oh, such bitter medicine. Billy made a great fuss about it, but it failed to make any impression upon mother.

The morning passed slowly by. He had to submit to a dose of medicine every half-hour. At eleven-thirty he calmly declined the proffered liquid, saying that he felt quite well now, and guessed he would get up directly after dinner.

"William, take this medicine!" commanded Mother. Billy took it.

"But can't I get up, mother?"

"No, son."

Dinner time came. Billy pleaded for beefsteak, mashed pota-

toes and mince pie, and was given—milk toast. He wouldn't have believed it of his mother. At one o'clock he again signified his intention of arising. He pleaded, stormed, argued and sulked, all to no end. And at last Mother used her "William" tone again. When Mother used her "William" tone it was time for boys to "sit up and take notice."

As the hour of two approached Billy heard the voices of many people as they passed the house on their way to the game. Oh, it was too cruel! He could have wept. Yes, he would have wept if his hero had not been looking down at him from the opposite wall. He kicked and tossed until the bed resembled a miniature football field after a rough scrimmage.

Mother tried her best to amuse him. She read tales of adventure, ball games, Indians,—in fact, of every kind which usually delight a boy's heart. But he refused to be interested. At intervals, echoes of far-away cheers were wafted to him. At last these died out and all was still. The game must be over. The people would be returning soon and he could find out the result of the contest.

Suddenly, in the midst of a thrilling tale, "*Mother!*" he cried, tragedy written in every feature, "Mother, was this the day of the teachers' convention?"

"Yes, Billy."

"And wasn't there any school to-day?"

"No, Billy."

THE SPIRIT OF THANKS

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

To the bare, brown woods, where the dead leaves lay,
And where Autumn now reigned supreme,
The Spirit of Thanks came down one day
And woke the wood from its dream.
The brook looked up and saw the sun,
Then, rippling, ran to the sea,
The trees stood straight and their glad tops sighed,
"For life, Lord, thanks to Thee."

To the world below the Spirit came
And touched the souls of men,
And they strove no more for power and fame,
But were at peace again.
A humble faith reigned in their souls,
And hope for the life to be.
And a glad prayer rose from their lightened hearts,
"For life, Lord, thanks to Thee."

THE GYPSY CARAVAN

BY EDITH DYER LEFFINGWELL

A curving, twisting line of white
That moved like a weary snail
Threaded its way o'er the prairie wide.—
Followed ever the gypsy trail.

The sun beat hot on blades of grass
That laden with dust hung down,
But the horses' hoofs went wearily on
Pounding the leafless, sun-dried ground.

On and on toward a distant hill
Fringed with trees and scattered light,
The caravan swung round again
Then vanished slowly out of sight.

"THE OCCULTATION OF CYNTHIA LEONARD"

BY MARJORIE KENT KILPATRICK

Cynthia Leonard was a peculiar woman. Her life ran on in the expression of endless fads, and not only did it run, but at times it fairly skipped and danced. Then again it passed with a stately, measured tread, a life full of deep significance and meaning. This was when philosophy cast its spell over her and let her rest. Professionally speaking, Mrs. Leonard was a singer, but beyond and above all, she was an artist. Never for one instant did she allow that fact to drop behind the curtain of her consciousness, nor of that of the world. Not only a physical structure capable of bird-like sounds, but a soul for poetry and the deeper things was hers. Mrs. Leonard had dedicated her life to that exclusive order known as the Sufi Majams. It embraced a faith as simple and yet as significant as its name. The word "Sufi" suggested much that lay in its Persian origin, while Majam was a being whose mother was a Hindu, whose father was a Persian, and who was himself some sort of a god, they agreed. The fact that he really was such was proven unquestionably to the intuitive sense of Mrs. Leonard and of some hundred others of her sex. As for his

classes, the atmosphere was remarkable. Silent devotees, one and all, would sit in the mystic circle about the Majam and meditate upon life and the meaning of the universe. Sometimes they would concentrate upon very bright objects to obtain a spiritual focus, as it were, and at such times Mrs. Leonard could feel her solar plexus turn completely over within her.

At length her fame (for by such power had she worked her way up in the profession) swept even within the sacred portals of the Bartlett mansion, the most aristocratic and exclusive in Philadelphia. And this marked Cynthia Leonard as a woman to be reckoned with.

It was late in the winter that she was invited to dine at the Bartletts'. It came upon her first introduction to Mrs. Bartlett, and although they had been together for only a very few moments, she had known at once that they were kindred souls. Mrs. Bartlett had even called her Cynthia, so strong had been the bond.

"You will *really* come, now," the lady had reminded her as they parted, and Cynthia had answered, "Dear heart—" and had felt no need to finish the sentence.

She arrived at the Bartletts' quite late the next night. That was of course attributable to her artistic temperament. The slight feeling of annoyance left her hostess when she realized the charm of her guest.

"We are so very glad to have you with us, dear Mrs. Leonard. Mrs. Grandin—Mrs. Leonard, and may I present Mr. Tompkins and Sir Talmidge Henley? We were tempted to be selfish and have you all to ourselves, but I relented in favor of a few *very* dear friends. O yes, and dear Marquis, here you are. You are to take Mrs. Leonard in to dinner."

Never was Cynthia more attractive. She wore some sort of a pale blue Greek gown, with sleeves which weren't sleeves at all, but rather draperies falling gracefully at each side from her shoulders.

The dinner began with indications which presaged a delicious fare. Cynthia did not touch the first course, but the fact remained unnoticed. But when the second and third were left untasted, Mrs. Bartlett's eyebrows were lifted slightly, and her smile was forced. At length Cynthia noticed a certain restraint in the manner of her hostess. She turned with her most fascinating smile and said, "You will forgive me, I know,

dear Mrs. Bartlett, for not indulging in your delicious dinner, but I always live on the most simple diet. If you will pardon me, I have brought my own little meal and should like to enjoy it with you. May I?"

And before the astonished hostess could regain her breath, Cynthia had whipped out a curious little box from somewhere in her costume. Removing the lid, she spread before her on the damask cloth its contents,—one shredded wheat biscuit, a diminutive bottle of olive oil and a carrot, that was all.

The Marquis whitened and a peculiar expression overspread his face. Sir Henley's mouth remained open for some moments, and when he finally closed it he had softly repeated "Bah Jove!" several times. In fact, no one seemed to be particularly amused except plain Mr. Tompkins, who all at once burst out into uncontrollable laughter. It was like the final relief of a down-pouring rain after a brewing storm. The feat of concealing such an object for so long had in itself amounted to slight-of-hand. It seemed as if the angel sleeves were partially responsible.

Presently Mr. Tompkins asked Cynthia to tell them about Sufi Majamism. The Marquis looked thoroughly converted, and even Mrs. Bartlett became impressed, though Mr. Tompkins never ceased to look as if he wanted to roar.

Cynthia explained how important it was to get rid of the vibrations of dead animals. She expounded the merits of her vegetarian diet, and even insisted upon passing the carrot (a raw one) around the table, that everyone might sample its virtues. No excuses or protestations were accepted and the dinner ended in a gale of laughter.

Mrs. Bartlett's feelings had become gradually soothed. By the end of the evening she realized with satisfaction that the affair had been a sensational success. In an incredibly short space of time society had realized it, too, and was green with envy. The experience had been interesting and really quite worth while, Mrs. Bartlett decided. Had she appeared piqued, or been perhaps a little rude to her guest? she wondered. Under such a shock, there was no telling what dreadful thing she might have done. She decided to invite Cynthia again that there might be no mistake as to her feelings.

Accordingly, Mrs. Leonard shortly received another invitation to dine with Mrs. Bartlett. They were all so interested and would like to hear more about those strange ideas.

Cynthia decided at once to accept. That charming Marquis would be there, and she foresaw some new converts. She wore her loveliest gown that night, and trilled a little scale to herself as she accepted the proffered arm of the Marquis as they moved on towards the dining-room. She was in the gayest of moods. She felt in tune with herself and her surroundings, and the Marquis was delightfully attentive.

As they entered the dining-room she uttered an exclamation of pleasure. No orchids, but poppies, everywhere poppies and tall grasses of the field. She raved over the beauty, and the sweet naturalness of the decorations. Mrs. Bartlett did not feel called upon to mention the fact that she had spent endless time and a fabulous sum to procure her effect. But the table—that was the greatest surprise of all. It fairly groaned beneath its burden of raw carrots, shredded wheat biscuit and olive oil. That was all. Nothing but a few apologetic raisins remained to suggest better days.

“Now,” and Mrs. Bartlett gave a graceful flourish, “this is all, positively *all* that you are going to get. I did it for the good of our souls, Cynthia darling, and *you* are to teach us. I have persuaded these gentlemen that they may on *no* account seek later refuge in the pantry. We shall all suffer, and be etherealized together for once in our lives, at least.” With a dainty curl of her little finger she gingerly picked up a tiny dish of carrots and passed them to Cynthia, who sat smiling appreciatively. “So you see, you did not have to bring your little box with you this time. Do have one.”

And then something happened to the Marquis’ face. It was that same idiotic look, only more terrifying and more idiotic, which overspread his features as the sound of his partner’s words died away.

“Oh, thank you dear Mrs. Bartlett, you are very kind indeed, but—this is the day when I do not eat at all!”

The moments passed, and with them went the future career of Cynthia Leonard. For once the artist had forgotten her art, and the star of the genius fell suddenly and irretrievably below the line of the horizon.

THE DELECTABLE VALLEY

BY ELSIE R. BASKIN

Cradled by mountains close, 'twixt earth and sky,
In mystic shadow does the valley lie,
All earthly sounds in that green silence die
Amid the hush of pines.

IN FAVOR OF GHOSTS

BY MARJORIE MONTAGUE

It is generally agreed in this age of science, invention and hard facts that ghosts are not only unreasonable but unnecessary. Doubtless anything that cannot be pinned down, pulled to bits, measured inch by inch, or dissected with shining knives, is of no account to science, and is therefore best disposed of when laid on a disinfected shelf and labelled "non-existent." As far as great mathematicians and surgeons and their like are concerned, they will say that the ghosts have always kept their prone position in their own particular corner of the shelf, and have never made any undue disturbance. It may be that these worthy men never wake when the prolonged howl of a dog comes through the chill night air and a distant clock tolls the hour of twelve, or that if their rest is broken at all, they hear only the mandates of duty. If they chance to see shadowy hands and features, they probably recall the second plateful of rich pudding at dinner and the extra glass of wine in the evening, and set it down in the mind as indigestion.

All of us, however, are not surgeons or scientists. Because we have fewer and less pronounced theories to support as long as life endures, we are less inclined to disregard objects and incidents passing beneath our noses that are in any degree opposed to our beliefs. Our theories may require modifying or we may find more satisfying ones to take their places.

Why, indeed, should we not believe in ghosts? If they withdrew themselves irrevocably from literature, dreams, dark corners of the earth, and the dead of night, they would leave a void behind them that years of logical thinking could not fill. How many stories that led us from the languid sunshine of a summer afternoon into dark underground passages where mold

and creatures in tattered grave clothes lurked, would be considered merest twaddle! We should appear as ridiculous as Don Quixote if we hunted for adventure among such books. When we awoke in the morning, we could never recount tales of visitants who made our teeth chatter in fright,—a romantic situation when viewed in the reasoning light of day. How many places would lose every vestige of interesting association! The old house on the hill, battered, with paint, chimney and window-panes demolished, yet glorified by the tale of the ghost walking in its ruined chambers—a rumor confirmed by the shrieks and groans that issue from it on windy nights—would become a disorderly pile of siding and shingles, to shame all honest people in the community. Some day we should hear that it had been torn down to make room for progress in the form of a fire-proof apartment building, the varnished doorways of which would be enough to drive any self-respecting ghost to seek refuge in another planet. The creaking church belfry would become an illustration of poor construction, and the subdued clanging of its bell at untimely intervals would be explained by wintry draughts. In fact, every hall, every tower, every house, and every chamber, that we now regard with awe and I dare say a certain amount of admiration, would become as commonplace as a concrete sidewalk.

“A very good state of affairs,” says the matter-of-fact person. “I am tired of hearing that people are startled by things that do not exist and never have existed. Pooh! Ghosts, indeed!”

Though I may be very uncharitable, I cannot refrain from hoping that this estimable person will sometime awake in the pitchy darkness of night and find a clammy hand pressed hard against his throat, merely to convince him that he is entirely mistaken in his views. In the morning I believe he will confess himself a staunch believer, nay, even a supporter, of the world of transparent and invisible beings; for after all, it is rather pleasing to have passed through such a remarkable experience and to have lived to tell the tale.

Probably, as the world continues to become more enlightened and there are fewer shadowy corners to hide in, the ghosts will flee in consternation from the scrutiny of human eyes, and will be seen by us no longer. Meanwhile, let those of us who can appreciate their value, make the most of them.

ABOUT COLLEGE

AS THE CLOCK AND THE MOUSE SAW IT

BY ALICE MARION PECK

Scene One

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—" the College Clock proclaims the hour of "lights out" in silvery tones which ring out clear and decisive on the frosty air. As he gazes down from his lofty station upon the campus, lying still and peaceful now, an expanse of moon-lit snow broken by dark masses of building which cast clear-cut purple shadows on the glistening crust, behold! a twinkling light appears in a house supposed to be dark. What means that burst of light? The College Clock little knows what is going on behind that drawn shade.

The College Mouse could tell, had he been asked. He has been waiting two hours already for the light to go out so he can have his fun, and he is getting pretty tired of sitting up on his haunches every now and then to look out of his hole behind the radiator. Not much use in looking out, anyway—nothing to be seen but a stack of books, clothes, papers, pictures, toilet articles, overshoes, rubber coats, jumbled in an incongruous and unsightly heap upon each of two beds, all available floor space being occupied by two huge trunks half-filled with part of the confused mass of things, while two pale, weary mortals in kimono select articles from the heaps on the beds and throw them into the trunks.

"Say, Jean," says one, "shall I take my blue silk?"

"Just as you like, my dear. I don't care."

"But will there be a dance so I'll want it?"

"There may be, but I'm not sure."

"Well, guess I'll take it, any way."

"There's that rain coat. Wonder if I'll need it?"

"It'll rain every minute if you don't take it!"

"True. Well, here goes—" and the rubber coat lands with a slap in the trunk.

Silence for a few minutes, with only an occasional sigh or yawn, or a suppressed groan of dismay as the pile in the trunk grows higher and higher and the lid refuses to shut. Then follows a weeding-out process. This, that and the other thing will simply have to be left behind. That's all. Still the lid won't budge.

"Jean, you'll just *have* to sit on this trunk. It won't shut."

"All right—in a minute. Guess it will when it encounters my one hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois!"

Bang! Jean lands suddenly on the trunk and the lid goes down with a crash, and is secured by the locks. A few minutes more and the other trunk is similarly subdued.

"Well, now we've only got to pack our suit-cases. There won't be much to put in them, anyway."

"What's that striking? Eleven?"

"Guess so," yawning wearily.

"My dear, there's my evening cape and three dresses I forgot to put in the trunk! They were in the hall closet. I simply can't leave them, and how can I get them into my suit-case with my heavy kimona and all those Christmas presents I didn't dare put in the trunk for fear they'd break! Oh dear—" Anne sinks in dismay on the bed.

"Thought you were going to have such a nice light suit-case this time," jeers Jean.

"So I was—but—well, such is life!"

"Cheer up. I think we can get them in. Since I took freshman math I feel equal to solving any problem, no matter how formidable."

Jean tackles the proposition with energy and the deed is done. She is in the act of strapping her own trunk when a faint tap is heard at the door.

"What's that, do you suppose?" in a hushed voice.

"Don't know. Better put the light out." Snap! darkness reigns.

"Come in," in a soft voice.

"Hello, girls. You all packed?"

"Oh Mary, is it only you? You gave us an awful scare. Come in and close the door, and we'll have the light again."

Light once more, revealing a sleepy-looking individual, scantily clothed, head bristling with curl-papers, bearing a box of crackers and a glass of jelly.

"Can you people eat this up? I want to get rid of it and we've eaten all we can. Aren't you just *crazy* to get home? I'm so wild to get there I don't know what to do. I've got a big bunch of holly to wear and the whole family's going to meet me in New York, and we're going out home on the midnight after shopping and the theatre. Won't it be *great*? Well, I must go get my beauty sleep." Mary, the loquacious, retires.

"Wouldn't you just know she is a freshman?"

"Anyway, the crackers are pretty good, and so is the jelly."

"What a relief it is to be all packed! I'm sure I've got everything in now. Let's just rest awhile and eat before we go to bed."

"Oh heavens!" mutters the College Mouse to himself as he listens hungrily to the crunching and munching of the crackers, "will they ever go to bed and leave the remains to me? I know what they're up to now. It's packing, and it's going to be vacation. I remember from last year what an awful famine that word means. Two whole weeks without a thing to eat. I had to go down to the pantry to live, and there are so many permanent boarders down there that there's no chance for a poor transient like me."

"Mercy, Jean! There goes twelve o'clock! Let's hie us to bed."

"Agreed. Good-night, honey!"

Off goes the light, up go the windows,—a creaking of beds and all is still. Without a moment's delay out pops the College Mouse, looks around to make sure that all is well, and scuttles eagerly across the floor, up onto the bed, and thence to the table where a tempting array of crumbs is spread out before his hungry nose. Greedily he nibbles here and there, making haste lest others join him, and keeping one eye out for the shower of shoes he has learned to expect and dodge.

"Guess they're asleep all right to-night. My, these crumbs are good! My whiskers! What's that? With one frantic leap he is off the table and half-way across the floor, with another he is safe in his hole peering cautiously out once more. Jean had turned suddenly over in bed, and flopped out into the middle of the floor, exclaiming :

"My dear! *What* do you think I've done?"

"Wha-a-t? What's the matter?" in a sleepy voice from the other bed. "Can't you sleep?"

"No, not yet, I guess. I'm the biggest fool in Christendom. I've gone and packed up my ticket in the bottom of the trunk! It was in a book and I forgot it."

"Himmel! have you got to unpack everything?"

"Yes. Imagine all that stuff out again! How can I ever get the lid down again! Well, here goes!"

Light again. Confusion once more. Groans, sighs and yawns intermingled. The College Mouse curses his luck, and decides after Christmas to live with people who have more sense.

The College Clock strikes one. Darkness and quiet settle down upon the room once more. The College Mouse now reigns supreme.

Scene Two

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong!" the chapel bell clangs merrily. A world even more bright and glistening than that of the night before greets the calm gaze of the College Clock. Every frosty crystal on the snowy crust which covers the campus catches the rays of the morning sun and reflects them back in myriad hues. Sleigh-bells jingle frostily and the snow crunches under the feet of the throng of girls hurrying to chapel. Their voices ring out clear in the cold air. What means all this unusual hubbub? Why are the girls so arrayed in suits, hats and veils? Why do they bear, each and all, a suit-case? Whence the crowd of small boys gathered at the college gate and at every available doorway on the campus? Their cry, "Carry your baggage, lady? Carry your baggage, lady?" mingles with the general confusion of voices. What is that word which is heard so often? "Merry Christmas!" "Where you going to be? Home? That's great! Hope you have a wonderful time!" "Aren't you just crazy to get home?" "Well, write to me, dearie. I shall miss you." "Good-bye, if I don't see you again." "What train are you going on? 12.40?" "Good-bye! Have a good time."

The Clock knows now what it all means. It's Christmas vacation!

The big doors of Seelye and College at last swallow up the crowd, and the long halls take on their usual appearance but

for a long, inspiring line of suit-cases, satchels, banjo cases, mandolin cases, hockey sticks, umbrellas and hat-boxes which form a continuous procession along the walls outside the recitation rooms.

Outside on the driveway a row of hacks waits, the drivers impatiently slapping their arms to keep warm. The bells ring announcing the close of the hour. The Clock strikes twelve—the doors fly open. Girls rush out and into carriages which are driven off at break-neck speed to the station. In less than an hour the campus is as deserted as though it were the middle of the night. A stillness reigns almost frightful in contrast to the foregoing medley of sounds. The Clock heaves a sigh of relief—two weeks of undisturbed peace and reflection.

ABOUT CHRISTMAS

BY ELIZABETH BABCOCK

The Christmas Spirit reigns! In the dim-lit lecture hall
Clarissa knits a necktie for her brother;
Labor is defined by an Economics grind
As "pricking a brass candle-shade for mother."
If higher mathematics does not help you to divide
Seven dollars by twenty-four relations,
Just charge things with a will, hoping Christmas will fulfill
Your highest monetary expectations!

The Christmas Spirit reigns! Though the syllogistic rules
Are not of use in choosing holly paper!
What's all this buzz about? Why, Clarissa's coming out,
So that no Christmas dances may escape her!
Two days more! Your happy heart prompts you willingly to part
With your car-fare—to a beggar's great elation.
Yes, there's love and joy to spare, with Christmas in the air,
But there isn't any room for education!

TABLES TURNED

BY ALICE COMSTOCK

When May arrived, a freshman fair,
Short skirts, a bow upon her hair,
Helen was then a junior famed,
So "Helen's sister" May was named.

But now the senior May we know,
Her skirts are long and gone the bow,
While Helen on her visits there
Is called "May's sister" everywhere.

FOR MARY'S CHRISTMAS

BY REBECCA ELMER SMITH

Did you ever try to make your roommate a Christmas present? Well, you can imagine what it is like. Even after the deciding, the purchasing, the sneaking it home, are done, you still have the actual concocting ahead of you. And your roommate almost invariably has a suspicious disposition.

"What's in that white bundle from Copeland's?" she questions nonchalantly as she makes her bed.

With the wisdom of Solomon you may tell her on the spot that it is a collar and cuff set that you intend to embroider for her Christmas present, but the chances are that you will prevaricate instead. May Peter have mercy on all Christmas fibbers!

"May, do you have Zoo Lab *all* afternoon?" Your tone expresses deep commiseration while your heart rejoices to think that you may have a couple of hours to begin the set. You put an enormous "Busy—Do Not Disturb," on your door, as it really would not do to have anyone see the uncompleted set. She'd be sure to speak of it at the breakfast table and clap her hand over her mouth afterwards. At last you are ready to sew. Your conscience, smoothed down to the purring state, prompts you to hum a gay little air. It really *is* fun making Christmas presents. The door opens suddenly, disclosing Mary. In trying to get your sewing under you on short notice, you run the needle deep into your thumb.

"Well?" you inquire coldly.

"Well," Mary answers, "I forgot my note-book." She looks at you with increasing suspicion. "You don't *look* 'Busy,' just singing. What are you sitting on your hands for?"

"They're cold," you respond. Mary closes the door and once more you scallop forward.

Mary's Freshman Friend sticks in her head. "Mary is out."

"Then may I come in and play with you?" she begs.

Play! Does she think this is what the exercise cards call "general games"? "I am working," you respond reprovingly. The Freshman departs.

One more scallop, then the big one at the corner, and you are on the home run.

"Four o'clock," the chapel bell announces. Would it be better to go to Art or to stay here and finish this collar? Ah, a bright idea! You will take the collar to Art and do it there, in the back row. Mary welcomes you at Chemistry Hall with the news that she has saved you a seat.¹ You try to appear properly grateful, and tuck the sewing further down into your pocket, whence it protrudes bulbously. Mary sees it, and is more than likely to comment on it.

"Oh," you explain, "that's by handkerchief. I've got a gold."

Of course, living right in the same room with you, she will necessarily find you sewing on it sooner or later. You lie nobly when the time comes.

"That's for Cousin Nell," you announce.

Thereafter you work on it openly, flauntingly. But it's better to plan right at first to give her a Deerfield print or a set of Browning,—almost anything you can hide in your bed-box till the appointed time.

¹ Editor's Note: This article was written under the old régime.

STORIES WANTED

BY GRACE B. MCGUIRE

"Wanted—stories for the Monthly
For the next, our Christmas number."
Ha! thought I, I'll get to work
And a page or two encumber.

Christmas day on a Western ranch
With lots of local color,
A lonely girl from an Eastern town
And a big cow boy to love her.

College folk! and sister's brought
Of friends the very dearest,
Brother brings a friend from Yale,
Now isn't that the queerest?

Big gay city, poor newsboy
Steals some apples or a bun,
Along comes rich old gentleman
Adopts him as a son.

Station agent dead for sleep
But runs still fast and faster
And bravely saves the speeding train
From a very sad disaster.

A Pullman car on Christmas Eve
Filled with those who are in sorrow,
A noble youth who by his cheer
Brings them a glad to-morrow.

On these and more my fancy runs
And I think on forever,
But to settle down to just one theme,
I must stop now or never!

HER SUNDAY SLEEP

BY ISABEL A. GUILBERT

"Hello Kate. It's awfully lonely without Julie—do come up and sleep with me to-night."

"Why, I'd love to—I'll go down and turn out my light."

When Kate returned, she found a shadowy form sitting on the end of her bed, gazing at the stars.

"I'm going to breakfast in Henrietta's room to-morrow, at half-past nine, so you don't mind if I sleep late, do you?" said Kate, "I'm sorry I can't invite you too, but I can save two rolls for you if you want to sleep over."

"Oh, no, thank you, dear. I must get up anyway and work. I'll be as quiet as I can, so don't mind me—just go on sleeping."

"What luxury it will be! I haven't slept late this year. Aren't those stars wonderful? We've just been reading the most exquisite poems in French 9 about the stars and the heavens. Do you remember that one—" And the conversation dwelt on the stars and then on walking-boots and argument-papers until long after eleven.

Kate awoke at dawn.

"Hello, friend," came from the other bed.

"Good-morning," answered Kate tersely. She knew she would get all waked up if she talked.

"I'm so furious! I've been awake for an age! I've no idea what time it is, but it's fearfully early. Tell me, shall I go to Hartford or Boston for Thanksgiving? I've been puzzling about it all this time, and I *cannot* decide.

Kate groaned inwardly. "Go to the person who asked you first, if you don't care any more than that."

"But, you see—," and Madge set forth in an animated tone the pros and cons of each proposition. Kate did not answer; she hoped that silence would be a gentle hint.

Madge finally stopped, discouraged. Kate felt very unsympathetic and selfish; she could almost hear Madge's brain working on the problem. But sleepiness dulled the prickings of her conscience. "Two hours and a half more before breakfast! There's still hope," Kate thought gratefully. Madge was quiet

now, and Kate's eyes closed and her brain began to say nonsensical things, which was a sign that she was going to sleep.

"La-la-la-la-la-la-la!" rang the chimes on the stairs. Doors opened—feet thudded by in slippers—voices rose and fell. Minutes passed. Kate grew sleepier; and then Madge, yawning prodigiously, rose, gathered together her soap and towels, and left the room. Kate felt that if she could only be left alone for four minutes she could fall asleep. Three minutes and a half later some one with the tread of an elephant hastened down the hall and into the room. Kate had never before realized what a heavy step Madge had! She knocked a chair over, then crossed the room with decisive steps and dropped a heavy china soap-dish on the wash-stand. Kate found herself interested in identifying the different sounds as they reached her. "I couldn't go to sleep anyway," she thought, "but why *can't* you be a little quieter?" Aloud she said, "Has the second bell rung yet?"

"Why, my dear! I *quite* forgot you were here! Oh, I'm so sorry! I meant to come creeping in like a mouse, and I stamped in like a war-horse! Did I wake you up?"

"Oh, no! I wasn't asleep, truly! There's the second bell—let me do you up!"

"Thanks, Kate. I love the way you're sleeping late this morning. Now I'm going down to breakfast, so you go right to sleep."

Quiet reigned. How heavenly it was! A wave of drowsiness rushed over Kate.

"Came back for a nickel to telephone—good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" muttered Kate through clenched teeth.

Again quiet. Then a rap at the door "I won't say a word," Kate vowed.

The door opened. "—just to leave a note," she caught.

"Madge, Carew is down-stairs telephoning," she said, with a measured calm.

"Oh, thank you! *So* sorry to disturb you!"

The door closed very gently.

From the music-room came the sound of voices singing in pious harmony—

"O Sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of hills above!"

"Oh!" said Madge, "I wish I lived in Galilee!"

COLLEGE NOTES

"The Players," otherwise known as Division
CAPT. JINKS C of the Dramatic Association, presented "Capt. Jinks," by Clyde Fitch, on Saturday, November 20. Gertrude McClintock as Aurelia and Louise Marden as Peter scored distinct successes. They both threw themselves into their parts with an abandon that carried the audience into sympathy with their tears and laughter; yet both showed a restraint in their acting that gave to it a finish unusual in amateur performances. Miss McClintock's voice was especially noted for its richness of tone and fine expression of its owner's varying moods. Julia Miller deserved much credit for her creation of a gay and captivating Capt. Jinks. Alice O'Meara, otherwise seen as Papa Belliarti, managed to quite win the hearts of those off as well as on the stage. Brief mention of the play could not be made without also including the ballet "ladies," who caused tears to trickle down the cheeks of the helpless audience, and who must have served as an awful warning to any youthful aspirants to grace in the field of æsthetic dancing.

MARJORIE KILPATRICK 1911.

During the Thanksgiving recess the transfer of books from Seelye Hall to the new library was made and the library opened to the college on November 2. During the past year there have been added to the library 3,545 volumes, of which number 2,947 were purchased and 598 were gifts, making the total number of volumes, pamphlets and sheet music in the library 36,378.

Mr. Clifford Gallagher has added to his generous gift a sum to cover the cost of panelling in oak the walls of the Standard Office room, also furnishings for this room.

The Alumnae Association voted at its last meeting to furnish the tables and chairs needed in the large reading room on the main floor. For this room a clock has been given by the Smith College Club of Boston. For the second floor reading room a clock has been presented by Miss Helen Mabie as a memorial to Lorraine T. Mabie of the class of 1900.

The librarian's room is to be furnished by alumnae librarians and others interested in library work. Valuable sets of books have been given by the classes of 1908 and 1909 and complete files of all Harpers' serial publications by Eva Jenison 1910.

Many of us, doubtless, have heard criticisms
SMITH VOICES regarding the unpleasant qualities in the voice of the Smith College student in recitation and in private life. The criticism is to the effect that the majority of students in recitation speak in a low, indistinct voice, incapable of being heard, either by the instructor or the members of the class, excepting her immediate neighbors. This might be explained by a natural timidity or distrust in the correctness of the information. The instructors are obliged to request a repetition, which rarely results in the addition of valuable information, but distresses the student reciting and wastes the time of the class and instructors. It must be painful for the instructor to extract information by a series of "Beg pardon" or "A little louder, please." That this inability to make one-self heard is a temporary affliction of the class room would be made evident by visiting the note room between classes. Here the second part of the criticism applies; the complaint concerning the shrill, excitable, screaming quality of the student voices when freed from the restraint of the class room. This strident quality falls far short of achieving "that excellent thing in woman."

J. E. V. 1910.

Nowhere is the old saying concerning inches
VACATIONS and ells so admirably illustrated as in Smith College at the approach of a vacation. Days before the vacation the doctors and the office are besieged with hysterical pleas for just a day more than the vacation allows. Students left college before the appointed time for Thanksgiving vacation. Was the college so exhausted that three days were not a long enough time to allow it to recuperate? No, for any vacation, three days or three weeks, is heralded by the same symptoms. What right have any students to lose all sense of their relations to the college community and of their responsibilities to their schedules, and demand special privileges for themselves?

E. H. M. 1911.

EDITORIAL

The Christmas spirit has come upon us and we are putting forth those annual energies so typical of the season, increasing our charge accounts with happy recklessness, dressing mission dolls in modish clothes and embroidery, with an earnestness and an expenditure of time which would put to shame the hardest of our three-hour courses. We are glad to punch brass until our hands are raw, we even break the ten o'clock rule to crochet the inevitable necktie. In another week we will set up the spruce tree in our homes, symbol of good cheer and hospitality, we will endow the Christmas spirit with its old time legend and crown it with holly. But in all this are we really doing homage to any but a well-known spirit? Are we not merely celebrating that spirit's birthday whose kindness is with us through all the year? For even the oldest of us is constantly plucking surprises from some sort of a stocking and the family of Santa Claus is legion, being loved and recognized throughout all the earth. As long as they shall live, Christmas can never become a sordid festival, for its spirit is immortal, just as good cheer and visions of sugar plums are immortal, and its home is even in the heart of the busy world.

At this anniversary time, our hearts are warmed again by visions of those childhood Christmases whose holly is ever green, whose surprises are always wonderful. And in the fairy light of the Christmas tree those Yule-time friends of all humanity come forth to bless us with their friendly radiance. The Rug-gleses greet us once more, we see the Pickwickians celebrating "down at Wardle's" and the kindly folk of Bracebridge Hall invite us to their cheer. Accompanied by the familiar little figure with the crutch, comes faithful Bob Cratchitt with the same "three feet of comforter" trailing behind him. And as the procession winds away we seem to hear again the old Christmas toast, "'God bless us every one,' said Tiny Tim, the last of all."

LAUREL SULLIVAN.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Zandrie, by Marian Edwards Richards, should be of especial interest to Smith girls, as the work of a graduate of the class of 1925 and a Fellow in Philosophy in 1925. *Zandrie* is a bewitching child, with a wealth of love, who grows up at last into thinking as well as feeling. It is no new theme—this development of a girl who leaves the convent absolutely unsophisticated and untrained for life—a sentient, immoral creature of sunshine and impulse, but the story of how, through mistakes and suffering, that well-nigh break her loving spirit, she works out for herself a soul, is full of originality and delicate charm. There are lessons, too, for the reckless Furness boy with his sunny hair. It needed the accident, which left him helpless for life, to make him, though still very human, worthy to draw forth all the tenderness and later the nobility of *Zandrie*. The story is well written and decidedly readable. (*Zandrie*, by Marian Edwards Richards. The Century Co.)

Alfred Noyes has recently published an epic poem with *Drake* as its hero and the defeat of the Spanish Armada as its theme. The blank verse has dignity, many of its lines are noble, and the interest is sufficient to carry one through all twelve of its books, unprotesting. The incidental lyrics are charming, though one wonders if their interpolation is wholly justified, or if they are an admission of inability to handle theme and verse with sufficient suppleness and variety. The poem is virile, filled with the sea-tang and the ring of heroes' armor. Yet, judged as an epic, who can say? There are few great epics. Can *Drake* challenge comparison with these few? As to a young knight, braving the veriest hero of them all, we gladly give Mr. Noyes his meed of praise for courage and high resolve. We leave it to wiser heads than ours to judge how far he may have failed of victory, or what place in the lists this splendid achievement may have won for a man already at the forefront of his contemporaries. (*Drake*, an English Epic, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

We should like to endorse the "Chiefly for Heelers," in the *Yale Literary Magazine* for November, as containing valuable Don'ts for literary aspirants. To poets: Don't be a formalist without theme or a rhapsodist without sanity, or a hybrid with the worst faults of both, writing, to get into the magazine. To prose writers: Don't substitute "prophetic vision of what the board wants," or the work of "an industrious, but scarcely inspired, afternoon in the library," for matter. For a constructive side there is our own oft-shrilled slogan of sincerity.

The Amherst Literary Magazine's "Mail Bag" has timely advice—this time, for editors. Sincerity again, this time with needed advice on the fact in college journalism that it is "what is read that will spell success or failure, and not what is printed," and that to be read it must be true to its own sphere of vital relationship with undergraduate life. We regret that the writer's excellent idea of a well-balanced magazine has not been carried out in this month's copy of the magazine which he represents. The criticism of the late Clyde Fitch, with which it opens, hardly supports the six short stories which follow, aside from the question of their merit. (We must, for instance, parenthesize our liking for the great, stupid "Ivan.")

The Vassar Miscellany for November is not only a good example of balance in editing, but of sustained excellence. A well-organized essay on "The School," a new center of democracy, two sketches which show delicate insight, a really remarkable poem, "The Sailing of Angus,"—which, but for its length, we should like to quote in full—a finely written story of crime, and a good character-study, make up a periodical of merit.

Like praise might be given the *Yale Literary Magazine*, with its two well-written essays, *The Mount Holyoke*, with two stories of unusual interest, and to several others.

We should like to mention "A Little Exile" in *The Oberlin Monthly* as a picture of touching and simple truth, and "God and the Game" in the *Hamilton Literary Magazine* as a story of football men which strikes home.

It was with great interest that we received the initial number of our sister publication, *The Smith Alumnae Quarterly*, and it was not without a sense of pride that we read its contents. We who follow into the ranks of alumnae have had a high mark set for us.

We quote the following verse :

CHARLOTTENBURG

To sleep in marble-frescoed hall
With violet light on altar white,
Be covered with a heavy pall
Of heavier stone, and quite alone,
Apart from trees and flowers and light,
O Lady of the Patient Brow, I'll warrant thou
Not so didst wish thy rest to be.

Where daily are thy pious hands,
So softly cold as they enfold
A carved cross with silver bands,
In attitude of gratitude,
Defiled by the trav'lers touch,
O Lady of the Patient Brow, I'll warrant thou
Not here didst wish to take thy rest.

Thy face so nobly craven, fair,
Bespeaks a love, a perfect love
For him, thy warrior husband there
Where reverently and silently
The eager feet of many tread.
O Lady of the Patient Brow, I'll warrant thou
Not here didst wish to take thy rest.

But in some far secluded space
Where gentle showers make fresh the flowers
That hide thy hidden resting place ;
To have nearby thy warrior lie,
And sun at day and moon at night
To guard thee with their tender light,
O Lady of the Greater Love of that above
So wouldst thou wish thy rest to be.

—John M. S. Allison '10, in

The Nassau Literary Magazine, October, 1909.

AFTER COLLEGE

SHADOW IMPS

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

Last night, when all the house was still,
And when the moon was fair,
The little shadow of a sound
Stole through the quiet air,
Like ghosts of little children's shouts
Echoing down the stair.

And hosts of tiny shadow-imps
In tiny shadow-glee
Came sliding down the banisters
In long rows, joyously,
Last night when mortals were asleep,
As mortals ought to be.

Wee wistful imps who cannot play
Like children in the light,
The little lonely shadow-imps
Were playing here last night
When all the house was very still,
And when the moon was bright.

Adown the stairway, silent, dim,
In happy rows they file;
Though Shadow-land lies far away,
Back many a moonlit mile,
Here in the darkness they may play
Like children for awhile.

And weary mortals in their sleep,
Hearing their joyous cry,
Forget that life is hard to live,
And death is hard to die,
And see again in happy dreams
Their golden years pass by.

And gray old folk forget the gray,
The heart-ache and the pain;
Forget that grown hearts have their tears,
And grown-up days their rain,
And through the weary time go back
To glad child-days again.

The moon was very fair last night—
 A silvery moon, and gray ;
 And down the silent banisters,
 Like children in their play,
 The grave, unchild-like shadow imps
 Slid happily till day.

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGES

AS RECORDED AT THE ALUMNÆ OFFICE, NOV. 30, 1909

Classes	No. of Members	No. of Marriages
'79	11	7
'80	9	5
'81	27	14
'82	38	13
'83	49	20
'84	44	18
'85	44	19
'86	48	27
'87	40	14
'88	48	23
'89	45	22
'90	63	30
'91	79	37
'92	86	33
'93	118	55
'94	111	53
'95	154	68
'96	149	74
'97	180	94
'98	144	78
'99	193	91
'00	219	94
'01	256	99
'02	231	86
'03	240	94
'04	241	79
'05	199	49
'06	221	41
'07	268	41
'08	298	27
'09	322	8
	<hr/> 4175	<hr/> 1413

The total number married, 1413, is approximately 34% of the total number of graduates.

The first ten classes, from '79 through '88, have 160 married members; the next ten classes, through '98, 544; and the last eleven classes, through '09, 709.

The class of '01 has the largest number of marriages, 99. The largest percentage belongs to the first class, '79, 64% of whose members are married; '80 and '86 have each 56%.

In February, 1909, when the statistics were first compiled, the total number of marriages was 1269. Since then, 144 marriages have been recorded. The largest number for any one class is 22 for '08.

SMITH COLLEGE MISSIONARY RECORD

KATHARINE HUME WANNAMAKER EX-1901

Mrs. Wannamaker's connection with Smith was brief; yet after only one year in the music school (as it was then called) in the class of 1901, she is as loyal a Smith girl as many alumnæ. Her experiences are told in these extracts from her letters and papers, which we give just as they stand, omitting only as necessitated by space.

"I went out to China in June, 1906, to teach . . . in the Anglo-American school, newly opened that year for the children of foreigners, in Kuling, which is a high, delightful summer resort in Central China. . . . Unfortunately my experience was cut short by illness, and I was compelled to give up this work entirely. Although my term of service at Kuling was very brief, yet I would like to draw special attention to such schools as a particular form of true missionary work in which I am deeply interested, and in which I would be glad to see American girls, especially Smith girls, more generally and actively concerned. . . .

"Since I myself am the daughter of missionaries, and was born and lived for ten years in Central India, where, even more than in China, the severe tropical climate makes the missionary's problem of caring for his children an exceedingly difficult one to solve, I therefore know something of the trial and pain of separation between missionary parents and children, which up to recent years has seemed to be an inevitable and irremediable evil. Many of us missionary children have been most fortunate in having relatives and friends in America, whose loving care and influence have helped to an untold degree in bridging over the years of absence from home and friends. Nevertheless, I am sure there is not one of us who has not felt an almost indescribable craving for a real home of her own, for a real mother and father of her own, and for all that these would have meant, especially during boarding-school years, when perhaps she was not quite mature enough to understand rightly why such things should be; why the other girls had what she most longed for, in vain! Indeed, I can scarcely express myself too strongly on the great need there has been in the foreign field for just such schools as this to which I am referring; where, in some cool and quiet mountain place, the children of the missionaries and of any other foreigners can have, together, eight or nine full months of good instruction, given by carefully selected English and American teachers; not too far away from parents and home for communication and visits in case of illness, and for spending at home the long vacation, which in that climate is given in winter, when the children may safely live on the tropical plains; so situated that the severest period of the summer will again bring children and parents together, when the for-

signers flock to this very place in the hills for their rest, while the hill school is still in session; and from which schools these young people may go, at a safer and maturer age, to England or America for their college education. Some could safely go to the homeland even for the last year or two of their high school work, but they would not need to go at a lower age than fourteen or fifteen years. Such was all too often the case before the mountain schools were established, and the children had to spend the whole year in the enervating climate of the plains. Could the Kailing school be properly endowed, it would add greatly to the efficiency of missionary service for the whole of Central China.

"The latter part of my stay in China was spent in a very different kind of institution, five hundred miles further south than my first home. In the spring of 1907 I was married to Professor Wannamaker of the faculty. I lived at the college for somewhat more than a year, and I count it a privilege to have seen at close range the work of this college, and to have received a lasting impression of the great value of educational missions. . . . I went to China with no special respect for the Chinese, but a feeling of great regard and affection has come to me as a natural result of what I observed in those students. Their eagerness for knowledge, their characteristic perseverance, their physical endurance and calmness of temperament, make them interesting and successful students.

"The need of higher education for women is already so pressing at Canton that the college has admitted a few carefully chosen girl students of Christian families. The success of the experiment emphasizes the need of such training for women. I came in contact with these girls in a free, informal way, and they are, I am sure, very unlike what we American women usually consider them to be. We hear that they are unresponsive and, from long training in self-repression, that they lack the capacity for friendship. This is decidedly the reverse of what I found my Chinese friends. Among themselves they are laughing, fun-loving school girls. And it is perfectly easy for a sympathetic woman to become their friend and confidante. . . .

"No plan has yet been set on foot for the establishment of a women's college for Canton. Yale has its college for men at Changsha, Central China. The University of Pennsylvania is establishing a medical school in connection with the Canton Christian College. Harvard is contemplating the making of a similar school in Central China. Princeton has its special work in Peking. Vassar, I believe, is sending its contributions to Japan. Why may not Smith College women undertake as their special enterprise . . . the establishment of a daughter institution for Chinese women, affiliated with the Canton Christian College? Such work, more certainly perhaps than any other, is self-perpetuating; the faculty of such a college would, in years to come, be made up largely of Chinese graduates of Smith College."

Mr. and Mrs. Wannamaker were obliged to retire from the field on account of the trying climate, and are making their permanent home in this country. In addition to the above, it need only be added that Canton is the commercial, literary and official metropolis of South China. Canton Christian College was founded in the hope of an ultimate establishment of a Christian

University as a center of intellectual and spiritual culture for South China. The realization of this ideal has already begun.

Address, Mrs. O. D. Wannamaker, 2303 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

ALICE DURYEE 1902

We have been able to gather only a very few facts regarding Alice Duryee; probably, as her friends know, because the success of her work is largely due to the charm of her personality, which cannot be recorded in statistics. Miss Duryee graduated in 1902, and sailed for the field in the following year. Although under the appointment of the Dutch Reformed Board, she is a self-supporting missionary. She was stationed first at Amoy (the station of Dr. Myers of Vassar, whom Smith supported for a time), then at Tong-an and at Chiang-chin, neighboring towns. After a furlough in America, Miss Duryee returned to Amoy this autumn, in company with Miss Delia Leavens, also on her way to the field.

Address, Care Dutch Reformed Board, East Twenty-first Street, New York.

DELIA DICKSON LEAVENS 1901

The record of our missionaries in China must not close without reference to Miss Leavens, our own college missionary. Many influences all through her life, she has said, have helped to make her a missionary. While in college, she was a member of the student volunteer band. At a rarely impressive vesper service in the college chapel, on October 3, 1909, Delia Leavens was commissioned for Tungchow, China, the first alumna to be supported on the foreign field by the college. Miss Leavens has gone out under appointment of the Woman's Board, which assures her salary in case the college should be obliged to discontinue it at any time. But let us hope that the growing missionary interest of the college will lead us, alumnae and students alike, to contribute generously to the support of our own college missionary.

Address, Tungchow, via Peking, North China.

Clara Winifred Newcomb, Editor, 31 Vauxhall Street, New London, Connecticut.

On November 27, the Chicago College Club presented to its members and their guests "The Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," written by Ona Winants, now Mrs. Borland, of the class of 1901. Many of the chief rôles were filled by Smith alumnae:

Cæsar,	Alice Evans 1905
Casca, {	Conspirators, { Helen Shedd 1905
Trebonius, {	Genevieve Burnham 1905
Cato,	Florence Mann 1906
Pindarus,	Virginia Eliot 1907
Lepidus of the Triumviri,	Dorothy Winslow 1907
"Mob,"	{ Helen Dupuy 1907
	{ Louise Evans 1904

Applications should be placed on file at the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, for tickets for Senior Dramatics. Each alumna is allowed one ticket, and may not use another's name to secure extra seats. It is urged that applications be made for Thursday evening, June 9, instead of for Friday evening, June 10, since that time will be less crowded. Saturday evening is not open to alumnæ. No deposit is required, and tickets need not be claimed until Commencement week from the Business Manager in Northampton.

Members of the class of 1900 who desire to engage rooms and board for Commencement, either on or off the campus, are requested to notify Miss A. G. Newell, Morris house.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Laurel Sullivan, 8 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

- '79. Julia H. Gulliver, President of Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois, has received notification through the French Consulate of her appointment as an officer of the French Academie of France. President Gulliver has been a pioneer in introducing vocational work into a woman's college. While keeping up a full standard of collegiate work, Rockford College offers optional courses whereby a girl may at graduation be equipped to earn her own living immediately. These optional courses include Home Economics, Secretarial Work, Fine and Applied Arts, Music and Pedagogy.
- '87. Anna R. Haire, owner of the University School for Girls, is soon to move into a new building at the corner of Elm Street and Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.
- '92. Grace T. Pratt has been appointed instructor in English at Smith College for the first semester.
- '94. Caroline V. Lynch has been appointed reader in Archæology at Bryn Mawr College.
- '99. Gertrude H. Churchill has announced her engagement to William A. Whitney, Secretary and Treasurer of the Lawrence Coöperative Bank of Lawrence, Massachusetts. The wedding will occur on December 23. Miss Churchill is a niece of the late Professor J. W. Churchill of Andover Theological Seminary. She is connected with the Boston Young Men's Christian Association as Secretary of the Association Institute, and is an artist of marked ability.
- Alice Knox, formerly of the Knox School at Lakewood, New Jersey, opened a school for children at 10 Watchung Avenue, Upper Montclair, New Jersey, on October 6.
- '00. Mrs. Harold Irving Pratt (Harriet L. Barnes), and the class of 1900 have presented an organ for the new chapel as a memorial to Cornelia Brownell Murphy of that class.

- '01. Mary B. Curtis has been appointed instructor in the Elocution department at Smith College.
- '02. Gertrude O. Tubby has been made Editor-in-Chief of *Alumnae Quarterly*.
- '03. Clara J. Lynch has received a Fellowship in Zoölogy.
Alvara Proctor is teaching in the Science department at Brownell Hall, Omaha, Nebraska.
- '06. Nettie Baumann and her sister Frances of the class of 1909, spent last summer travelling in Europe.
- '07. Marian Coddington Carr has announced her engagement to Paul Condit of Cleveland.
Hazel Catherwood is resident at Chicago University Settlement, as superintendent of the library.
Ruth Cowing (Mrs. George Dressler Scott) is travelling abroad with her husband. They have seen England, Norway, Sweden, Russia and Turkey, and are en route to Syria. They will spend the winter in Munich and Berlin.
Virginia Eliot is not teaching this winter. Her address is 5126 East End Boulevard, Chicago.
Julia Holder is teaching in the High School at Bloomington, Illinois.
Eda Linthicum has announced her engagement to Eben O. McNair of Evanston, Illinois.
Edna Perry is studying and teaching at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago.
Marian Smith has been visiting Helen Barber in Derby, Connecticut.
Stella Tutthill is teaching Latin at the University School for Girls, in Chicago.
Katharine Woods has announced her engagement to Edward Norman Lacey of Arlington, Massachusetts.
- '08. Harriette F. Abbott is at the head of the English department at St. Gabriel School, Peekskill, New York.
Hazel L. Allen has announced her engagement to the Rev. Thomas J. Farmer of Cortland, New York.
Florence Boyle is at the head of the Science department at St. Gabriel School, Peekskill, New York.
Constance Churchyard is at the head of the English department in the Perry High School, New York.
Kate Hinman and her sister Caroline '06 have returned from abroad, and are at their home in Summit, New Jersey.
Mary S. Kiscock is taking a course in Gymnastics at Wellesley College.
Hilda B. Mansfield is teaching History and French in the Ingleside School, New Milford, Connecticut.
- '09. Jean Alexander is studying the violin at Syracuse University.
Elizabeth S. Allison is studying stenography.

- '09. Martha Gruening is studying at Bryn Mawr College. Next year she will enter Johns Hopkins University to become a physician.

Anne Harwood is assisting in English at the Appleton High School, Appleton, Wisconsin. She is also doing graduate work in English at Lawrence College.

Ethel Lewis has announced her engagement to Waldo Grose of New York.

Edith Scott has announced her engagement to Russell Magna of Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Ethel Updike has announced her engagement to Joseph Magna of Holyoke, Massachusetts.

MARRIAGES

- '85. Mary Knox to Morris Lyon Buchwalter of Cincinnati.
- '94. Una McMahan to Frank E. Harkness. Address, 6016 Stony Island Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
- '99. Alice Symmes Russell to Alfred Hildreth. Address, 12 Chestnut Street, Winchester, Massachusetts.
- '01. Bertha June Richardson to William P. Lucas. Address, 261 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Rosa Smith to William F. Bull. Address, 36 Waverly Place, Orange, New Jersey.
- '02. Adelaide Louise Burke to Theodore H. Jameson. Address, 33 Hancock Street, Rochester, New York.
- Julia Anne Davis to Clifton F. Richmond. Address, 44 Washington Avenue, Northampton, Massachusetts.
- Margery Ferriss to Nathaniel Semple. Address, Normandy, Ohio.
- '03. Helen Eva Allen to Harry Edward Barlow. Address, Amherst, Massachusetts.
- Helen Creelman to J. Jonathan Jackson.
- Pearl Smith Sanborn to Joseph Waldo Bond. Address, Laconia, New Hampshire.
- Maud Melina Skinner to Frederick Thompson Dow. Address, 1350 12th Avenue South, Birmingham, Alabama.
- Edla Sperry Steele to James Graham Chalfant, November 24. Address, 5722 Kentucky Avenue, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
- Isabel Caldwell Wight to Frank Kollock Mitchell. Address, 7 Woodlawn Avenue, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.
- '05. Bertha Benson Page to Carl W. Smith. Address, 217 Vaughan Street, Portland, Maine.
- '08. Anna Brooks Adams to E. Clement Taylor, November 6. Address, The Chateau, 9 Temple Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.
- Vesta Foster to Harold Edward Board, October 23.
- ex-'08. Clementine Allen to Dana Barry Jones of Boston. Address, 242 Appleton Avenue, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.
- Annie Gertrude Brown to Hazen S. Simpson. Address, The Knoll, Peekskill, New York.

BIRTHS

- '01. Mrs. S. Lewis Elmer (Helen Shoemaker), a son, S. Lewis, Jr., born November 3.
 Mrs. Henry Hoadley Guernsey (Mary Mason Barstow), a daughter, Mary Barstow, born October 29.
- '07. Mrs. Wilfred E. Playfair (Harriet Lewis Smith), a daughter, Portia Elizabeth, born November 14. Address, "The Algonquin," Vancouver, British Columbia.

DEATHS

- '82. Mary Bryant Daniels, at Osaka, Japan, on July 4.
- '95. Mrs. Ernest E. Floyd (Harriet Luella Vanderhoof), on October 17.

NOTES OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS, NOV. 30, 1909

- '81. Helen Sleeper Pearson. Address, 17 Elliott Avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.
- '86. Mrs. William B. Closson (Grace Worden Gallaudet) is living at Magnolia, Massachusetts.
87. Mrs. W. H. Pierce (Antoinette Louise Bancroft). Address, Columbia Boulevard, Meriden, Connecticut.
- '90. Mrs. Thomas D. Healy (Mary Lucy Huffman). Address, 923 First Avenue South, Fort Dodge, Iowa.
 Caroline Louise Dodge. Address, 244 Fifth Avenue, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 Mrs. Oswald Speir (Maud Phillips). Address, 2731 Dwight Way, Berkeley, California.
- '91. Cornelia Rogers Trowbridge. Address, Care James R. Trowbridge, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- '92. Clara Culver Gilbert. Address, 1243 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois.
 Mrs. Frederick Bedell (Mary Louise Crehore). Address, Cornell Heights, Ithica, New York.
- '95. Mrs. Bradley M. Davis (Anna Elizabeth Paret). Address, 1611 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
 Mrs. L. H. Beals (Rose Fairbank). Address, Wai, Satora District, India.
 Mrs. W. M. Golden, Jr. (Elizabeth Lathrop). Address, 70 State Street, East Orange, New Jersey.
 Ruth Annette Warren. Address, 234 Longmeadow Street, Longmeadow, Massachusetts.
 Caroline Macomber Fuller. Address, Care John Crosby, Esq., Security Bank Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- '96. Alice Louise Rose. Address, 615 West 144th Street, New York City.
- '97. Katharine Priest Crane. Address, 523 West 121st Street, New York City.

- '98. Ethel Craighead is in Dresden for the winter. Her mail is in care of Martin Dennis, 29 James Street, Newark, New Jersey.
Susan Haslett Mackay. Address, 289 Tappan Street, Brooklyn, New York.
- '99. Miriam Foster Choate. Address, 16 Pierpont Street, Brooklyn, New York.
- '02. Catherine Elizabeth Fogarty. Address, 194 Canner Street, New Haven, Connecticut.
Mrs. T. F. Walsh (Grace Loretta Hurley). Address, 466 Colorado Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut.
Mrs. R. N. Pierson (Margaret Welles). Address, 1801 James Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- '03. Mrs. Frederick Lynch (Maude Barrows Dutton). Address, 13 East 124th Street, New York City.
- '04. Mrs. James McCluney (Mabel McKeighan). Address, 179 East Chestnut Street, Chicago, Illinois.
- '05. Mrs. F. E. Mansfield (Alice Johnson Curtis). Address, 3 High Street, Camden, Maine.
Edith Roberta Smith. Address, 11603 Kinsman Road, Cleveland, Ohio.
Mrs. George B. Williams (Lora Wright). Address, The Washington Terrace Apartments, 535 Clara Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.
- '06. Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, Jr. (Louise Ellis). Address, Brandon Hall, Beacon Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.
Harriet E. Leitch. Address, 265 Maple Avenue, Edgewood Park, Pennsylvania. She is studying at the Albany Library School.
Mrs. J. A. Newlands (Alice Cary). Address, 80 Pearl Street, Middletown, Connecticut.
- '07. Mary Louise Rathvon. Address, 1333 Pine Street, Boulder, Colorado.
- '08. Mrs. H. C. Bonney (Harriet Jackson Lytle). Address, 28 May Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.
Mrs. C. F. Cutts (Eugenia Ayer). Address, 1421 38th Avenue, Seattle, Washington.
Florence Helen Pattison. Address, 1425 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.
Eva Alfrieda Price. Address, 536 West 113th Street, New York City.
Mrs. Elliott R. Corbett (Alta Smith). Address, 293 6th Street, Portland, Oregon.
Gladys Locke. Address, 49 Garden Place, Brooklyn, New York.
- '09. Mildred Lane. Address, 51 Carpenter Street, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

CALENDAR

December 15. Concert by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes.

“ 18. 3.00 p. m. Christmas Concert by the Musical
Clubs.

“ 18. 7.15 p. m. Play by Cap and Bells.

“ 22. Beginning of the Christmas Vacation.

January 6. Opening of the Winter Term.

“ 8. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.

“ 12. Concert by Olive Mead Quartette.

“ 15. Open Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi
Societies. Lecture by Professor Burton of
the University of Minnesota.

The
Smith College
Monthly

January - 1910

Conducted by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XVII

JANUARY, 1910

No. 4

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ALUMNÆ TREASURER

HENRIETTA SPERRY

THE "WASPS" AT CAMBRIDGE

BY HARRY NORMAN GARDINER

If Aristophanes could have been present at one of the performances of the "Wasps" recently given by members of the University at Cambridge, he would doubtless have experienced many surprising and conflicting emotions. He would have been struck first of all by the contrasts of a modern play-house filled with men and women in evening dress and students in academic gowns to the theatre and the audiences familiar to him in ancient Athens. The beautiful drop-curtain, originally painted for a modern performance of the "Eumenides," would certainly have reminded him of some wild region in the mountains of Hellas and might well have seemed to him inspired of the Tragic Muse. With the overture of the orchestra, he would have been startled by quite other suggestions. Despite the strangeness of the instruments, his sensitive Greek ear could scarcely have failed to catch the spirit, the sympathetic spirit of his own temper, embodied in tones satiric, trenchant, humorous, boisterous and in particular, yes, clearly and unmistakably "waspish." And when the curtain rose, revealing the acropolis in the background, the low, flat-roofed Greek houses in the middle

distance, and there, on the stage, a house covered with nets with, to all appearances, a Greek youth asleep on the roof while two slaves kept guard at the closed door, he might well have rubbed his eyes at this so manifest reproduction of the opening scene of his own play produced at Athens in the Archonship of Ameinias, B. C. 422. The play itself would have brought fresh surprises. In the first place, Aristophanes, though probably recognizing many familiar words, would not have recognized the language. It would, or would not have been, according as you like the phrase, "all Greek" to him. For the conventional English pronunciation of Greek was certainly as little that of ancient Athens as the conventional American. And yet the lines were spoken or sung with fluency, distinctness and expression. In the second place, he would have noted the omission of some four hundred lines, among them a number containing local "hits" he probably set store by, but which have long lost their significance. Then he would have been interested, to say the least, to see his play divided up into three acts marked by the dropping of the curtain, and another drop of a few seconds used to indicate a period of time that, in real life, would have lasted several hours. He would further have been struck by the treatment of the chorus in the manner of Wagnerian opera. And when near the end the three sons of Carcinus come pirouetting on the stage parodying the antics of the *premières danseuses* in an Alhambra ballet, introducing a Highland fling and otherwise hitting off the incongruities of the dancing in a modern Music Hall, Aristophanes might easily have caught the infection of the fun, but he would scarcely have understood what it was all about. There were doubtless many other things in the play that would have astonished him, some perhaps that he would have criticised and objected to. But this seems to be the unanimous opinion of all who saw it—he would have applauded the performance as an admirable exposition of the spirit of the piece; he might even have agreed with the verdict of many classical scholars here that the play as given was an improvement on the original, which is conceded to be not one of the author's best; he might, I think he would, have envied the aids afforded to the rendering by all the accessories of the modern stage and especially that of modern music, as Mozart might envy the modern grand piano for the richness of coloring it gives under the hands of a master to one of his sonatas.

The action of the "Wasps" may be told very briefly. The hero of the play is an old man, Philocleon, afflicted with a mania for trying cases in the courts, where the power of imposing penalties, the power of life and death, makes him feel that he is one of the lords of Athens, a ruler of the destinies of men ; besides which, he receives for his services three obols a day. His son, Bdelycleon, in trying to cure him, has finally felt obliged to shut him up in the house, from which the old man makes many frantic efforts to escape ; he once gets out concealed beneath the belly of the family donkey, but is discovered and is remorselessly confined again. A chorus is introduced consisting of old men, fellow-dicasts, dressed as wasps, to indicate the "waspish" nature of the Athenian judges, which the chorus interprets in a magnificent passage, the famous Parabasis (at the close of Act II in the acting edition of the play) as the spirit of stinging resentment, the vigorous vindication of assaulted rights, such as they had displayed in their youth when they fought at Marathon. They aid Philocleon to make a fresh escape ; but in vain. The ensuing uproar is allayed by Bdelycleon's proposal that the case shall be tried out. Philocleon is to prove that the office of a dicast is a fine thing, he undertakes to prove the contrary. The result is that he convinces both his father and the chorus that they are the victims of the demagogues who, under a show of power, leave them in abject poverty while enriching themselves with all the substantial emoluments of the state.

Here the play as a political satire ends, and here Aristophanes might have left it. But he goes on, moved, no doubt, by considerations of popularity, to add a scene of pure comedy and another of broad farce, between which, in effective contrast, come the shining muses of the Parabasis.

In the next scene, then, Philocleon is represented as sobered by the insight he has gained into the true position of the dicasts, but dejected at his loss of occupation. He is cheered up, however, by being told that he need not go to the courts to judge ; he can judge, and that with far greater comfort and honor, at home. A culprit is found in one of the house-dogs, who has stolen and eaten a Sicilian cheese. A court is improvised with all the appropriate paraphernalia ; the old man is comfortably seated, provided with a basin of gruel, a live cock being hung up in a cage above his head, to wake him up by his crowing if he should happen to fall asleep ; the initiatory ceremonies are

duly performed and the trial goes forward. The other house-dog appears as the accuser, the domestic utensils (characters so dressed up) are introduced as witnesses, there are the speeches of the advocates. The whole scene is a clever parody of an Athenian court trial, one very amusing feature being the bringing in of a basket of puppies, the offspring of the accused, to move the pity and clemency of the judge. The old man, however, who has never acquitted anyone in his life, is bent on conviction, but is tricked by Bdelycleon into casting his stone into the acquitting oven. When he learns the result, he faints away.

This is his last appearance as a dicast. Under the tutelage of his son, he is now prepared to enter society in the quality of an up-to-date Athenian gentleman. He is instructed in the arts of deportment and conversation; he learns to cap verses. Dressed in the latest fashion—his protest against the change of clothes was his last feeble resistance to the new order of things—he is taken to a banquet, where he gets gloriously drunk. In this condition he insults the guests, knocks over the basket of a baking-girl, insists on dancing and comports himself generally as a *père prodigue*. Threatened with prosecution by the persons he has offended, he meets their several charges with some merry tale or other, adding insult to insult, but never losing his good humor. Finally the three sons of Carcinus come dancing on the stage and the whole scene ends hilariously in a wild orgy of dancing in which everybody joins.

It would require some pains to point out the elements of universal interest which could make a play so preëminently and pertinently local and temporal appeal to a modern audience, and I shall not attempt the task. I shall merely report that it aroused the audience, of which I was one, on the night of the fourth of the six performances, to a pitch of enthusiasm such as I have rarely seen at an English University; I was reminded, happily, of familiar scenes on nights of the Senior play in Northampton. The success of the performance was due to the careful attention that had been given to every detail of staging, costuming, vocal and mimetic expression, and to the finish with which, after the first two or three performances at any rate, the plans were carried out. Some of the evolutions of the chorus might possibly have been changed to advantage, but the total effect left little to be desired. I have never seen a more perfect

piece of comedy acting than that of Mr. D. H. Robertson, a recently elected Fellow of Trinity, who took the part of Philocleon; the character might easily have been made ridiculous; in his hands it became both amusing and pathetic. He was admirably supported in the more difficult part of Bdelycleon by Mr. J. R. M. Butler, a son of the Master of Trinity; with commendable self-restraint, instead of playing the buffoon, he brought out the cultured side of Bdelycleon's character and his real affection for his father, in spite of all his harsh measures to control him. I have no time to speak of the other individual players—the "dogs," for example, would have to be seen to be appreciated—but I cannot forbear to mention the fine singing and the fine *presence* of the Chorus, showing how utterly unnecessary it is that old men should always be represented in the doddering decrepitude in which we have been accustomed to see them in our college plays in Northampton.

And finally, I must say a word about the music, which was composed especially for the play by Dr. Vaughan Williams. I have no competency to speak of it technically, but even a layman might recognize it as a great and impressive composition. "Tired!" said one of the chorus scornfully to a musical critic after one of the performances; "how could we be tired after singing such glorious stuff?" There have been other Greek plays at Cambridge equally well acted—one every three years is now the rule; the distinction of this year's play, as all admit, was its wonderful music.

It will probably be long before we have in America in any one of our colleges that combination of musical talent, voice cultivation and classical scholarship which, with a good instinct for acting, made this play possible. To see a play of this sort given at its best, we must cross the ocean. Yet there is no reason why the same good qualities of voice, the same fine feeling for the lines and situations, the same self-restraint and, when called for, the same abandon should not be cultivated and expressed in the production of our English plays, no reason except the carelessness and the slovenliness in study, thought and speech and in the ordinary intercourse of life which fail to provide the proper background of culture. The requisite qualities cannot be gathered together *ad hoc*. One of the things that has impressed me most in my observation of the English students is that they habitually treat each other as gentlemen.

Cambridge, December 4, 1909.

LIFE AND ENVIRONMENT

BY VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN

Life's in a rounded cup
Of a most precious metal.
See, in the king's hand lifted up,
Through crafty molding
How it takes on it a complicate art
To lighten the holding.
Tortuous mazes and subtle refinings,
Dull beaten patterns against colored shinings—
Such is the form in the hands of a king,
But the wine is the thing.

Strong is its taste and drenching,
As from the peasant's bowl,
Which, his knotty hands clenching,
Takes all for the grip
And no thought for the pattern
Lest the cup slip.
Rough, rude surface of unlightened spaces.
An unchased cup serves lowly places.
But the draught is the same for peasant and king,
And the wine is the thing.

A WINTER PICTURE

BY HELEN FITZJAMES SEARIGHT

The wild wind shrills through the drooping pines
As they bend and sway with their weight of snow,
And as far cold sun in a steely sky
Lights the white earth with its chilly glow.

The pale dim elves of the ice-bound north
Have clasped their frosty fingers tight,
And circling in eerie dance, they leap
Through the frozen gloom by the low sun's light.

Winter and cold—yet the earth will wake
From its heavy sleep, and a sparrow sing
In the snow-bent boughs of the pines that stand
Stark, waiting the first soft touch of spring.

THE POOR FARM CHRISTMAS

BY MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

"Nancy!"

The sun streamed in brightly over the clean, bare floor. It was the only bright thing in the room, and the two old ladies, sitting huddled under their thin shawls in its full rays, were glad it was a clear day. They had little but the weather to break the monotony of their lives, the old people at the poor farm, and they had been silent now for so long a time that the mention of her name brought Nancy out of her dream with a start.

"I do believe I was asleep," she said.

"Nancy, do you know that to-morrow is Christmas?"

The matron, ironing in the adjoining room, set her iron down heavily. "There!" she said to herself, "now it's happened. And I don't know as it's any worse to have it happen than it is to think it might, and dread it. Only everybody in this house will know now, and I did hope they wouldn't."

In the other room the two were eagerly talking of Christmas, but it was of past Christmases they spoke. They were living in memory, rehearsing the holidays they had known, and the discussion the matron dreaded to hear did not come until, the ironing done, she was starting toward the doorway with the weekly mending in a basket on her arm. Then their words made her pause an instant.

"Do you suppose we'll have anything here, Nancy?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. We kind of hoped we'd have pie for Thanksgiving, but when we didn't I thought maybe Mrs. Spring was saving up for Christmas. If she could she would, I'm sure of that, but we've had a hard winter and the town is poor, so maybe they'll have to put all the money they can get into new blankets, 'stead of Christmases."

Mrs. Spring sighed. Nancy had told the truth only too well. Last week, when the overseers had made their quarterly visit, they had looked over the books and approved.

"You understand the work very well, very well, Mrs. Spring," one of them had said. "There'll be no money for luxuries this winter, with food and coal as high as they are now, and taxes as hard to pay. You'll have to keep the food down. No starv-

ing, you understand, but not much meat, and no waste. I think Christmas need not differ from any other day, this year, Mrs. Spring."

"Yes sir. And could you tell me, sir, if anyone is to—is to remember the people here, this year? You see I wasn't here last Christmas, I came in January, but the women have said something about some church—St. Paul's, I think—that gave them things and came out in the afternoon for services. They seem to think a lot of it, sir."

"Oh yes. Bless my soul, I very nearly forgot. The rector of St. Paul's wrote to one of us the other day saying that the church had decided to give up that plan this year. I believe he gave some reasons, but I didn't read the whole letter. They told me to tell you what he said, and I'm sure he said that the plan had been given up. If I were you I should say nothing about Christmas, perhaps they won't know when it comes."

"Yes sir," said Mrs. Spring dutifully, with her mind in anything but a dutiful condition. Take away the paupers' dinner and their prospects of any Christmas at all! Indeed she wouldn't tell them, they'd break their poor old hearts. If the overseers weren't so sharp, she would try to give them a better dinner, but they would be sure to find out. And she had no money, she couldn't help that way, and her husband, though the kindest man that ever was, didn't hold with fixings. She knew she couldn't go to him with Christmas desires.

After their very simple dinner Mr. Spring came into the kitchen. "Market day, Martha," he said, "hurry up!"

"Oh, Hiram, I forgot, and it's the day before Christmas, and the place will be crowded. Hadn't we better put off going?"

"So 'tis! I never thought of it. And I could ha' put it off, but I promised a man we'd bring in that bag of grain he wants for seed, and he's going in to meet me. I guess we'll have to go."

Mrs. Spring hated the trip, hated the Christmas decorations, hated the bustling crowds. She had never had any children, and the helpless old people under her care had awakened a flood of maternal feeling that was all the stronger for the years it had lain dormant. She had hoped beyond hope that something would happen to make the morrow different from other days, the old people had so little change in their lives. Many of them had known such happy Christmases, and for almost all of them to-morrow would be the first entirely unnoticed Christmas day.

If she had ten cents—ten cents wouldn't go very far for twenty-four people, but if she had fifteen—so her thoughts ran on, until at last her mind turned to the recreant church of St. Paul's. What did that pleasant woman mean, a month ago, by coming out and getting the names of all the paupers? She had implied that they were going to do their usual gift giving. They had changed their minds since then, had they? Very well, but she wished they had to spend Christmas in the poor-house just once, perhaps they'd be more thoughtful.

She was unusually silent during the drive, and when her husband pulled up at the market, and she had her usual hour to spend in looking at shop windows, she determined to stay in the wagon this time. It was the first time that she had not thoroughly enjoyed the trip to town, with the little happenings to tell to those at home, but now her heart was bitter against the Christmas spirit, which did nothing for her people.

Her husband was away longer than usual, and it was quite dark when they reached home.

"There's some one waiting to see you, Mrs. Spring," said at least a dozen voices. "He's in the front room."

"And I lighted the fire there, Mrs. Spring," said Nancy.

"I'm glad you did," answered Mrs. Spring. "It must be somebody wants something, to wait as long as this. I'll go in now, and when Mr. Spring comes in, tell him where I am," and she went through the hall without taking off her hat and coat. She shut the front room door behind her, to the intense disappointment of the old people, who had hoped to catch some words of the interview.

"How do you do, Mrs. Spring?" said a genial voice. "I am deputed by the rector of St. Paul's to come out here and help you with your Christmas, and so I have been patiently waiting till you and your husband came home from your Christmas shopping."

"There must be some mistake," she said. "We don't have Christmas this year."

"You will not have it the same way. The plan was changed, not given up. This year, instead of giving just tobacco and yarn, we're using money which the Sunday School is devoting to charity, and we are getting the proper Christmas-y things for everybody. I am at the head of the poor farm committee. Surely, you were told?" For Mrs. Spring sank down, utterly bewildered.

"No, sir. The overseers told us, last week, that the church had given up the usual plan, that's all they said, except that on account of hard times the town couldn't let us have an extra dinner even, the day must be just like every day."

"Well, it was a misunderstanding," said the man, realizing that there had been great carelessness somewhere, for the rector had written fully about the new plans. "Anyway, it is as well that you have made no extra plans, for we have made them for you. When the old people sat down to supper I brought in the baskets from the automobile that is waiting down the road. Here," and he pulled forth a huge basket, "is the dinner. We didn't get potatoes and pumpkins, because you have them, but instead we got extra amounts of sugar and things, so that the cost of the meal will be about equal. I believe you have to give strict account of the food."

He paused, for even in the firelight he could see that Mrs. Spring was crying. Quite unconsciously she was holding the big turkey in one hand and a bag of cranberries in the other, and was unable to wipe away the tears that ran down her cheeks.

"Come, Mrs. Spring, you mustn't do that," he said, gently relieving her of the turkey. "If you do that I shall think you blame me for giving you so much extra work. And that isn't all I've brought. See, here are pairs of stockings for all the old children, one filled and the other rolled up inside. We did have fun filling those stockings," he added reminiscently. "They've got about everything in them that a grown-up child would like. You see, every one of the committee had his ideas as to what we should get, and for a wonder there was money enough to get everything. There's nothing expensive, but it's just as well. Is this Mr. Spring?"

Martha turned to her husband, who had been standing in the doorway long enough to catch the drift of things.

"My wife and I are much obliged to you, sir," he said. "I guess she's been feeling pretty bad, not to be making Christmas for the old people. You see, this is our first Christmas here and we've got pretty fond of them."

"Of course you have," said the man heartily. "Well, now I've seen you, I'll go back to the church and report. I wish you a Merry Christmas."

"I—oh Mister—" called Mrs. Spring, as he started across the dooryard. He turned and came up the steps.

"I—I don't want you to think that I was crying because of the work," she said hurriedly. "I'd have worked all night if only I could have had something to give them in the morning. And now they'll be so pleased! I don't suppose—you couldn't come out and see them yourself, sir, could you?"

"I'm afraid not, I wish I could," said the man. "But I understand how you felt, and I'm sorry the plan didn't reach you in time to prevent your worrying. But everything's all right now. Merry Christmas again!" and he was gone.

"Little woman," said her husband, as they turned to go in—terms of affection were rare with him and Martha patted his arm in reply—"if I'd ha' known how bad you felt we'd ha' done something anyway. But as he said, it's all right now. And I found a note from the overseers, they've sent out the new blankets. They don't say, but I s'pose they think these blankets take the place of a Christmas present, even if we did have to have 'em any way. What do you think, shall we give them out to-night?"

"Oh no, Hiram," she protested, "let's give them all out to-morrow, they won't mind being cold one more night, and I'll tell them that something nice is going to happen. Come, let's hurry and get them to bed, so we can hang up the stockings. Do you suppose they've ever had stockings before?"

"No, I don't b'lieve they ever did," replied Hiram. "I'm sure we'd have heard of it if they had."

Later, after the old people had gone to bed, excited by the joyful hints which Mrs. Spring had given, and after the stockings and socks had been properly labelled and hung on twenty-four nails around the big fire-place, Hiram shamefacedly laid down a parcel before his wife. She looked at it, and then at him, inquiringly.

"It—, I bought it for you," he said.

"For me! Why, Hiram, I never—," and she opened it. There were twenty-four little candy canes!

"I was buying some stuff in town and I found they were selling these off because it was Christmas eve. And I sort of thought you felt bad at not having anything to give the folks, so I thought these would do for dinner."

"Hiram," said his wife, with shining eyes, as she laid the candy at each place, "it's the nicest Christmas I ever had."

"You didn't think so this afternoon," chuckled Hiram.

A DREAMER OF DREAMS

BY HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER

The girl sat on the top step of the veranda, her hands clasped around her knees. A little breeze, coming up from the river, stirred the hair on her forehead and crinkled the sleeves of her soft white dress into waves through which her pink arms showed dimly. The girl looked at the wide lawn, covered with little heaps of newly-cut grass which gave out a pleasant odor; she saw the straight gravel path, bordered with rose-bushes, which led down to the white gate. In the field over the way the crickets were chirping sleepily, and from the spring in the huckleberry pasture came the croaking of a frog. The girl gave a soft sigh of pleasure.

Then, above the chirping of the crickets and the croaking of the frog, there rose another sound, sharper and more insistent. It was the click of a horse's feet on the state road. Through the trees the girl could see a high cart with yellow wheels, drawn by a sleek black horse. The woman who was driving was young and very pretty. She bowed to the girl as she went by. The girl knew that it was young Mrs. Chandler going to the station to meet her husband. Suppose——It was no longer the woman who was driving, but the girl. She held herself very straight on the high seat and she grasped the reins firmly in one hand, holding the whip in the other. The whistle of a locomotive sounded; the girl flicked the horse's shiny flank with the whip. On they went, past green fields, past houses with people at the windows. The girl bowed, smiling gaily, then—

"Your father's gone to bed, dear, and I think I'll go over to Cousin Mattie's for a minute," her mother came out on the veranda. "I've locked the back door and I guess everything's all right."

The girl gave herself a little shake.

"You'd better take your shawl," she said gently. "It's real chilly."

She watched her mother go down the path, holding her dress up carefully in order that it might not touch the wet rose-

bushes. The girl leaned against the post of the veranda, tilting her head back to watch the tops of the trees and the clouds sailing above them. Somewhere up the street a dog barked, and changing her position, she saw a small boy coming down the road, with a Scotch collie running along beside him. The girl knew the boy; he came every summer and lived in the big house on the hill. What if—The boy, the dog at his heels, is coming up the path. Shyly, and after much searching through his many pockets, he hands the girl a note. She reads it eagerly, although she already knows what is in it. "Jack has come home unexpectedly—some college friends—only a few days—a little dancing. Would the girl?" *Would* she? She turns to the boy. "Tell your mother—" but the boy is no longer there, and even the girl herself is changed. She sees herself standing in the doorway, fastening the last button of her glove; they are very long gloves, so long that they lie in delicious wrinkles and yet reach quite up to the girl's short sleeves. A carriage rolls up the drive, the girl picks up the soft folds of her train and—

"Hello there!" The girl started. The boy still passing? "Hello!" said the boy again, and his tone was bold. Alas, it was only in dreams that the boy was shy.

"Hello," responded the girl.

The boy went on down the road and the barking of the dog grew fainter and fainter. The girl sitting on the top step watched the fireflies in the field over the way. Suddenly the light of the fireflies faded into a greater light that swept down the road in an ever-widening path. The sound of the melancholy frog was drowned in the steady throb of machinery. The girl gave a little gasp; of course there were automobiles in town, but this was different. She knew how it looked, although the bend in the road hid it from her. It was long and it was neither red nor green, but steel gray. It flashed with lamps and with mysterious shiny bars and knobs; it bristled with things to push and to pull. The back seat was wide and very high, so that there was plenty of room in which to bounce about when there were bumps in the road. The machine would come around the corner with a rush and stop before the white gate. The man who was running the car would spring out and hurry up the gravel path. At the foot of the steps he would stop and bow very low. "Will you come with me?" he would say, and the girl would answer "Yes."

Together they would go down the path to the car and the man would help the girl into the front seat. The man, climbing in beside her, would pull something and push something else, and "the panting monster would spring forward, like a grayhound from its leash." The girl had thought that so many times that she could not remember whether it was original with her or whether she had read it in a book. On they would ride, gaining speed with every throb of the engine. The moon would come out from behind a bank of clouds, defying the glare of the searchlight. Fragments of poetry came to the girl's mind:

"What if we still ride on, we two,
With life for ever old yet new."

The sound of an automobile horn roused her and she looked up to see, not the grayhound of her dreams, but the delivery wagon of the laundry in the next town. The girl sighed; facts are such a check to the imagination.

She was so taken up with this idea that she did not at once notice a horse and carriage which was coming slowly down the road. There was a young man in the carriage and he seemed to be trying to hurry the horse, but his efforts were apparently in vain. One would have thought that the horse had acquired the habit of going slowly. Suppose—suppose—The horse is stopping and the young man gets out. He comes up to the steps with the air of one who is sure of his welcome. The girl rises and holds out her hand. "Good evening," she says gently. The young man's lips say "Good evening," but his eyes say many other things. He takes the girl's shawl from the back of the veranda chairs and silently they go down to where the carriage stands. Then—

The girl caught her breath; the latch of the gate had clicked. The young man was coming up the path eagerly, as if he were trying to make up for lost time. He did not stand at the foot of the stairs, but he came quite close to the girl, so close that she had to put her hand out quickly. The young man took it in his. "Good evening," he said politely, but his eyes said many other things. As the girl rose she touched her bare throat uncertainly and looked at the man.

"It's in the carriage—from last time," he laughed.

So they went down the gravel path together, past the rose-

bushes and out through the white gate, which clicked softly behind them. The girl patted the horse's nose and the horse rubbed his head gently against the girl's shoulder. Then the man helped the girl into the carriage and got in himself; the fat horse lifted his ponderous hoofs, the carriage creaked a very little and they went slowly down the road, past the huckleberry pasture where the frog croaked, and so on through the moonlight. And the girl knew that this was the best dream of all.

THE LOVE IN THE GARDEN

BY LAUREL SULLIVAN

The garden was very old, the rose petals of a century of summers had fluttered to its bosom and mouldered there. No sundial registered the passing days and the mystery of time was added to its other mysteries. A chastened and almost perpetual twilight lingered there beneath the tamaracks and the gently swinging mosses. There was no rich color, but flowers and grasses were interwoven like the faded tones of an old tapestry. The music of its fountain was muffled with moss, and down among the grasses, through the long quiet of the days and nights, the brook told its prayer on a rosary of pebbles. The birches might have been the silent white embodiment of spirits who, having known the garden in its glory, had returned after long pilgrimages to keep unfailing vigil there. The Love, fallen from his pedestal and half-buried in the grass was the symbol of the sadness in the garden. His yellowed limbs were overgrown with moss, his form was broken. With parted lips and wide unseeing eyes he gazed toward the sky, dreaming of the days when he was young, and the garden gate still moved on its hinges.

AN EGYPTIAN STATUE

BY HENRIETTA SPERRY

As one from whom all feeling is long fled
Beyond the touch of passion or surprise,
He sits aloof in changeless peaceful wise,
Clothed in the straightened garment of the dead.

BY WAY OF BEING A MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY MARION KEEP PATTON

Miss True, in her rented sitting-room, looked up from her reading, as the bang of the front door and an unwontedly brisk step on the stair reached her.

"Here's the coat I told you needed fixing. You're a trump to offer to do it for me. I thought I'd bring it over to-night, because a missing button would hardly impress the fair Miss Keith with a proper sense of my worth."

"The fair Miss Keith again?" queried Miss True. I imagined you were going to bring your drawing-board over and work here awhile. It's a long time since you've taken a stroke on that wonderful furniture you're designing. You'll be engaged and married and needing it yourself long before you've decided whether the dining-room set shall be Art Nouveau or Antique Dutch."

This sally was accompanied by the same smile which the public school teachers vied with each other to deserve, but it was met by the young architect lounging in her doorway with a short, almost annoyed laugh.

An easy-chair in which he loved to sit and smoke was drawn up on the other side of the table, and he noticed that the percolator was lighted, reminiscent of many a leisure evening of cosy chat and cosier silences.

"I don't believe I'll go, after all," he drawled. "It's beastly cold, and then you see I haven't any gray tie to go with the coat, and I couldn't shock Miss Keith's sense of the fitting, could I?"

He was already stretched in the lounging-chair with his tobacco-pouch out. Miss True looked at the serious mouth that drawled appealingly, and then at the brown eyes that were twinkling.

"I believe you grow lazier every day you live, George."

"Inconsistency, thy name is Abbie True." (Pause while the match is struck and applied. Puff—puff!) "When I thought of breasting the wintry blast you suggested that I stay here and draw molasses-candy curves on the pedestal of a dining-room table, but now that I stay, you—I give you up."

"You seem to have given the drawing up, too."

Deliberate puffs for reply.

Miss True worked on the coat while the light fell on her capable white hands and the lower part of her fine face. "Did I tell you, George, that the dear old lady you met last night said, 'My dear, I have fallen in love with that young brother of yours'? She wouldn't believe me when I told her that our only claim to relationship consisted in three years as next-door neighbors, and boarders at the same table, though I called you my adopted brother. Do we really look alike?"

"We both have hair and eyes like—coffee, and noses rather Romanesque than classic, but beyond that I fail to see the resemblance, for your friend, the Reverend Mr. What's-his-name, confided in me that you were a very handsome woman."

"Well, the old lady called you a pretty boy."

George, in the professional height of his twenty-seven years, was not lightly to be called "pretty boy," so, though he had intended to pursue the subject of the reverend gentleman's gallant remarks, he drew a letter from his pocket instead.

"Schwesterchen, read this letter from Mother and see if you don't think she needs a rest. Wouldn't it be nice to get her out here to visit, this summer? get a little house for the three of us? You make bully coffee—that would keep *me* happy. Look at it perking away now."

The mingled aroma of coffee and pipe-smoke stole pleasantly out of the door. Mrs. Smithers, the landlady, passing it, glanced in and went on smiling. "Two lonely souls!" she exclaimed to her daughter as she took off her apron. "I wonder now what they'd do without each other."

"Huh!" sniffed her daughter with a toss of the head. "I guess it's more than just loneliness for Miss True—and she's ten years older if she's a day. Talk about robbing the cradle! Just wait till he falls in love with some pretty girl and you'll see. She'll be worse than lonely!"

Maisie was seventeen with big blue eyes, red cheeks and large experience in affairs of the heart.

"Nonsense, Maisie," said her mother, but Maisie was smiling at herself in the glass and did not hear.

Meanwhile Miss True had filled their cups and was saying, "Why not? Why don't you persuade your mother to come during your vacation? I won't have school on my hands then,

and I'll do the housekeeping. I've never had a chance to do any before."

"Do you know, Mother and you ought to be bully friends. You're so capable."

"O no, George, not in her way. She'd be horrified at my ignorance when she discovered that I've never made a biscuit. I don't suppose having to teach school from the time I was sixteen would palliate the offense in her eyes. But I'd be game to try. Wouldn't it be fun? Let's see, it's early in March now. We'll watch the papers for house ads, and why not write your mother right away?"

"I say we do—it'll take us all spring to persuade her that the kids and Dad could survive without her."

It took much consultation to produce the masterpiece of persuasion which they desired, but at last it was sealed.

"Good-night, Schwesterchen. I'll mail it in the morning. Do you want me to do any errands down-town to-morrow? None? Well, good-night."

"I was in the path of least resistance to-night," mused Miss True, as she brushed out her heavy dark hair before the glass, "but inertia won't always hold. Hold! why, I've always been urging him to call on girls, to keep him from getting dull; why should I want to hold him back now? Perhaps it's because it used to be just 'girls,' and now it's Miss Keith. Why does she want him? She has a home and three brothers—three brothers!"—but her introspection proved only puzzling. Miss True dreamed that night that she was a little girl making biscuit so big and heavy she couldn't lift them, and of a mother who said, "Never mind, dear, run out and play with your brothers." So she did, and there were twelve of them, all exactly like George.

The next evening at dinner George wore a silver-gray tie which harmonized with his suit to a nicety.

It was the end of March. Not once since the first had the percolator chuckled at the two. As for Miss True, her old companion's half-apologetic "Guess I'll take in a show to-night, so you won't see me at dinner," or "Miss Keith has asked me to drop in to tea Sunday," made little variation in the breakfast commonplaces which were all he vouchsafed her. Then Sunday morning he surprised her with "Schwesterchen, have you felt the spring air? It's heavenly, and you're to come for a walk with me. You can't say no."

"George, you've never told me what your mother says about coming on," she ventured, as they set forth.

"I'm afraid we'll never work it, sister. I have her last letter here, I think—no, but it was just a lot of 'can't possibilities.' It would take more than we can ever do to swerve Mother from the path of duty. I say, isn't this air enough to make a man feel like one of those old pagan fellows—demigods, you know?"

For once Abbie True's spirit failed in response and did not soar with his, for was not a falling dream-house filled with mother-smiles and cookery, tugging that spirit downward, struggle as it might?

But George rattled on, unconscious. It was when they were well out on the awakening prairies that he turned to her and asked in his unhurried way, "Sister mine, what would you say if I told you I'm to be married?"

"Are—are you?"

"Not unless you approve. You ought to see Isabel Keith, sister, and then you'd understand. It's only lately that I've known how much she meant to me. I would have told you about it, as I do about everything, but I have been so busy. Now that I know she cares, too, I wanted to tell you. Say you're glad."

"Of course I'm glad, George. You are *very* happy, of course?"

"If you knew Isabel! I've told her all about you and she's very anxious to meet you. We're going to 'The Red Mill,' Tuesday night. Won't you come with us?"

"I'd like very much to meet her—if you are sure you want a third person."

"Why, you're one of the family! Of course we want you."

Tuesday evening Miss True met the little violet-eyed Miss Keith. She was very pretty, there was no denying it, and her manner was gracious, if she did scrutinize the older woman over-minutely through her golden eye-lashes.

"I have enjoyed meeting you very much, Miss True. We must be good friends. I'm a very foolish little thing, you see, and shall need all the sage advice I hear you know how to give," and Miss True, thus left at her door that night, heard Miss Keith's childish treble chattering up the street, and George softly laughing down at her.

Of course it was out of the question that the three should spend many such evenings. George suggested it to both of

them, but Miss True only laughed, "Run along and have a good time," and Isabel pouted, "But we were planning such a nice lovely evening together, George dear." Miss True called on Miss Keith, Miss Keith returned the call. The conversation wandered from Thomas concerts to the latest way of embroidering initials, but touched on George only casually. To Miss True's relief, her "sage advice" was not called for except on matters pertaining to table-linen, of which she knew nothing.

George, of course, she seldom saw. Every evening not spent with Isabel he did extra work, for which he had developed a new ambition. She, too, was very busy, although it was vacation, and even if she were tired, holidays without a home to spend them in were better employed working than idling. But there were intervals when the adopted brother and sister had chats as in the good old times, and Miss True pored over plans of the little house he was designing, and talked hangings for the flat that must suffice for a while, with as much interest as if she had not known that Isabel the next day might tell him the opposite, and it would be done.

"When we're married you're coming to see us a lot, aren't you?" he would say. "It's going to be half your home."

Then September came, and the wedding. Miss True had the flat open and sunny for them when they came back, with a fire on the hearth. "How nice to have such a sister," George thought, contentedly, and insisted on getting her after dinner to sit with them before its blaze, though Isabel pouted prettily over a visitor their "first evening at home."

"You must come both of you and have coffee with me," Miss True said, "in memory of the old days." So they made a point of dropping in every Friday night.

It was late in the fall, and a snowy Friday evening. The little flat was very cozy and warm, and Isabel, like a rosy child in her light gown, was perched on the arm of George's chair.

"Now, George," she was saying, "you're not going to drag us out to-night. You know you're tired, dear, aren't you? and just think, I'd have to put on a horrid thick dress and high shoes!" She kicked her little slipper off and held her silk-clad toes to the fire. "See," and she slid down into the slipper again, and fetching his pipe, filled it with pretty intentness. "Don't I do it well, George? It's like a story, isn't it? I always thought I'd learn so I could do it for you. Now let me

light it, *please*. I'll *promise* not to burn your nose. Now, were you ever more comfortable in your life?"

"No, never, but don't you think, dear, she'll be disappointed? We always come Friday nights." The protest came languidly, between puffs.

"Of course not! That minister who's crazy about her is probably calling, or something. Why should she want stupid old married people like us bothering her, when she has serious things to think about, like school—and ministers?"

"So you think she prefers school and ministers to us?"

"No, George, I don't. That was a little cruel, when she's so good to us. Do you know, I've tried ever so hard to know her, and she tries, too, but I never feel as if I really did. Do you understand her, George dear?" Her tone was wistful. "Sometimes I think she understands you better than I do," ran the thought in her heart, but the words did not reach her lips. "We'll go sometime soon, dear, truly, only not to-night, please, please. I want you all to myself. She won't expect us in the snow. O, and George, I must tell you what wonderful things to eat I've been planning when your mother comes. Let's see, it's next Monday. What is her favorite dish, George?"

Maisie, in the parlor at the Smithers' boarding-house, was entertaining a very young man, at the same time keeping alert for footsteps on the porch. Though piqued at the slight impression her charms had made upon Miss True's "brother," he had not lost all interest for her. As the minutes passed and no one came, her cheeks became brighter than ever with the joy of an inward "I told you so."

Up-stairs Miss True sat motionless beside the table with its shaded lamp, while the percolator "perked" and "perked" and gurgled at her in vain. Her eyes were far away, as the clock ticked on and on and the snow fell outside monotonously.

At last she roused herself, and turned off the merry blue alcohol flame. "I know now how mothers feel," she smiled, "how his mother felt, and once I thought him to blame. How much I understand now. His mother—yes, we've both lost him—the old renunciation—and I, who had so little right to gain or loss, I should be grateful." Then she laughed whimsically. "I little thought when I was striving to be an older sister that I should turn out a mother-in-law."

THOMAS CARLYLE

BY HENRIETTA SPERRY

Oh what hast thou to do with petty things,
The feeble flickers of men's small desire,
Whose eyes have seen the elemental fire
Flame in the hearts of prophets and of kings ;
Thou who dost see the light the morning brings
Gleam through the shadowy twilight of all time,
And clearer grow and stronger, till sublime
'Round earth the day its great white glory flings ?
Oh what to thee men's little song and rhyme,
Who hearest where all teasing noises cease,
The thunder of the years since earth began,
The clash of nations in a wild rude chime ;
And catchest through the pulse of centuries
The stormy music of the heart of man ?

MICHELANGELO'S JEREMIAH

BY HENRIETTA SPERRY

A Titan with the strength of many years,
A seer of an old prophetic race,
In weariness of soul he meditates,
With ancient sorrow in his brooding face.

SKETCHES

THE GENTLE ART OF REPOSE

BY HELEN BRAY DE LONG

Whether it be a phase of twentieth century American life which manifests itself in the rush and whirl of our father's business life and in the clubs or charitable activities of our mothers ; or whether it is due to the multiplicity of organizations which have grown up in the college itself, certain it is that we, as college students, are in a fair way to lose entirely the "gentle art" of repose. With the popular cry against requirements it would hardly do to insert the cultivation of this art into our curriculum as in a fashionable finishing-school ; but as reasonable beings, who are, to an extent at least, "the masters of our fate," should we not give it a place among the privileges of our free will ?

In our social life our restlessness is everywhere manifested. We crowd our days with as many "dates" as the number of our waking hours. Our memoranda record our engagements, as if with every striking of the hour we were locked into an English railway carriage, not to be released until, with the sound of the next signal, we are hastily transferred to another compartment. Rare indeed is an engagement pad which can display a notice of any one occupation which fills the entire afternoon.

Disconcerting as this constant rush from one thing to another may be to ourselves, it might be pardoned if we did not transmit our restless spirit to our friends. But alas ! the innocent must ever suffer with the guilty ! How much real enjoyment can be gained from a visit which opens thus ? "I can't stay a minute. I really oughtn't to be here at all, for I suppose So-and-so is *furious* because I don't meet her now," and which is frequently interrupted by furtive glances at one's watch, or even protracted excursions along the corridor in search of some one who has the right time. A person of quiet and meditative

tastes has no choice in the matter; if left to herself she would sit contentedly by her own hearth-fire—metaphorically speaking; but her friends, like the Red Queen, drag her along perforce, crying “Faster, faster,” until she feels, with Alice, as if she could not go faster though she has no breath left to say so.

Our restless friend may defend her position by declaring that it isn't right to lose any of the opportunities college offers; moreover, that one can't refuse, or choose between things, without hurting someone's feelings; the girl whom she refuses will be sure to have her toes trampled on. It's a pity our toes are such sensitive members! And when the defender of the active life is asked for instances she is more than likely to look embarrassed and say, “Well, of course I never do refuse, for I know just what it would mean.” A first step in our quest of repose might well be learning to say “No”!

As for seizing the opportunities which college offers, the whole force of the question is changed when we shift the emphasis from society to knowledge, for acquiring which, after virtue, our college was founded.

Unfortunately, the desire for change is not confined within the limits of our social activities; it invades even the realm of our intellectual pursuits. Here, too, our hour-schedule prevails, and we feel that we are being treated with great injustice if we are forced to listen to a lecture for more than fifty or sixty minutes. We cough, we squirm, we nudge our neighbor, like John Percyfield we “withdraw our interest,” until even the most redoubtable lecturer, one who is most absorbed in his subject, must feel as if he were talking to a group of kindergarten children or against a stone wall.

To a casual observer, overhearing the oft-repeated remark, “I can't work another minute; I never can do one thing for more than an hour without getting so cross and tired,” the scholarly atmosphere of the “haunts of learning” must present a very illusive problem.

In part, at least, the schedule itself is responsible for this attitude. There is a break every time the gong sounds in the recitation halls, and whenever the girls troop back and forth from classes in the dormitories; and the habit of moving when the bell rings becomes almost second nature.

In the second place, we can gladly concede that lack of concentration is more a part of the first two than of the last two

years of the college course. The members of the lower classes have to become acclimated to their new surroundings; it is not until her third, or even her fourth year that a girl entirely appreciates the pleasure of study *per se*, or fully understands the larger aspects of education.

Closely associated with the lack of social and intellectual repose is what we may call (for the sake of the analogy) lack of spiritual repose. We are gregarious creatures; we become so accustomed to working and playing, even to thinking together, that when we are left alone we hardly know what to do or how to think.

We defend ourselves by pleading that other persons' ideas are so worth while, other persons' points-of-view so valuable that we want to have all we can of them.

All this is very true. Yet when we come down to fundamentals each individual must, in the nature of the case, be unique and alone. In the long run it is our own remoulding of the ideas which we have gained from various sources, our own ideals formulated in our hours of meditation which must furnish the motive-force of our lives.

TO A WIND HARP

BY DOROTHY BLISS USHER

Thy song's of the glorious morning sea,
When the sky and the surf are gray,
When abandoned sea-weed darkens the shore,
And the mermaids call in the spray.
It is then that thy chords are wild and free,
Touched by the breath of the boisterous sea.

Thy song's of the peaceful noonday sea,
When the sky and the surf are blue,
When the tide slips back from the vagrant sands,
And bares the bald rocks to view.
It is then that thy tune swings blithe and fleet,
And echoes the dance of the naiads' feet.

Thy song's of the wondrous evening sea,
When the sky and the surf are white,
When phosphorous shimmers over the bay,
And touches the beach with light.
It is then that thy notes grow mystic and sweet,
As the indolent waves now advance, now retreat.

THE PERFECT SITUATION

BY ARLINE G. BROOKS

"From the time I was born," Elizabeth Cooke was wont to say, "nothing perfect has happened to me; and when a thing isn't perfect," she added as she grew older, "it is frequently ridiculous."

When asked what she meant by "perfect," she would answer vaguely, "Oh, I don't know exactly. Something you read about. The Juliets of fiction have everything happen to them at the right time in the right place, and when they themselves are at their best. At my first party I lost my hair-ribbon and my hair hung in strings all over my face. The only college football game I ever went to was spoiled by the fact that the homeliest man I know was the man who asked me to go. When I graduated from "high" my skirt sagged in the back—can you imagine anything less dramatic than a sagging skirt?—and when finally after twenty lessons I learned to swim and Dad said I might go canoeing with Jack, we went on our old pond with a factory on one bank; and the canoe was a hired one—I can't stand hired things. It was ninety degrees in the shade, and, finally, there was a strawberry stain on the front of my shirt-waist. Why didn't Romeo come in the Montague gondola for a daintily clad Juliet, to glide with her through the cool shadows cast on the canal by a Capulet mansion and the Doge's palace? That's what I mean."

Jack's proposal was another disappointment. Such a thing to have fall flat! In the first place, Jack was no Romeo. Then there was no balcony scene; not even a moon. There was a stuffy library, and there were three electric lights. But there remained for Elizabeth some consolation in the fact that since she had not accepted Jack it was not her last opportunity for a perfect proposal.

When Elizabeth went away to college Jack made love through the mail, until the girl told him to stop. And when Jack found her really positive, he did stop. "I must burn all his letters," thought Elizabeth, smiling somewhat grimly, when the pile had lain stationary for some weeks.

It was a dark, rainy afternoon in the early spring when Elizabeth set about clearing out her desk. She worked diligently for an hour or two and, just as twilight was falling, opened the drawer which contained Jack's letters. As her eyes fell on the disarranged piles she stopped. There flashed into her mind a scene in a story she had read, where a young woman on the eve of her betrothal burned all her old letters, indulging in tears over certain pressed flowers as she threw them into the flames. The scene had been portrayed not only by the pen of a ready writer, but as skillfully by the pencil of a clever artist. The soft glow of the fire had set dim ghosts in the shadows of the back ground and had brought into high relief the girl sitting on the rug before the grate. It had appealed to Elizabeth immediately as a "perfect situation."

"An artist never depicts a situation which isn't perfect," she mused.

After a second's pause she glanced hastily around the room. Dusky shadows had settled in the corners, and the twilight gloom, made deeper by the rain, was resting over all; the one bright spot was the fire in the grate. Elizabeth was clad in a loose silk dressing-gown, and her hair hung in two braids to her waist.

"For once it shall be perfect," she said defiantly, "even if I am the only one to see and appreciate it," and her thoughts flew to the pressed pansies of the would-be Romeo and as quickly turned to the figure of the other woman, weeping and destroying *her* pansies. She thought her packet was tied with pink ribbon; she hoped so.

"Perfect situations," like many other things, lose half their charm if premeditated. Elizabeth realized this and pulled over her papers with feverish haste, lest when the moment came she should have the foolish feeling which she had experienced sometimes when rehearsing her part in a play for the third or fourth time. Here were Grandma Sayles's weekly notes, Cousin Dick's painful, childish printing, Sister Margery's newsy budget, but among all the scrawls none like Jack's.

Suddenly she stopped with an exclamation of dismay and disgust. This time the mental picture was not one of a woman, or of tears, or of pansies; it was of a sullen, somewhat angry girl alternately rattling the kitchen stove and thrusting in papers and letters snatched from the waste-paper basket standing near.

She had burned those letters in the kitchen stove—think of it! She had almost wept indeed, not over the flowers, but over the damper! And now here she was trying to work up sentiment!

A log on the hearth fell apart. Gay little sparks danced up the chimney, mocking the shadows in the room. Elizabeth crossed the room suddenly and turned on the electric lights.

“When a thing isn’t *perfect* it is ridiculous,” she exclaimed.

FREAKS AND GENIUSES

BY ESTHER CRANE

There are two classes of girls in college, perhaps in the world, but I know only about college. They are the girls who lead and the girls who follow. Most of the girls in college follow the leader; they elect the popular courses, choose the popular color for their winter suits, and even have crushes in the popular song-leader,—all without stopping to think whether they really want these things or not, all for the sake of going with the crowd. Not so with the genius and the freak. They go their own way, and follow their own desires, not influenced in the least by their companions’ choices. And this is what makes them freaks and geniuses.

Whether they are freaks or geniuses depends on a very simple rule. The popular freak is a genius and the unpopular genius is a freak. But it is just here that the trouble begins. For the genius’ enemies always insist that she is a freak, while the freak’s friends—and the worst freak has them—just as loudly assert that she is a genius. And so we spend much time violently attacking our horrid queer enemies, and just as violently defending our delightful but eccentric friends.

A clear understanding of this principle of division would explain why “that queer little Freshman pill, who never combs her hair,” is changed into “the fascinating genius with the carelessly artistic coiffure.” It is not entirely a matter of hair-dressing.

Also with this understanding we might become less blind in our admiration of the genius, and less cruel in our condemnation of the freak. Perhaps we might even aid the freak in becoming a genius. It is a great honor to have discovered a genius.

THE CONCEITED CABBAGE

BY REBECCA ELMER SMITH

This is a Fable, not necessarily after La Fontaine because of its inanimate subject, nor à la George Ade on account of the capitals used, but just a Fable, partaking of the Tragic.

Once upon a time there was a Cabbage, a very insignificant one, that grew in the front left-hand corner of the cabbage patch, where the dust blew on it and the hot sun withered it. So it did not grow round and fat like the rest of the cabbages, but scraggled along anyhow, poor little runt, until the end of the summer. In consequence the farmer who owned the patch decided that, since it was not a marketable sort of a Cabbage, he would leave it for seed and remove its Fellows to a near-by mart.

The Cabbage, who was tactfully kept in ignorance of the reason for its continued tranquility, considered this a direct interposition of Destiny, and began to cherish High Ideals.

"I am the chosen one of my race," he said, "and I resolve to be worthy of the distinction." So he started in to grow up to a position where he could overlook the rest of the world. From the top of several inches of ragged stalk, he surveyed with compassion not unmixed with contempt the fat Cabbages around him, lying ready to be carted away. Whereas he should have been meekly grateful for his fate, he became conceited.

"I will be the finest Cabbage that ever grew," he boasted aloud, but the Celery soldiers that towered next to him were too well acquainted with Cabbage-nature to place much importance on the brag. After all, he was just a runty little Cabbage going to seed. So they laughed at him as he kept growing taller, and even whispered the joke of the Aspiring Cabbage to the Violet-bed that lay on the other side of them.

Humans, going by, would sniff the fragrance of the Violets with delight, and the Cabbage, soaking in self-importance, took it as a direct compliment, which was absurd for various reasons.

"It's not every Cabbage that Humans stop to sniff," he told the Celery, while they nudged each other and chuckled. "I am elevating my race by calling Public Attention to them.

Success consists of notice." He put out a few more inches of stalk, and then he saw the Violet-bed beyond the lines of Celery. He curled his leaves contemptuously.

"Poor little purple things! So close to the ground! Who would ever stop to notice them?"

Two Humans came that way one night when there was a large, romantic moon. The man looked at the Cabbage with deep sympathy.

"That fellow has pluck," he murmured.

The girl's look was disparaging. "After all, you know, he might as well sit down comfortably and be a cabbage. That's all he is. Won't you pick me some of the pretty violets, Jack?"

It might have withered anything but the Cabbage. He was a man that knew something of the world, however, and of Philosophy—and anyhow, it was just like a woman.

IN MY CANOE

BY HELEN TUCKER LORD

In my canoe, with cushions gay,
I drift through all the sunlit day,
 I see the long dark shadows grow,
 And feel the perfumed breezes blow,
And watch the giant clouds at play.
Then when the world grows chill and gray,
And twilight drops across the bay,
 I turn my back and homeward go
 In my canoe.

So let the world say what it may,
Of workers' work and players' play;
 The current of my life shall flow,
 Through all the days, serene and slow,
Just as I sail the rippled way
 In my canoe.

THE NOISE OF THE WIND

BY HELEN HONIGMAN

O the noise of the wind is in the deeps,
And up on the mountain-tops it creeps,
 And shrills!
And my heart in a sorrow strange it steeps,
And my soul with a longing wild it sweeps,
 And thrills!

THE FEUDAL LORD OF ABBOTSFORD

BY HELEN DENMAN

Scott's love for feudal days sprang rather from sentiment than from any conviction that this state of society was the best. As a boy he had been so filled with stories of knights errant, of Border raids and the feuds between Scotch clans, that his mind dwelt naturally in castles and halls rather than in peasants' quarters or factories, and busied itself with noble deeds full of color and sound, rather than with the miseries of the poor, with their dullness and squalor. Scott saw to it that his own tenantry were well-housed and fed, but rather because he liked the attitude of protector than from any broad-minded philanthropy. The idea of a state where each individual should feed, clothe and shelter himself, where each should be a self-sufficient unit,—the ambition of a republican society,—such an idea never occurred to Scott. He never thought of the amelioration of the masses by better representation, by beneficial legislation, child-labor laws, educational provisions, and such methods. He was a typical Tory in that he thought a personal code of ethics sufficient for such needs; he was blind to the fact that the problems of the great body of the poor demanded *organized* movement on the part of the privileged class. This higher kind of "*noblesse oblige*" Scott never recognized.

The reason for this blindness lies in his being entirely swayed by sentiment. Scott was not a thinker. His poetical imagination served him instead. What seemed to him beautiful or noble was right. The charm of the old feudal days, the poetry of them, which was only one part of the picture, was the only part his imagination saw, and determined Scott's Tory bent. Another phase of his temperament, his chivalry, at bottom founded on fine health and spirits, determined his sympathies. He had never suffered enough to sympathize profoundly with the poor.

To the end of his days Scott was a boy, full of spirits and imagination. His heedlessness shows in his partnership with Ballantyne, and his general carelessness in money matters. He

was watchful of the shillings necessary for toll money, but by never requiring an account of his business partner, let Ballantyne make him a bankrupt. Scott was the kind of boy, too, who could build up a beautiful "let's pretend" domain around him, with a fine old manor, Abbotsford, and faithful retainers, and he was the kind of boy who by his high spirits and consequent generosity could win their loyalty. In his small circle, Scott's code of personal ethics was quite adequate.

The one instance of keen thought and discrimination in Scott's dealings with his dependents, is his selling his fire wood to his tenantry at a nominal price, in preference to giving it to them outright, because, as he said, it kept up their spirit of independence. It would seem from this that Scott did occasionally have some conception of the ideal of self-supporting society.

CONTENTMENT

BY ALICE MAY COMSTOCK

Let kingdoms fall and monarchs die,
I shall be happy all the while,
My lady's eyes my kingdoms are,
My only monarch is her smile.

I do not wish as many do
To make myself a mighty name,
If in my lady's ears 'tis sweet,
I am contented with its fame.

MY DREAM SHIP

BY MARY LUCE

I have a golden dream-ship, dear,
Out where the sea is blue,
And I am often at the helm,
A-sailing straight to you.

But sometimes when the shadows steal
Across the misty sea,
I think I see you at the prow,
A-sailing straight to me.

"FRI-DEGGS" AND "MULLET"

BY EDNA M. HILBURN

"Look here, Jim, I refuse to eat another egg! If I do I shall never smile again—I shall cackle. And I shall wake you up every morn at sunrise with my crowing, and I should not be surprised but I might even—"

But Jim stopped me. "That is entirely sufficient," he said. "You might leave something to my imagination! Moreover, I hardly agree with you on this egg question. If you will multiply your dislike for the article of food in question by ten, and then add one hundred, you may have a faint suggestion of my loathing for them. I believe I shall learn Spanish—therein lies our only hope, old man!"

Jim and I had been nearly a week in Spain—in Havana. We'd been so busy sight-seeing we hadn't had time to make any attempt to learn the language. We'd picked up a few words here and there, though. We knew the Spanish for "yes" and "no," for "water," "eggs," "barber-shop" and "prison." Don't be suspicious, now. We knew the last named because our rooms were opposite one and our waking eyes fell the first thing each morning on its name over the entrance. Also we could say the whole sentences, "We speak no Spanish" and "Good morning, it is a lovely day." Jim said he could swear, too, but I don't know, it sounded more like a blessing. Anyhow when we first got to Havana we said, "No hotels for us, we'll take a room somewhere, and eat our meals at all sorts of queer places and see the sights from the inside." Well, the room part of the proposition was fixed all right, because a friend gave us an address and the cabman and the landlady did the rest; but I give you my word of honor, during that whole week we had nothing to eat but eggs, eggs, eggs. We found the queer restaurants all right and they probably had queer things to eat, they looked capable of it, but you see all we knew how to ask for was "eggs," "barber-shops" and "prisons," not being articles of diet, and though we used to dare each other to try things we'd see on the menus our courage used to fail us when we tried to say them out loud, and when we attempted to draw the waiter down and whisper them to him he always looked so

scared, poor chap, that we'd end up by ordering eggs. So, do you wonder that we finally reached the stage where the sight of a weather-cock made us blush, or if we passed the landlady with a feather-duster in her hands we quickly fainted away in each other's arms?

Then just at that psychological moment when we had come to the conclusion that we must either learn Spanish or leave Spain, we found—oh joy of joys—a restaurant with "English spoken here," on a sign in the window. Did Jim and I get the door of that restaurant open in a hurry? Well, did we!

We fairly raced to a table and commenced to think about all the good things we'd have to eat. Happy thoughts.

A sleek, suave, slippery-looking waiter came to us.

"Bring a bill-of-fare," I said. "Quick!"

"Si, Signor," said he, and never moved.

Jim was humming a little song, improvised on the spur of the moment, I believe, the words of which ran, "Roast beef, Roast beef, Roast beef," and so on through eight or ten stanzas to the tune of "We Won't Go Home Until Morning."

I repeated my command to the waiter, "Bring a bill-of-fare," I said again, "and bring it quick!"

"Si, Signor," he replied and kept on standing there.

I tried again, giving him a little push just by way of encouragement, but he seemed to think I was just playing a little game or having a little joke with him, so all he did was smile and say "Si, Signor" again, and keep on standing there. If he'd moved a little I might not have minded so much, perhaps, but as it was, the thing got on my nerves.

"What's his trouble?" I said to Jim.

Jim stopped singing his hymn to the cow that didn't know enough to stay home nights and, opening his eyes, said, "Let *me* try."

"Do, I beg of you, my dear Alphonse," said I.

A gleam of intelligence seemed to pass over the waiter's face and again he said, "Si, Signor."

Jim leaned forward and waving his hand artistically toward a fly walking across the table, said, "Gaston! Bring the bill-of-fare—menu!"

But all Gaston did was say, "Si, Signor," and brush the fly off the table.

"Happy fly," said I. "All it wants to eat without asking for it."

"Old man," said Jim, "I guess it's back to eggs for us."

"Never!" I shrieked. "I'd eat that fly first—only he's gone now," I added sorrowfully.

Then I got an inspiration! I looked appealingly at Gaston. I pointed to the table, then I opened my mouth wide and pointed my finger threateningly at my palate. I commenced to cut imaginary articles of food up most realistically and cram them down my throat. Why, it was so real, the way I did it, even Jim began to shake. Rays of intelligence began to shine on Alphonse's noble brow.

"Si, Signor," he said. "Fri-deggs!"

"Fried eggs!" Jim moaned it, I sobbed it. Then we both laid our heads on the table and wept.

Bye and bye Jim raised his head and said, "Old man, I may be getting hen-pecked, but I'm going to have some 'fri-deggs.' That sign's a fake! They don't speak English here any more than we speak Spanish. It's eggs or starve—and I choose the eggs," and turning to the waiter he said in a tone of voice which a man who was telling the undertaker to come up and dress him for his funeral might use, "Fri-deggs, Gaston, fri-deggs."

But even then I balked. I looked hungrily at the pictures on the wall, at the dust on the pictures—and I got another inspiration. All of a sudden I thought of the Latin word "altra." That meant "other"—"other" on a pinch meant "something else." I had religiously flunked every Latin exam that came my way through school and college, but somehow the word "altra" had stuck by me to the bitter end. To this day I don't know whether "altra" is the Spanish word for "something else," or whether the waiter had studied Latin in his youth also. Latin may preside over the curriculum of Spanish institutions of learning as well as over American. Anyhow, I tried it on him and he caught my meaning.

"Si, Signor," he said, "mullet!"

"Mullet!" I shouted at Jim. "Real mullet! What do you think of that!" and to the waiter, "Si! Si! Si! Mullet for me! Quick! Skip! Scat!" and I fairly pushed him out of the room.

Mullet, you know is, fish, and a most delicious fish at that. To think of having some mullet again! Why, it would be delicious in a place like that, caught right fresh in the vicinity. I hadn't given Jim time to change his order, but I was all for

calling Gaston back. There was still time to send his "fri-deggs" to Jericho and order mullet instead, but Jim, crazy old chump, didn't want to change his order. Said he didn't care much for fish anyway, besides he didn't believe he'd know how to act if he had anything except eggs inside of him, the feeling would be so unusual. So I had a great time teasing him and gloating over him while we waited for our "fri-deggs" and "mullet." To think of his eating eggs when he could have fish! And such fish! Mullet, sweet, delicious mullet right out of the water not more than an hour ago. Why, I began to see the very man who caught that mullet I was going to have to eat in a few minutes—while Jim was eating "fri-deggs." May be I didn't rub it in! I gloated over him—I revelled at the prospect of telling the folks when we got home how Jim ate eggs while I ate—but there came Gaston with the tray with two covered dishes on it. I was ready to eat mine cover and all. He put Jim's on the table in front of him and took the cover off. There were the "fri-deggs." I shuddered. He put my dish down in front of me. I shivered with joy. Jim began to look sorry that he hadn't changed his mind. Gaston removed the cover—

Before me in all its glory lay—an omelet—"a mullet."

Gaston didn't get out of the hospital for three weeks. I paid all of the damages cheerfully and we left Spain that afternoon for a place where English was spoken exclusively and *intelligently*. Never mind what happened to me in the restaurant, but I'll tell you this, Jim hasn't stopped shouting yet, and the story is all over town, and the sight of a hen to this day makes me a nervous wreck for weeks. Also I'm a chronic dyspeptic.

JOY AND SORROW

BY HELEN HONIGMAN

There came two women walking side by side,
One walked all softly, fierce the other's stride,
Each wore a flowing robe of white, and each
Was beautiful beyond a mortal's reach,
And on their faces was a wondrous glow
As shines on those who some great lesson know.
And as they walked they met a little child
Straying alone along the way, a wild,
Untaught young child, who in her play
First gathered roses, then flung them far away,
And as she saw the two approach she stopped,
And gazing at them in deep wonder, dropped
Her flowers, and turned to run in fright.
But they held out their arms. Their faces bright
Soon soothed her fears and stayed her in her flight,
And as she looked, some of the wondrous light
From them reflected on her little self anew,
And reverently she murmured, "Who are you?"
And they both answered, "We are Joy and Sorrow,
And from us both men in great measure borrow.
Our names are with the direst meaning fraught,
We are the World, we two, naught else counts aught.
Look deep, dear child, and answer very slow
Which of us is Sorrow? Oh, can you know?
Look very deep, dear child, and answer well."
The child looked long and hard, then backward fell,
And ran off, screaming back, "I cannot tell."

ABOUT COLLEGE

SOUL

BY CLAIRE WILLIAMS

A Commonplace Person went out one day
To learn to be artistic,
And many she found to show her the way
Wonderful, shadowy, mystic.

"Now Art," said they, "is another World,
Which the Commonplace ne'er may enter ;
Transcendent, intangible, woozy, weird ;
A World of which Soul is the centre.

"Here nothing is good that you ever can use ;
You must not burden your Soul
With petty details like the things that are real ;
Else how can you reach the goal ?

"Learn to feel Beauty's ecstatic thrill,
And to whisper, all-awed, 'This is *Art*,
Which reveals to my Soul what was hidden before,
(And be sure you say Soul, not Heart).

"For unless you can feel and unless you can thrill
At this other World's revelation
Of the glory hid from the Vulgar Sight
That waits its appreciation

"In the Souls of the Chosen Few who know,
You are hopelessly commonplace—"
The Person waited to hear no more,
But silently hid her face,

And fled to Outer Darkness ; and there
She sat and thought for a while :—
And the gloom of the Darkness scattered before
The Commonplace Person's smile.

ON EXAMINATIONS

BY HELEN HONIGMAN

Webster's Dictionary states that an examination is the process of finding out how much a person knows about a subject. In the opinion of most school girls, the general feeling is that Webster's Dictionary is mistaken, very mistaken. Their opinion is that an examination is the process of finding out how much a person does not know about a subject. To them, strangely, an examination is "a thing of horror to be cursed forever."

To begin with—examinations are so inconsiderate—any little part that you never really understood, any little question that you always neglected, any portion that you always disliked, appears as a matter of course on the next examination paper.

You come into the class-room some bright, sunny morning, filled with the pleasing consciousness of really knowing your lesson for once, to be met with an extraordinary bustle and confusion, people moving wildly to and fro, and blanched faces pouring over books in a last frenzied attempt to learn the whole term's work in one minute. You catch sight of papers, yellow papers, and you know you are lost. Then fifty minutes of torture, most of which you spend in wondering why you didn't study in those beautiful days with nothing to do, instead of fooling away your time.

While the teacher is writing the questions on the board a horrible memory of that unmade-up lesson keeps persistently running through your mind. But you push it away resolutely. Surely, they wouldn't have just that. But even as your eye fearfully glances up and sees it, you know you knew it would be there all the time. You look away for a few moments and hope it will have vanished when you turn, but when you steal a sidelong glance it is still there. It is a nightmare but no dream. You pass on to the next question, and your heart is cheered—you know that. But when you go to write it you find you don't—it is so elusive, that question, maddeningly elusive. You can see where the answer is in the book, the very page, the very place on the page. But you can't remember just what the answer itself is. Maybe it will come back to you, and meanwhile you go on to the next question. And so on, the whole

long hour through. You look around at your classmates; they are writing busily. Even that girl who always does so miserably is bent over, absorbed in her work.

After an eternity the bell rings. You hand your paper in promptly. Precious little love for it you have. The "grinds," you observe in fine scorn, hang on to theirs till the last minute.

A week later, when the yellow memory has faded from your mind, you enter the class-room to find it again in a commotion and bustle. Again the blanched faces, and again you catch sight of papers, yellow papers, but with additions, blue additions—marks. You sink into your seat with trembling limbs.

If you have done poorly, your paper is generously handed to you folded. The girl across the way smiles at you commiseratingly, and cranes her neck to get sight of the lowness of your mark. And you smile back, and toss your head and say you knew it, and you don't care, anyway.

If you have done well, you allow a modest smile to play over your face, and you ask the people around you what they got, so that you can tell them your mark. Your friend in the front row asks how you did, and for answer you hold up your paper with the per cent. across the top, so that she, and incidentally all the other girls in the row who care to look, may see.

It's a peculiar thing about examinations that they rob you of all your sympathy, and joy in other people's success. You come out from an examination filled with the certainty of failure, and turn to Miss B., also just emerged. "Oh! how do you think you did?" and "What did you think of the exam.?" you ask, dying for sympathy. "Oh, I think I got through all right," she answers coolly. "It was awfully easy, don't you think?" "No, I don't!" you snap. Now, do you feel any delight in Miss B.'s success? Not at all. You cherish an unreasoning and undiminished aversion to her ever afterward, and you may even go so far as to tell some one that you "can't stand that girl, she's so conceited." The next girl comes out, falls on your neck and wails, "Oh, I know I failed, wasn't it *fearful*?" Now you know really in your heart that it wasn't bad, that it was only your lack of study that made you do poorly, but you embrace this one, mingle your tears, and love her forever afterward.

ENGLISH C

BY MARION KEEP PATTON

"I'm writing in favor of eight-hour days,
And to do it I'm working sixteen.
I shall strike!" said the junior. "Your statement betrays
Your procrastinating, recalcitrant ways."
Her room-mate remarked, "how came these delays
In writing your argument paper?"

"Now I've not begun yet. Say! when is it due?
Tomorrow? Great Scott! I shall write, wouldn't you,
Against English C! Now I wanted to do
Something batty. Instead I must stay home and chew
My pencil for argument paper."

"There are plenty of proofs they're pernicious and bad,
For one thing they've ruined your temper;
And in inducing argument surely they've had
A success that should make all the faculty glad.
Yes, I will be still. Now I *have* made her mad,
For she's writing her argument paper."

REASONING IN A CIRCLE

BY ELIZABETH BABCOCK

She is an all-round girl,
But she is "straight" and "square";
Well, premises that contradict
I can't get anywhere.

She is an all-round girl
Yet she is very thin;
These won't agree, that's plain to see,
Again I will begin.

She is an all-round girl
She always is around;
Ah! here are two, if they will do,
My syllogism's found.

Around are all-round girls,
Now is my reasoning sound?
A certainty, for I can see
All-round girls are all 'round.

AN INTERVIEW

BY HELENA F. MILLER

[Enter MRS. BROWN, right; enter MISS JONES of the "*Evening Star*," left.]

MISS JONES: Pardon me, but can you direct me to Lilly Hall?

MRS. BROWN (patronizingly): Oh, you must mean the Plant House. Go straight ahead and turn to the right.

MISS JONES (who must have copy): May I ask if you are a student here?

MRS. BROWN: Oh dear, no!

MISS JONES (apparently much embarrassed): I beg your pardon. It is so hard sometimes to tell faculty and students apart.

MRS. BROWN (greatly flattered): I'm not a member of the faculty, either. In fact, I'm only visiting here. (With an air of imparting valuable information) I have a daughter in college.

MISS JONES: Indeed! Does she like college?

MRS. BROWN: Yes, she likes it, but she says it's such an exhausting place. It seems that up here you have to make up everything you miss. She missed breakfast one morning on account of sleeping over, and she made herself real sick at dinner trying to eat extra so's to make it up. One day she missed a lecture, so pretty soon, when there was going to be a written lesson, she went up to the professor and said to him, "I missed one lecture; what shall I do?" and he said, "You'll have to make it up." So when the written lesson came there was one question she couldn't answer at all, so she knew that must have been in the lecture, and she made it up.

MISS JONES (taking copious notes): What does your daughter study?

MRS. BROWN: I don't know what she studies, but she's taking several lecture courses. They have lectures on paying attention in class, and studying more and not "cramming" for examinations.

MISS JONES: Does your daughter feel that her college course will be of any practical advantage to her?

MRS. BROWN: Yes, indeed. She says she feels able to solve any housekeeping problem, now that she's carved a ham.

MISS JONES: Can you tell me why a college course is called the "higher education"?

MRS. BROWN : They do say it's because you can hire anything—a room and books, or even furniture.

(The clock strikes and students begin to pour out of all the buildings. Mrs. Brown, seeing one of the girls, hastens away. Miss Jones calls after her : “How many students are there in Smith's ?” Mrs. Brown does not hear.)

Next day the *Evening Star* has two columns about Smith.

THE GREAT CELEBS

BY SALLY SWALLOW

I met a girl with a cordial smile
Who talked of missions all the while
And sought for pledges—without guile.
They said, “She really wants *you*, too,
In the S. C. A. C. W.”

I met a girl of subtle grace
Of great mobility of face,
Who “elocutes” at a marvelous pace,
They said “Now every one knows that she
Will make a hit in Division D.”

I met a girl of brawn and vim
Fast can she row and swiftly swim
And she has made “strong class” in gym.
They said “If she should on you beam,
Beam back, for she is on the team.”

I met a girl of genius great
Who talked of souls and talked of fate.
Who “really will write” at a later date.
They said “Her wisdom carefully hoard
For she is on the monthly board.”

I was told it was proper to bow low
In the presence of genius' radiant glow
And mention their names wherever I go.
So great did the honor appear to be
That they should even have spoken to me.

But I will *not*, with spirit meek,
Their gracious favor forever seek
And shout their praise from the mountain peak
For the truth will out, though 'tis very sad,
Deep down in my heart they make me mad.

THE LAMENT OF AN ETHICS STUDENT

BY ELSIE R. BASKIN

I must not an "individual"
Nor yet a "person" be.
I must not live all by myself
Nor in society.

I must not think nor feel nor act.
I must not even play.
I must not dread tomorrow
Nor yet enjoy today.

If in despair, at length, by Death
From "conduct" I'd be fleeing
Some code of ethics still will say,
"A most immoral being!"

THE CHARMS OF CHANGE

BY NANCY BARNHART

The change that college works in me
My character does strangely shape:
The tie that graced my sailor suit
About a batting hat I drape.

Since 'neath the window I must sleep
To make my college course complete
The pillow once which held my head
Must rest upon my freezing feet.

But ah! the change for which I sigh
Comes not. When was the time
That, for the phone, my friends could give
Two nickels for a dime?

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF BECOMING THIN

BY MARY McNAIR TALBOTT

Have you ever tried to get thin? If you have, you know the many difficulties in your way.

The first and foremost rule for anyone trying to get thin is, "Take plenty of out-door exercise." Now that may sound easy, and it is—for a while. But wait till the novelty wears off. Wait till the thermometer goes down to six below, and the north wind begins to howl. Then you feel like striking, and you say to yourself that you will stay in if you lose the chance of reducing your weight twenty pounds. You say that, yes, but conscience also has something to say, and if you have planned a nice comfortable afternoon with a good book, conscience sees to it that there is not that looked-for comfort. Finally in sheer desperation you take your coat and go out in the cold.

Exercising, though often disagreeable, taken as a whole is not so unpleasant as carrying out the rule, "Do not eat between meals." There is not the least pleasure to be felt in refusing some tempting morsel offered by a friend, or when down town with some girl who is buying fine red apples, or something equally luscious, in prohibiting yourself from purchasing. Your only satisfaction is a strong feeling of virtue.

"To reduce your hips, roll every evening for ten minutes." In a room which measures about twelve by fifteen, this is a rather difficult problem. If you miscalculate your distance by the least fraction of an inch, you go bumping into a bureau leg, and no sooner have you started back in the other direction, than you come into contact with the bed. At the same time, it is perfectly evident to all your neighbors what you are doing. At each roll a dull thud resounds. The girl below you is in constant fear lest you break the globe on her light.

And now for the rules for diet. For was there ever a girl who attempted to get thin, without first putting herself on a diet? "Do not drink with meals." "Do not eat hot bread, potatoes, soup, butter, desserts." All these are rules pertaining

to your meals. If you were at a training table, where all the forbidden articles were out of sight, it would be quite a simple matter to keep to a diet, but when you are at a table with five or six girls who are all taking the things forbidden you, and where butter and water are both at your elbow, then it is a different matter. Before you realize it, you find your glass half-way up to your mouth, and when you put it down, you feel as though you would choke with thirst.

"Do all that you do with energy and vim." Easy though this rule may seem at first glance, it is not easy in practice. Perhaps it is contrary to your natural disposition, or it may simply be that there are days when you do not feel like moving quickly. On a warm day, when you are out for a walk, it is hard to keep from lagging. That is only one instance when you find it hard to keep to the rule, but if you try to follow it, there will be numberless obstacles in your way.

When people hear that you are trying to get thin, they laugh and treat it as a joke, and at every little breach of discipline, they nod, and say, "I knew that her dieting was all a farce."

But you must not expect to get reasonably thin in the space of a few weeks by merely keeping all the rules. In fact, at first, you may thrive on a diet. So you see that in getting thin you have not only to fight against all the obstacles in the way of keeping to the rules, but you must also wait long and patiently.

COLLEGE NOTES

Cap and Bells, Division A of the Dramatic Association, presented a dramatization of Charles Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend" on Saturday, December 18. The cast was small, including only nine persons in all. Of these Marguerite Bard was true to the somewhat difficult character of the willful Bella. Her voice was especially good and true. Eda Arkush as the irrepressible Lavvy was the most "Dickensy" character, interpreting very subtly the quaint caricature. Ruth Cooper as Mr. Boffin made a capital "old grizzly growler," and blustered and chuckled his way into the heart of the audience. The interpretation of this character was considered by many the best. The performance proved the ability of the division to interpret successfully a play of a different kind from those generally presented—one which called for subtle character delineation.

V. C. C. 1910.

A violin and pianoforte recital, the third **THIRD CONCERT** in our concert series, was given in College Hall, Wednesday, December 15, by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes.

The program was varied, but a marked preference for the classics was shown. The Bach Air on the G string was played more sympathetically than any other number. This was accompanied by Professor Sleeper on the organ, the tones of the two instruments beautifully supplementing each other. The Sonata by Dvorák contained a number of motifs from the New World Symphony, which were developed in imitation of child's play. The program included two arrangements from Wagner. A number deservedly of great interest to the audience was a Romanza by Professor Sleeper.

The playing of Mr. Mannes was characterized by rich and beautifully rounded tones. He was predominately sympathetic rather than brilliant, although his technique was equal to all the demands which were placed upon it by the program. Mrs. Mannes was no less of an artist than her husband. While she subordinated herself as an accompanist, she neglected no opportunity to support the violin, helping to make the program an artistic success.

ELSIE SWEENEY 1910.

This is a plea uttered feelingly in behalf of the
 "You" Gentle Reader and of the personal pronoun "You."

Both are misused, nay, even abused. "You" is overtaxed; "I," "he," "she," and "one" are cast aside as being too bold, and "You" is made to do their work. The heroine-author addresses her hero as "You," to be pronounced soulfully. The sprightly modern essayist adds spice to her narrative by asserting that "You hark to the rush of the wind, and calculate its velocity to be twenty miles," while in reality the Gentle Reader never dreamed of such a thing!

"You"—the "angel-child" at grandma's and asking questions that startle the grown-ups—is the usual child in fiction to-day. And he is rather boring after a bit. But the most general use of "You" is as a cloak for modest authors who feel deep things in their souls, but shrinkingly, even sweetly, transfer the responsibility of their emotions to the Gentle Reader himself. Now this isn't right, really. The Gentle Reader often is modest himself and is horrified to have such responsibility thrust upon him. Or again he may know the correct use of English pronouns and object to such flagrant misuse of the dear things. Has he no rights? Has "You" no rights? Ah! this monopoly is simply awful!

J. K. 1910.

Professor Charles Bakewell of Yale recently
 PHILOSOPHY gave a series of six lectures for the course in
 LECTURES the History of Philosophy, and he gave a brief
 sketch of the Greek philosophers and their
 schools through Aristotle. His lectures were extremely interesting, and were attended not only by the members of philosophy 4, but by a large number of the faculty and many of the girls who appreciated their opportunity to hear so convincing a lecturer.

ELINOR MEANS 1910.

The sixth international convention of the
 STUDENTS' Students' Volunteer Movement was held in
 CONVENTION Rochester, N. Y., from December 29-January 2.
 Many of the leaders of this movement, of missionary work, of the church, and of the laymen, gave comprehensive accounts of the religious and social conditions of Latin-

America and of the East, and spoke of the imperative need for missionaries of the highest ability at the present time, which because of widespread unrest is peculiarly favorable to change of faith and to the spread of Christianity. At the closing service on Sunday night 92 volunteers who expect to go out in the fall gave their reasons and named the countries to which they hoped to go.

The delegates at the convention numbered 3,624, representing 29 societies, 49 states and provinces, and 722 institutions for the most part in Canada and the United States. The Smith delegates were: Professor Wood; Ruth Perkins, Florence Ward, Grace Briggs, Henrietta Sperry, 1910; Elizabeth Wilbur, Mabel Ward, 1911; Esther Cook, Elsa Will, Gifford Clark, 1912; Nellie Oisin, 1913. They were entertained by alumnae and undergraduate members of the Smith Club of Rochester, to whom they owe a great debt of gratitude for their hospitality. The committee in charge issued tickets for the hostesses, so that a number of other Smith girls were able to attend this stirring and important convention.

HENRIETTA SPERRY 1910.

Any girl who has attended the two DISCUSSION CLUB meetings of the Discussion Club which have been held up to date, must have been struck with the interest and enthusiasm shown. She must have been still more surprised at the number of scattered facts she herself possessed as to the advisability of national amusements, and the desirability of a vocational education as opposed to a cultural one, the two issues under discussion. As a means of systematizing knowledge, of seeing an issue in all its bearings, of broadening one's thinking, the Discussion Club is most valuable. By subjecting a girl to the scrutiny of several hundred of her mates, while she tries to express her arguments clearly, directly and forcefully, the Discussion Club should give excellent training in public speaking.

To raise an issue, which may yet come before the Club,—such a training may prove very useful, if women ever gain the right to vote.

H. D. 1910.

EDITORIAL

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD We have been out into the wide, wide world for two weeks. We have more or less assumed, with people and places, the various relations which will be ours when we go out into the world to stay; we have been reminded of our home responsibilities; we have heard discourses upon the aims of our college careers; and we seniors have had an added interest in it all, for five months ahead of us stands Commencement. And after college—what? How are we to live? What are we to think, to learn? Have we any power to mould our lives? Or are we to be moulded by our circumstances?

A common classification of women college graduates divides us into three groups: Those who are married, those who earn their own living, and those who stay at home. But we know that there are in reality two classes; those who have a conscious determination to make the most of themselves and those who have not. The latter will be satisfied with or at least will accept passively whatever is round about them. But the former ones will not. To be happy they must work and strive and overcome, they must mould their lives to an appreciable extent, they cannot merely accept circumstances.

And yet there are many of us who, though sure we belong to the latter class, are dreading the effect upon ourselves of our future environments in the wide, wide world. We have a great fear that we shall fall into ruts if we teach school or do office work, or that we shall grow lazy and dissatisfied if we stay at home. "At college," we say, "we have been learning and working, we have had responsibilities of different kinds, we have been in touch with many interesting people; we have had a chance to develop. But after college, doing routine work or practically nothing at all—what will become of us? Our

enthusiasm will die out!" Deep in our minds there lurks a feeling that if our lot were to be this or that we should broaden continually. But should we? Is the future progress of grown intelligent women impelled mainly by environment? Most certainly it is not. Environment may have largely determined our character and intelligence, but from this time on we go forward or slip back according to our own efforts. Our development is a responsibility which we must assume. If therefore we give up the fight against the odds, if we stick in a rut of routine work and lose our enthusiasm, or if we become lazy and dissatisfied, let us look reproachfully upon our attitudes of mind and not upon our daily work. The task of itself cannot shrivel us. But bitterness and dissatisfaction can and will. A willing and receptive spirit and a kindly heart are as essential to the development for which we long as are sunshine and rain to the flowers and trees. And further, if we cultivate these qualities we *must* expand.

Then, forgetting our dread of negative qualities in our determination to possess a willing spirit, let us fare forth bravely into the wide, wide world.

JOSEPHINE KEIZER.

Now and then, particularly at the opening
GOING DEEPER of a new year, unless we and our resolutions tip the scales disgracefully against the various other interests of life, we realize with a start that there are things close at hand that we are missing. Becoming absorbed in self-cultivation and in making each minute count for merely personal ends, we grow into those most-to-be-pitied self-centred people who have lost the natural outlet for their souls and suffer accordingly.

We get used to treating people in crowds, and it becomes habitually harder to grasp them personally. But we were meant to reach deeper than the surface, and every now and then in the midst of much superficial dealing with the things that perish something happens and we see a friend as she really is. Mary Jones perhaps for a long time was an animated brown cloth suit to us, till one day she gleamed forth in an emergency demanding extreme moral courage. Ever after not only Mary Jones herself meant more, but we were better alive to the possibility of buried treasure close at hand.

Just so we let books go unopened living so long on the feeling that they are in our book-shelves and we do appreciate them, that when there comes a demand for their contents we can't pay the bill. Credit once more proves delusive.

One man says the failure to get on with our friends or to convert our leisure is due to inadequacy on our part. In our particular case we are inclined to think it inadequacy on the friend's part. The real truth is, however, that there is a great deal more meaning to the relations of any friends if each is responsive at their various points of contact. Nothing is free we know, and not caring for spiritual remnants, there must be some effort on our part to keep up these connections. Here is where our college life can grow. We can't say, as we've often done, "I want to know this personality better," or "I want the truth of this book," and expect results from a hasty skimming of both.

It is not by writing on our desk pads, "Be kind to So-and-so on Monday; on Tuesday attempt to understand So-and-so." Rather by genuine interest and unprotected by plate-armor may we enter into the kingdom of other men's souls. Flattery does not bring out our best, nor resplendent "t. l.'s"—which are cheap enough among us—but an unbaffled and an unbaffling spirit of hearty good will. Not only at Christmas or for New Year's week, but stringing our yearly resolutions together on this substantial chain, we may confidently hope that none will be lost and roll to destruction down the broad, broad way.

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN.

EDITOR'S TABLE

We have been led to believe by our kindly critics that Smith College verse has distinctive merit. Even were this not so, we could not fail to be interested to see the verses which have unostentatiously leavened heavies and sweetened sketches, now appearing in all the importance of green binding, preface and dedication. We are all of us, students, alumnae and "friends," indebted to the compilers for their undertaking and its workmanlike fulfillment. If in the words of these editors, it should take its way from the narrower college confines to the marketplace, neither they nor the college need feel ashamed.

Much can be learned concerning these verses in collected form which was not so apparent when they first appeared, scattered through twelve years and many pages of prose. In the first place, there is an undoubted similarity of pitch and theme through the greater part of the book. If, as we should expect, the collection is the embodiment of Smith spirit, it certainly possesses the "intelligence" and "gentlewomanliness" that we have been taught to seek. The book is essentially feminine. The verse is dainty, often exquisite, it gives voice to that which is not easily expressed, to the elfish or illusive life of another sphere somewhere in Spain or Dream or Faërie; or in the realm of sentiment (not sentimentality, we assert with pride). To be academic, it shows more of fancy than of imagination. The poems are essentially lyric; they are excellently done; we could not ask for more than the frail loveliness of the best. Yet, though we may be accused of a cavilling spirit, we find some few among these poems which give promise of still other possibilities. We could find it in our hearts to ask for more variety, for greater vigor, for a bolder reach; for more of constructiveness even if at the expense of finish; in short, for the sturdiness gained in that larger view which education should give, and which, once upon a time called masculine, we know now is none the less womanly for being broad.

[*Smith College Verse*, compiled by Annie Johnston Crim, Dorothy Donnell, Anne Coe Mitchell. George William Brown-ing, Clinton, New York.]

Our younger sisters who have followed with interest the career of Betty Wales through college and abroad, will welcome the chronicle of her latest doings. In the sixth book of the series Betty solves a financial problem in the cheery and clever way which we might expect of her. Indeed, she is true to that which we are pleased to call Smith spirit in her undaunted and adequate meeting of every situation. This volume admits of greater unity than was possible in those dealing with the episodes of college life, and it maintains interest in a familiar set of characters better than do most fifth sequels.

Betty Wales and Co., by Margaret Warde. Penn. Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

POETRY AND LOVE

If Poetry is life and thought and feeling that enclasps the soul,
Saddening, cheering, now retarding, now reurging toward life's goal;
Slavery's solace, freedom's honor as the song that made it free;
If Poetry is all in all, ah yes, then Love is Poetry.

If Love is life and thought and feeling and the law that rules the heart,
Hurting, healing, soothing, stirring, ah, of every passion wrought,
Failure's comfort, victory's impulse as a banner held above;
If Love is all, and all in all, ah yes, then Poetry is Love.

—*Maurice Hirsch, in The University of Virginia Magazine.*

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG

Come, let me sing thee one new song,
And let the heated trouble go.
Come, let me sing thee one new song,
For all the songs of Earth I know.
Yes, all the songs of Earth and Sea;
And all the breezes merrily
Have sung their silken songs to me.
Yes, all the songs of Earth and Sky;
And all the merry humming-birds
Have sung to me their senseless words—
Senseless, but musically sweet,
For little wit they, as they fly,
How hard it is with Truth to meet,
Or sing to dusty certainty.

—*C. E. Lombardi,*
in the Yale Literary Magazine.

AFTER COLLEGE

SMITH COLLEGE MISSIONARY RECORD

Word has recently been received from Florence Anderson Gilbert, a sketch of whose work appeared in the October MONTHLY. Mrs. F. M. Gilbert has made her home since August, 1908, in Brooklyn, N. Y., her present address being 239 New York Avenue. An interesting article by her, entitled "A Cosmopolitan Community in China," and referring to her surroundings in Hankow, may be found in the *Outlook* for July 17, 1909.

HARRIET E. PARKER EX-1889

In Madura City, India, near the beautiful new hospital, stands the Woman's Hospital, the center of mission medical work for women in that city. To the work of this hospital Dr. Pauline Root (recently resident physician at Smith for three years) gave for some time her earnest work, sympathy and skill. It has now been, since 1896, in charge of Dr. Harriet E. Parker, who lives in the hospital and gives herself day and night to her patients. Her friends have sometimes felt that she might reserve a little time from their demands, and have wished that she could live away from the constant sights and sounds and odors of the hospital, but she has felt that she could better do the work she came to do by living with it. The Woman's Hospital was not intended as a residence: but Dr. Parker and her dear friend, Mlle. Cronier, have here made a home. They have their organ and their flowers and their little dog, and illustrate the possibility of home-making under very unfavorable conditions. Madura was Dr. Parker's first station, and has been her field for fourteen years. A visit to the United States in the year 1902-3 has been her only furlough.

No one impression of Dr. Parker could give a better conception of her personality and work than a little amateur photograph which was "snapped" during a busy morning in the hospital. In the neat and orderly ward, with a white-robed assistant in the background, stands Dr. Parker, with four wee babies gathered into her motherly arms. (She describes them as "the tiny, dusky-rose colored Taniel babies, with thick, silky black hair.") From the kind face above the four little heads beams such good cheer, health and capability that one feels sure of the sunny Christianity, order and skill which are the watchwords of Dr. Parker's hospital.

Statistics give only the structure of the living organism; yet for those interested in figures we quote the last report:—"The great event of the year

(1908-9) has been the building of the Harriet Newell Hospital Annex, provided by the generosity of certain friends of the work. Besides the space devoted to the out-patients' department, the Annex has rooms for the nurses and compounders, thus giving them a healthful home near their work. Fifty patients can now be comfortably lodged in the hospital, whereas it was formerly crowded with thirty. . . . During the year, 14,799 patients have been treated. . . . The government inspector reported that 'everything in the hospital was neat, clean, and workmanlike. There was a lot of work going on and going smoothly. The management is evidently very efficient.' . . . Three [village] tours are reported; in them and in Coilpallar's itineraries [a medical catechist whose death occurred during the year] 3,368 patients were treated. . . ."

Dr. Parker has had trouble in securing suitable helpers in her work. She dismissed a capable trained nurse for lack of character, and the result was that she had to be nurse as well as doctor and do many things she should not have been obliged to do. She is now training her own helpers, and will have much more satisfaction in them than in those trained by government.

Interesting glimpses of the village touring are afforded in Dr. Parker's diary. "Tuesday, January 23 (1906). Aruppukottai to Mandapasalai. Ten miles. It took two carts to transport Mr. Perkins, Miss Quickenden, myself, and our belongings. The *saman handy* (baggage cart) carried three boxes of medicine, clothing, food and dishes, folding chairs, cots, table, etc. We went in the big box cart, drawn by strong bullocks. The cover is lined, as an extra protection from the sun, and padded along the sides to soften the bumps; there are curtained openings to let in or keep out air and light; pockets in the corners hold books and refreshments, and there is space underneath for luggage. With a mattress spread on the bottom and our pillows duly disposed, we were very comfortable, considering. . . ."

"Wednesday, January 31. Sengottapatti to Pumalaipatti. Thirteen miles. We rose early and packed, because the tent had to come down at once in order to be ready for the next place. Mr. Perkins went off to a meeting in a neighboring village, so we could not start before half-past eight. In the meantime the people began to bring their prescriptions. . . . The mat and the medicine-boxes were laid on the sloping bank of the tank and we squatted among them, with a triple row of people around—scarcely room enough to move without pushing some one. Thus we dispensed medicines with might and main till all the prescriptions had been filled. Then twice as many more people fell on us, entreating to be served. . . . We . . . began holding lightning consultations on three sides at once, with the hastiest possible record scribbled on brown paper. Most patients brought no bottle or, at best, a tin lamp, so we were limited chiefly to solid medicines. One woman inquired so persistently whether she should drink her liniment that I took it back for safety's sake. . . ."

Yet this busy medical missionary, whose days and often nights are crowded with service, writes elsewhere of the hospital work: "The afternoons pass like some days in housekeeping, when one has been very busy and does not seem to have done anything in particular."

Address, Madura, Madura District, India.

ELIZABETH COLE FLEMING 1897

The following notes regarding Mrs. Fleming are drawn entirely from letters of relatives and friends. Mrs. D. J. Fleming (née Elizabeth Cole), Smith '97, went with Mr. Fleming immediately after their marriage in 1904 to Lahore, India. Mr. Fleming is professor of physics and mathematics in Forman Christian College, but he also has other duties in connection with the college,—is in charge of one of the dormitories, and spends a great deal of time in working with and for the students. Mrs. Fleming has no specific duties. India has not treated her well, and in the spring of 1907 she was sent home on sick leave. She returned to Lahore in December of the same year, and since then has seemed in better health. Mrs. Fleming herself writes: "On account of my health I have done little other service but to keep open house for all my husband's students and our friends. It has been delightful. . . . India is a precious place to work and live." Mr. and Mrs. Fleming have one little girl, almost four years old.

A classmate and dear friend writes of Mrs. Fleming: "She is one of those rare, sweet, quiet people whom one always finds dependable and helpful, but do not do the things which can be put down upon paper. In college, she was a leader not only in ordinary class activities, but was one of the most reliable members of the S. C. A. C. W., doing efficient committee work and holding offices to which she was elected because of the appreciation of her value which the class felt. . . . After she left college, Elizabeth Cole was for several years state secretary of the Young Women's Christian Associations for Illinois. . . . I saw her during her furlough . . . [1907], and was impressed with the depth and sweetness of her spirit and with her earnest desire for the growth of interest among the girls at Smith, in religious and missionary lines. . . ."

Address, Forman Christian College, Lahore, India.

Kindly send additions and corrections to the Editor, Clara Winifred Newcomb, 31 Vauxhall Street, New London, Connecticut.

THE SMITH BOOKSHELF

In the College Library there is a bookshelf devoted to publications of Smith graduates. These books are the property of the Alumnae Association, having been presented by their authors. It is a pity that the list is so incomplete, since there is no other means by which the undergraduate body may become acquainted with the literary work of the alumnae. College enthusiasm is more intense than specific, and we are prone to admire our alumnae because we see them in attractive costumes at Commencement time rather than because we definitely appreciate their accomplishments. Would we have expected, for instance, to find upon the college shelf works on science, philosophy, history and criticism as well as some seventy volumes of fiction? Would not a German treatise for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Zürich University surprise us?

Most of us are probably familiar with Josephine Daskam Bacon's contributions to this Smith library. Her dozen volumes include some verse, the well-

known child studies and a book of fables, besides love stories and other light fiction. "The Madness of Philip" and "Memoires of a Baby" are perhaps the best known of Mrs. Bacon's books. The class of '96 is distinguished by at least three writers. Zephine Humphrey, who is known as the author of "Uncle Charley" and "Over against Green Peak," as well as "The Calling of the Apostle"; Grace Lathrop Collin, whose book is "Putnam Place"; and Emma Florence Eaton, whose work is called "Dramatic Studies from the Bible." The three stories of Caroline M. Fuller '95 are, "Across the Campus," "The Flight of Puss Pandora" and "The Alley Cat's Kittens." Mrs. J. A. Eckstorm (Fannie P. Hardy) is the author of a novel entitled "The Penobscot Man." Mrs. A. N. Wood (Edith Elmer) '90 is also a story writer; her books are called "The Spirit of the Service," "Shoulder Straps and Sunbonnets" and "Her Provincial Cousin."

Two volumes of essays, "Words to the Wise and Others" and "Taper Lights," appear over the name of Ella Burns Sherman '91. Another volume of essays by Vida D. Scudder '84 is called "A Listener in Babel," and "Letters of St. Catherine of Sienna" are edited by the same author. Anna Hempstead Branch '97 is known as the writer of a small book of poetic drama called "The Shoes That Danced." Early in the season appeared "A Book of Smith College Verse," being a carefully chosen collection of poems written by members of various classes and edited by Anne Coe Mitchell, Annie Johnston Crim and Dorothy Donnell of the class of 1909.

Anna Chapin Ray '85 is known as the author of some fifteen volumes of stories for young people, including the popular "Sidney" series. "The Sage Brush Parson" and "Roberta and Her Brothers" are the two boys' tales of Amy Ward Bailey '83. Next on the shelf is Maude Barrows Dutton's '03 charming child series, which includes "Little Stories of Germany and France" and "The World at Work in Field and Pasture," beside part editorship in "Fishing and Hunting." There is also a translation of Felix Wein-gartner's Symphony, since Beethoven, by the same writer.

The non-fiction portion of the collection is interesting as showing the academic attainments of some of our alumnae. Mary Caulkins '85, who is now at the head of the Philosophical Department at Wellesley College, is the author of two scientific works, "An Introduction to Psychology" and "An Introduction to Philosophy." Laura Dana Puffer '95 has written on "The Psychology of Beauty." Ruth Franklin '85, whose book is called "Significant Aspects of Ancient and Mediaeval Civilization," is our only historian. "Topical Outline of Modern English Literature" has been done by Vida D. Scudder '84. Alice Peloubet Norton '82, director of the Chautauqua School of Domestic Science and assistant professor of Home Economics at the School of Education, Chicago University, has contributed an extensive treatise on "Food and Dietetics" which is one of the Library of Home Economics series. There are several books by Florence Merriam Bailey describing bird life in this country; their titles are "Birds of Village and Field," "Birds through an Opera Glass," besides a "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States."

A very complete list of all the literary work of Smith alumnae has been compiled by Miss Nina E. Browne '82, including published poems, magazine

articles and theses besides various articles presented before societies. We have merely suggested here a few titles in the hope that our prophets may not be quite without honor in their own country.

The Smith College Club of New York held its usual monthly meeting on Saturday afternoon, December 4th, at the Women's University Club. Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, Director of the Department of Childs Hygiene of the Russell Sage Foundation, addressed the meeting upon the subject of the Recreation of the City. He spoke of the necessity of a "tradition-carrier" to lead the children in their play, for in our crowded cities the street is at present the only available playground out-of-doors, and indoors, the occupants of the next flat must be considered, and the children have consequently no opportunity to practice those sports which were the heritage of an earlier generation. Society, religion and trade, said Dr. Gulick, have all become highly organized. The home has ceased to be a social unit, giving occupation to its younger members; we must therefore organize the play of our younger citizens, and perhaps of their older brothers and sisters, as we do the serious activities of adults. Such an organization should not be cumbersome, but should consist of the simple relationship of leader and followers, very like that existing between older and younger boys in regions where play is more spontaneous. The important result to be obtained, Dr. Gulick went on to say, is not the mere physical exercise or even the acquiring of manual skill, but the attainment and the state of mind which makes real play possible. Catching fish, he said, is a comparatively trivial act, but fishing is a state of mind and hence is important. Dr. Gulick also spoke of the need for places in which the older boys and girls might meet socially, which would keep them from the dance halls and other places of amusement which are run on a purely commercial basis and in which conditions are far from desirable.

The Committee of Five of the Alumnae Council met in Northampton January 12-14, to confer with the president, the faculty and undergraduates in regard to efficient lines of service open to the Alumnae Association. The members of the committee were Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke '83, the president of the Alumnae Association; Mrs. Ruth Bowles Baldwin '87, the senior alumna trustee; Ellen T. Emerson '01, secretary of the Association; and two delegates from local clubs, Mrs. Mary Clark Mitchell '83 of Hartford, Connecticut, and Mrs. Mabel Walton Wanamaker '94 of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A Smith Alumnae Association was organized last September in Indianapolis, Indiana. Mrs. Frederic M. Ayres (Alma Hoegh) is president of the society. Smith alumnae, as well as undergraduates who have been in college for one year are eligible for membership. On December 27, a formal luncheon was given by the society.

The Alumnae Association has just issued the current number of the annual Alumnae Register, which contains the proceedings of the Alumnae Association and the names and addresses of all graduates and non-graduates who are associate members of the association. Copies of this register are sent without charge to all members of the association and may be obtained by non-members by sending twenty-five cents to the General Secretary, 184 Elm Street, Northampton.

FACULTY NOTES

Professor Harry N. Gardiner has been studying at Trinity College, Cambridge, and is now in Germany. His work is preparatory to the publication of a work on Emotion.

Professor Anna A. Cutler was present at the meeting of the American Philosophical Association in New Haven on December 27-29, 1909.

Associate Professor Elizabeth Adams delivered an address at the annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae held in Cincinnati on October 28, 1909. Her subject was "The Psychological Gains and Losses of the College Woman." On December 29, 1909, at the joint session of the Social Education Club of Boston and Section L, she delivered an address upon "Individual Opportunity in College Courses in Education." Professor Adams has recently attended the educational meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and also the meeting of the American Psychological Association in Boston.

Instructor Frances Hall Rousmaniere of the Philosophical Department attended the December meeting of the American Psychological Convention.

Professor Irving Francis Wood was present at the Rochester Student Volunteer Conference which was held in Rochester during the vacation.

Associate Professor Elihu Grant attended the annual meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis held at Columbia University on December 28 and 29, 1909.

Professor Charles Franklin Emerick published an article on "College Women and Race Suicide" in the *Political Science Monthly* for June, 1909.

Miss Anna E. Miller made an advanced study of German literature at the University of Berlin, Germany, for two semesters, October, 1908-August, 1909. She also travelled in England, Holland and Germany.

Miss Katharine Alberta W. Layton of the German Department has published a monograph entitled "The Nibelungen of Wagner," which appeared in the May number of *The University Studies*, University of Illinois.

Associate Professor Louise Delpit has recently completed "L'Age d'or de la Littérature Française," a book of criticism of the great French writers of the XVI and XVII centuries, published by Heath, Boston.

Associate Professor Louisa S. Cheever attended the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, held at Cornell University on December 28-30, 1909.

Professor Henry Dike Sleeper made an address at the Music Teachers' National Association, which was held at Northwestern University, Evanston. He also spoke at the luncheon of the Chicago Smith Club during Christmas recess.

Instructor Beulah Strong of the Art Department has made the frontispiece and three illustrations for the "Land of Long Ago," by Eliza Calvert Hall, which was published in September, 1909, by Little, Brown and Company of Boston.

Associate Professor Ruth C. Wood attended the meeting of the American Mathematical Society which was held in Boston, December last.

Professor Frank Allen Waterman has been appointed chief examiner in physics for the College Entrance Examination Board, and is also serving on a committee of the Eastern Association of Physics Teachers to consider the work done in physics in New England high schools. Professor Waterman was present at the meeting of the American Physical Society held at Boston on December 28-31, 1909.

Professor Harris H. Wilder has recently completed his "History of the Human Body," which was published in November by the Henry Holt Company, New York. On the twenty-eighth of December last, Professor Wilder delivered an address before the American Society of Zoölogists, the subject of which was "Further Data Concerning Twins." This society has recently elected him to the office of vice-president. On December 28-31, 1909, Professor Wilder was present at the meetings of the American Society of Zoölogists, the American Society of Naturalists and the Association of American Anatomists.

Mrs. Inez Whipple Wilder was present at the meetings of the American Society of Zoölogists, the Association of American Anatomists and the Association of American Naturalists on December 27-31, at the Harvard Medical School in Boston.

Miss Elizabeth Gregory and Miss Evelyn Canning 1910 are engaged in the construction of models of dog-fish embryos, based upon microscopical measurements. This work is being done in connection with the research course, zoölogy 6.

Miss Anna G. Newell of the Zoölogical Department was elected member of the American Society of Entomologists at its annual meeting on December 29-30, 1909, which was held in Boston. Miss Newell attended the meeting of the Brooklyn Entomological Society on December 3, 1909, and was also present at the meetings of the American Societies of Zoölogists and Entomologists held in Boston on December 28-30, 1909.

Professor Benjamin K. Emerson has recently published an article on "Medieval Creation Myths" in the *Popular Science Monthly*. A short time ago he delivered an address on "Geological Suggestions Derived from a New Arrangement of the Elements." Professor Emerson was present at the meeting of the Geological Society of America held in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on December 27-29, 1909. At present he is engaged in conducting a geological survey of Monadnock.

Miss Agnes Heine is preparing a raised geological map of Northampton and the vicinity.

Members of the class of 1900 who desire to engage rooms and board for Commencement, either on or off the campus, are requested to notify Miss A. G. Newell, Morris house.

Applications should be placed on file at the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, for tickets for Senior Dramatics. Each alumna is allowed one ticket, and may not use another's name to secure extra seats. Applications must now be made for Thursday evening, June 9, as the capacity for Friday evening has been reached. Saturday evening is not open to alumnae. No deposit is required, and tickets need not be claimed until Commencement week from the Business Manager in Northampton.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Laurel Sullivan, 8 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

'97. Susan M. Holton is studying to become a trained nurse at Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston.

Elizabeth T. Mills is teaching at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School in Boston.

'00. Mrs. A. H. Clark (Mary S. Whitcomb) is at home on furlough from Ahmednagar, India. She attended the Rochester Student Volunteer Conference.

'03. Grace Legate has announced her engagement to Harold L. Olmsted of Buffalo.

'08. Mrs. Arthur A. Bryant (Louise Frances Stevens) has been appointed Special Agent for the Educational Section of the "Department of Child Hygiene," a section of the Russell Sage Foundation. The standards of work of this association are very high, and the ground work is being laid for a quantitative science of Sociology. Its aim is not propaganda but the establishment of social facts in such manner that definite legislation may be based upon the researches.

Clara Ray Ford is studying music at the Damrosch Institute.

Helen M. Hills is studying Domestic Science at the Teacher's College, Columbia University. Address, 715 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marjory Lewis is studying music at the Damrosch Institute, New York. Lewella Payne has announced her engagement to Garnett Ryland.

'09. Anna Elizabeth Crandall is substituting in the Department of History at the Troy High School, Troy, N. Y.

Ruth Lucile Dietrich is pastor's assistant of the Flatbush Congregational Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ruth Henley has gone abroad for eight months. She will spend the winter studying in Germany.

Edith Lillian Jarvis. Address, The Chataleine, Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary Learned Palmer is studying Domestic Science at Columbia University. Address, 583 Carleton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

- '09. Grace E. Miller, who is studying violin at the New England Conservatory of Music this winter, has announced her engagement to Harold Huntington White of Newton Center. Address, Waban. Mass.
- ex*-'09. Edna Stoughton is studying at Adelphi College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARRIAGES

- '01. Gertrude Roberts to H. J. Sherer. Address, 22 Pennock Terrace, Lansdowne, Pa.
- '02. Beatrice Montgomery to Charles B. Goddard. Address, 3506 Sullivan Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
- '04. Alice Bradford Boutwell to Dr. George Norman Pease. Address, after March first, 784 Pettygreve Street, Portland, Oregon.

BIRTHS

- '00. Mrs. David A. Murray (Annie L. A. Foster), a son, Andrew Foster, born October 15 in Osaka, Japan.
- '02. Mrs. Fred G. Olp (Florence Dowling), a daughter, Katharine Elizabeth, born October 29.
- '03. Mrs. Francis Wm. Tully (Susan Pratt Kennedy), a son, Sidney Kennedy, born December 2.
- '04. Mrs. Frank L. Boyden (Helen S. Childs), a son, born December 22.
Mrs. Walter E. Crittenden (Harriet B. Butler), a son, David Benton, born December 18.
- ex*-'04. Mrs. Alton True Roberts (Abby Bucher Longyear), a son, Horace Noyes, born September 22.

CALENDAR

- January 17. Beginning of the Mid-year Examinations.
“ 25. Close of the Mid-year Examinations.
“ 26. Holiday.
“ 26. 8 P. M. Open meeting of the Clef Club.
“ 27. Beginning of the second semester.
“ 29. Clarke House Group Dance.
“ 29. Lawrence House Reception.
- February 2. Open meeting of Current Events and The Spectator. Lecture by Professor John Spencer Bassett. Subject: The Anglo-Saxon Attitude Toward the Negro.
“ 2. Lecture under the auspices of the French Department by M. Charles Le Verrier. Subject: “La Question de L’Argent au Théâtre et le Rôle de l’Argent dans la Société Française Contemporaine.”
“ 5. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
“ 5. Reception by Dewey House.
“ 5. Reception by Washburn House.
“ 13. Day of Prayer for Colleges.

The
Smith College
Monthly

February - 1910

Conducted by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 5

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THE ANGLO SAXON ATTITUDE TOWARD THE NEGRO¹

BY JOHN SPENCER BASSETT

The world's increasing consciousness of itself has brought inferior and superior civilizations into contact and one result has been a series of new race relations, the operations of which as yet we only partially understand. We have noticed that in such contacts the superior race displays aversion for the inferior, and we have sometimes assumed that race antipathy is natural, universal, and permanent. The assumption, it seems to me, is not entirely correct. Race aversion does exist, but it is found in varying degrees of intensity in various places, the divergence being sometimes due to religion, sometimes to political factors, and sometimes to social or industrial conditions. So wide are the variations that it would seem to be better to say that race antipathy is universal in its fundamental stages and it varies above those stages with environment.

¹ Paper read before the conference on the Negro in Cooper Union, New York, May 31, 1909.

Beyond this phase of the question is another of even greater importance. It is the assumption sometimes made that because race antipathy is universal it is ineradicable. The conclusion is premature; we have not so well discovered the cause of race antipathy that we can assert whether or not it can be eradicated. If it proceeds from peculiarity of physical structure which cannot be modified by processes of evolution, it cannot be removed. But if it rests upon some less refractory forces, such as social ideals, economic impulses, or the feeling of caste, its removal would seem with due time to be possible. And it seems also true that if the amount of race antipathy in a given community be due partly to permanent and partly to transitory causes, we may hope that with time and proper stimulation from intelligent people at least a part of the feeling may be removed.

This question bears on the Southern race issue because it is sometimes said that the attitude of the Southerners is but a general Anglo Saxon attitude and that attempts to cure it will consequently be futile. I think the assertion is untrue just as the assertion is untrue that race antipathy is universal and ineradicable. There is such a thing as the Anglo Saxon attitude toward inferiors. By observing the feelings on the subject in the places in which the English stock rules inferiors we may have the general features of this Anglo Saxon attitude. And when this has been found it will be seen that the Southerner goes somewhat further in repression than the Englishman, and that this surplusage is the part of the Southern race antipathy which appears most artificial. It is an outgrowth of peculiar historical conditions, and we may hope to lessen its intensity if we can undo through wise intelligence some of the phases which have arisen through unwise intelligence.

Cape Colony is that British possession in which conditions with reference to the Negro are most like those in our Southern States. It is true there are some divergent conditions. For example, some Negroes still maintain tribal organization; and the proximity of large groups of natives in the interior gives a certain instability to the Negroes who come for a time into touch with the white man's civilization. The blacks also are 77% of the population, and in our South only 34%. On the other hand our Negroes have been placed in close association with the superior race, and, held there by economic necessity, they have been forced to forget many of their African customs.

In each locality the Negro affects the white man in much the same way. It is the recoil of the superior from the inferior. But in Africa the aversion is not solidified as in the South. In one place the individual white man determines his attitude toward the black man, in the other the community determines it. In one place, in spite of a large number who oppose Negro development there are many who seek to bring it about, and they are allowed to do what they choose; in the other there is a public opinion about the Negro, and its dictum is final.

Mr. Bryce gives us illustrations of the feeling in Cape Colony. For example, a gentleman there may invite an educated Negro to dinner, but before doing so he will ask his white guests if they object to such company. Nor does he lose position in society because he has been host to a native. He is eligible thereafter as a guest himself at the homes of those who would not accept his invitation under the conditions specified. The same is true as to intermarriage; it is not generally approved, but it occurs rarely and there is no law against it. Sometimes a poor white man will work for a Negro who has employment for him. Generally the children of the two races attend separate schools; but sometimes poor white people send their children to schools for blacks because the fees are smaller, and no one objects. White people are concerned in philanthropic work for blacks, acting individually and as churches, and by doing so they do not lose their efficiency in other work for and with white people. Social relations with Negroes are not desired by the majority of whites; but those who oppose them do not think the safety of society demands that the advocates of such views be held as enemies of the public good. On this subject people seem to think that the best safety of the public lies in allowing a man to believe as he chooses.

Now I do not say that this is a desirable thing. It may or may not be so; but my present contention is that this is unlike the position of our South. And since the conditions are relatively the same in Jamaica and in other British colonies where whites rule blacks, I think it fair to say that it stands for the Anglo Saxon attitude toward the Negro. That is to say, the British are unwilling to accept the inferior as an equal, but they are willing to try to make him an equal, and their sense of fair play tolerates and even applauds the successful efforts to raise him above his former position. It is a doctrine which

sprang from the English instinct of liberty, and it was brought to America by our forefathers.

The Negro race was no sooner planted in the New World than its habits began to be modified by the new environment. Regular and more intelligent methods of labor, a better family life, a rude but fundamental concept of the Christian religion, the use of a highly organized language with the possibility of some day knowing its rich literature, and a rudimentary respect for law were some of the advantages that his early residence in America gave to the Negro. Some of them came through slavery and some in spite of it. His first advance of an intellectual kind was religious. It was, undoubtedly, a very simple gain, but it was fundamental. Most people have begun their culture with religion.

By 1800 the Negro had advanced far enough to show that through a continuation of existing helpful relations with the whites he could achieve important results. All the Southern churches before the revolution, Quaker, Episcopalian, Baptist and Presbyterian, preached to him and took him into their folds with perfect liberty; but their methods were not vigorous, and the results were not remarkable. After the revolution a powerful religious movement passed over the South. It was led by the Methodists, whose great opportunity came at just this time when the Episcopal Church was disorganized by events connected with the war of independence. Its fervid evangelism won great sections of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, and marched triumphantly through the new states of Kentucky and the Southwest. While it won some of the upper class of inhabitants, its greatest success was with the lower. And its fire spread to other religious bodies. It was kindled in the Baptist Church—which before that time lingered in the lap of Calvinism—and divided that organization into two camps, one known as Primitive Baptists and the other as Missionary Baptists. The latter was far the larger, and driven by a strong and aggressive evangelism became a very powerful body. Thus it happened that the Methodist and Missionary Baptist Churches became the strongest popular religious organizations in the South, and they so remained throughout the nineteenth century.

Although others labored as they could these two popular churches were particularly active in work for the Negro. In true Anglo Saxon spirit they took him into the church and in

exceptional cases they allowed him to preach, but they did not give him the right to hold office. They believed, and he acquiesced in it, that he was not capable of directing the affairs of the church. This mingling of blacks and whites in a field of common concern was the best guarantee of mutual peace and sympathy: and since religion was the sphere of mental activity at which the white man's ideals was most likely to enter the Negro's life, this association in the churches promised much for the future. When the nineteenth century began, and for three decades thereafter, the whites had the Anglo Saxon attitude toward the Negro problem. They sought to develop him, but they recognized his inferiority in the mass while they encouraged all efforts in the individual which seemed to work for his uplift. Some illustrations of this state of affairs will show how harmonious the situation was at this time.

Near the close of the eighteenth century Henry Evans, a full-blooded Negro, a shoemaker and a licensed local Methodist preacher, settled in Fayetteville, North Carolina. He found the people of his race without religious instruction and began to preach to them. The planters suspected incendiarism and he was forced to give up open meetings. But he continued to preach at secret meetings, frequently swimming the river to meet his flock in the sand hills beyond. And it was at length noticed that the slaves who came under his preaching were more tractable for it; and public opinion underwent a change. He was now allowed to preach regularly in the town, the whites helped him build a church, they next came to hear him preach, they liked it so well that they became regular attendants, they filled up the little building until they crowded out the Negro members, so that it was finally necessary to remove the clapboards from the sides and build sheds there for the accommodation of the blacks. For many years people who came to market in Fayetteville considered it one of the attractions of that back country metropolis to hear Henry Evans, the Negro preacher. After a while he became old, and his congregation was beyond his control. He surrendered it voluntarily to the Methodist connection, and it became a regular Methodist station. But the congregation did not cease to honor their founder. A sleeping-room was built for him behind the pulpit, and he occupied it till his death. A Methodist bishop did not hesitate to record as a moral lesson for the church the last words of this earnest African and pronounced them worthy of St. Paul.

Ralph Freeman, Baptist preacher in Anson County, North Carolina, was equally noted. "He was considered an able preacher," says the white historian, "and was frequently called upon to preach on funeral occasions and was appointed to preach on Sabbath at Association, and frequently administered the ordinance of baptism and the Lord's Supper. He was of common size, was perfectly black, with a smiling countenance. He was very humble in his appearance at all times, and especially when conducting religious services. Great personal respect was also shown him by the brethren whom he visited in his preaching excursions." He never had a regular charge, but traveled much preaching to the regular Baptist congregations, composed of whites and blacks. A white preacher, Rev. Joseph Magee, became greatly attached to him and the two agreed that the survivor should preach the funeral sermon of him who died first. The task fell to Ralph; and although his friend had moved West the will of the deceased provided funds to pay the Negro preacher's expenses to that region to carry out the ancient compact.

A third illustration is the career of John Chavis, of Graville county, North Carolina, also a full-blooded Negro. He was sent by some white men to Princeton to see if a Negro could be educated, and received special instruction from President Witherspoon. He became a good classical scholar and a licensed Presbyterian minister. He preached freely in the Presbyterian churches of his neighborhood, but seems never to have been a pastor. In his travels he was entertained in the homes of the leading white people. He conducted a classical school and prepared for the state university the sons of some of the leading families. Among his pupils were Willie Mangum, destined to be one of the most distinguished of Southern Whigs, the two sons of Chief Justice Henderson, and the grandfather of a present Episcopal bishop, and the last mentioned student boarded in Chavis' family.

Here in a circle, the diameter of which is a hundred miles, lived three black men doing good to whites and blacks, and in 1750 the region in which they lived was chiefly wilderness. Their success is worth something as showing how the Negro, after a century in American civilization, developed leaders beyond the average of the race.

The position of the Southern churches at this time has its

parallel in that of some of the public men. Washington and other prominent Virginians are well known for their mild views concerning the Negro. In 1791 Jefferson, secretary of state, appointed a Negro mathematician to office in his department because he wanted to see if a Negro would succeed in that capacity. His letter to a gentlemen in France telling of the matter shows that he did not disapprove of Negro office-holders.

And it was under Andrew Jackson, the second founder of the Democratic party, that Negroes, so far as I can learn, first came to a high social function in the White House. The occasion was the inauguration in 1829, and it is described by James Hamilton, Jr., of South Carolina, who wrote :

"After the ceremony [of inauguration] the old chief retired to the Palace where he had a regular Saturnalia. The mob broke in, in thousands—spirits black, yellow, and grey, poured in in one uninterrupted stream of mud and filth; among the throng many subjects for the penitentiary and not the fewest among them were Mr. Mercer's tyros for Liberia. It would have done Mr. Wilberforce's heart good to have seen a stout black wench eating in this free country a jelly with a gold spoon at the President's House."

Now these incidents do not prove everything, but they show that public opinion in 1791 and in 1829 was not like public opinion in the South at present. All that I claim is that in the first three decades of the nineteenth century the Southern whites had the typical English attitude toward the Negro. They recognized his inferiority, they sought to secure his development, and that painfully solid opinion which demands that white hands shall never touch black ones had not come into existence. If the problem of the inferior could have been worked out under this gentle system, this conference, probably, would not have been called.

But mild measures could not be followed. To destroy slavery was of greater immediate importance than to develop the Negro. About 1830 the storm began which was to secure emancipation, and the blue sky has been darkened ever since. It was perhaps a necessary storm, but it has been unnecessarily prolonged.

The controversy which was to work so much that was good and so much that was not good for the Negro was at first concerned with slavery; since 1865 it has been concerned with the position of the Negro. The slavery problem and the Negro

problem are distinct by nature, but in their development in America one ran into the other. Northern men declared that slavery wronged the Negro by taking from him his inalienable rights; Southern men replied that the Negro had no inalienable rights and that slavery was the condition best suited for his development. And it happened that by a process of action and reaction each side became more emphatic in its assertions until at last one was declaring for Negro suffrage, thus ennobling the inferior to the position of equal citizenship, and the other was declaring that slavery was a divinely appointed institution. Southern churches which in 1800 worked for the conversion of Negroes and declared that slavery was an evil, were in 1850 teaching that the African was divinely ordained to bondage, and the most radical Southerners were beginning to ask if he had any soul which God was bound to respect. And thus it happened that the South of Jefferson and Washington, which had places for Henry Evans, Ralph Freeman, and John Chavis, came at the middle of the century to believe that the Negro's inferiority was ineradicable. And it was a conviction which did not rest on his failure in the efforts to elevate him, but which grew out of a heated condition of the public mind in the great sectional controversy.

Then came the war with its failures and reconstruction with its fury. Whether we condemn or approve Negro suffrage, which the North forced on the South while it could, we shall see that it did not improve the South's opinion of the Negro. From 1830 to 1909 is a long period. There is not a man living in the South to-day who remembers the time when the Negro question was not associated with passion. The people there not only have forgotten that they ever planned and strove to develop the race in the old English way, but they have difficulty to believe the historian when he proves it from their own history. They have not thought it possible to return to the former attitude, and yet what has been done can be done again.

The great source of difficulty in this matter has been the politician. The struggle against slavery and reconstruction was necessarily associated with politics, but it was an unfortunate necessity. From it the mere party manager learned that the people of the two sections could be united for party purposes by raising the Negro cry. In doing so they seemed to care little how far they inflamed the popular judgment with reference to

the race question. It was a fair revelry for men of Northern and Southern views, who standing face to face with alternate strokes drove deep the wedge which separated the two races of the South. It is not necessary to call them malicious or stupid ; but they were misguided when they thought that by stirring the old fires they were either benefitting the black man or preserving the civilization of the white man. Race relations in America are a delicate thing, and for the present they should be kept out of politics.

If we could return to the attitude which existed in the days of saner conditions, the days of Jefferson and Washington, we should not have social intermingling of the races. In industry, in the use of ordinary public utilities, we should have probably the same conditions we have to-day. In all those things which stand for similarity of tastes, as associations in churches, schools, amusements, and professional coöperation there would be distinctness without antagonism. Citizenship, which is truly more of a responsibility than an honor, would be imposed on the capable Negro so that he might fulfil his duty as a factor in the common government. The difference between that condition and the present would be in the absence of friction. A white man would not hate a Negro because he was a Negro, and a black man would not hate a white man because he was white. We should then lose that apprehension, as old as slavery, that some day there will come a great bloody struggle between two hostile races, a struggle whose greatest probability lies in the habitual anticipation of it.

The North and the South are jointly responsible for the struggle which brought race antipathy to its present conditions ; and they have joint responsibility for its removal. The best thing they can do is to let the fires go out. Incidents trying to the patience of each will continue to occur, but each ought to preserve its equanimity. Scoring the South for some act of inequity adds fuel to the prejudice in that region, and the Negro is in no way benefitted. Likewise, Southerners have reason to keep their tempers. Such outbursts as hot protests against Negroes in places of public entertainment in the North can but stimulate Southern feeling on a question which is already overcharged with feeling. And when these protests are made for political effect they are beyond the endurance of patriots.

But patience is not our only obligation. There ought also to

be wise and persistent effort for Negro uplift; and this duty ought to fall on the South as well as on the North. People who are striving to help the Negro will not hate him. If this Conference can suggest some means of bringing into touch with the Southern whites the many efforts of the North to improve the condition of the Negro, it will do the best day's work done in many a month in the cause of the black man's progress. For example, if the missionary agencies in a Southern state should hold a conference to consider their own work in which they could induce Southern clergymen to take part, there would be laid the foundation of mutual understanding and good will, and it would result beneficially to all concerned. There is the basis of all good in the Southerner's feeling toward Negroes; there is the basis of all good in the Northerner's feeling toward the Negro. Some of our wise men must be wise enough to suggest a plan by which these two fundamental elements of good can be brought into harmonious action. If such harmony can be obtained, we shall be in a fair way to return to the old Anglo Saxon attitude, which sprang from English love of fair play, and which is only obscured by events which in their nature are transitory.

There is in the South some evidence that this understanding can be brought about. The Southern town which I know best is Durham, North Carolina. Its Negro population is about a third of a total of twenty thousand, and their taxable wealth is about four hundred thousand dollars in all kinds of property. One of their number is supposed to be worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars and several others are each worth one-fourth as much. The town has no obtruding Negro problem; but it has a modern hospital for the race, with the name of Lincoln, the Emancipator. The institution was built from contributions from blacks and whites. It is operated by colored physicians and no white doctor in the community will refuse his advice or services in aid of its ministrations to the wants of its colored patients. The Negroes of the same place are building a school for the best instruction of workers for the religious uplift of the race; and they are proceeding with the sympathy and financial assistance of the representative white people. Between the two races there is no suggestion of conflict. On the contrary the situation has every aspect of good will. Moreover, the town of Durham is representative of other towns in general. In all of

them the same kind of relations, so far as a general observation enables one to say, exist as a basis for future development.

The most hopeful thing about this phase of the question is that in it the old Anglo Saxon spirit seems to work again. As we have seen, it worked first in coöperation in religion. The sectional controversy destroyed that harmony, and the resultant discord has not yet disappeared. Private philanthropy and industrial coöperation are new fields; their underlying motives are natural and sane, and they apply to a wide range of activity. They rest fairly on the old idea that inferiority shall be recognized, while all reasonable aid shall be given to remove that inferiority as rapidly as possible.

In closing I desire to say a word for the white man of the South. He has not approached the problem wantonly and without thought. He believes he is right in his position. His ideas have deep rootage in the past. If they are wrong, he must be convinced of it before he will change them; and neither abuse nor anger will convince. It is a matter about which we must reason in the spirit of tolerance. The Southerner is as honest, as fair in his intentions, and as willing to do his duty as any man. He deserves your confidence quite as much as the Negro. Will you take him into account in a reasonable manner? Whether you trust him or not he is the key to the situation. He is in the majority, and will probably continue so, in the South. He will control opinion there; and if your efforts should have his opposition, your work will be seriously hampered. If they should have his support they will be greatly aided.

DAYBREAK

BY MARY L. RICE

The stars sink back into shadows,
The wind sings low, and the din
Of the distant city is hushed
As the great gray day comes in.

“ONLOCKY IN LOVE”

BY ANNABEL HITCHCOCK SHARP

Big bony horses, writhing their lips in the effort to eat the dusty bushes in spite of the obstacle of bits ; long dirty wagons with greasy blankets spread in the bottoms of them ; a whip, and a boy snapping it at the legs of some companions, thus forcing a kind of dance for his amusement ; several swarthy men standing about smoking, while one pounded stakes in the ground with lazy indifference as to whether his blows drove the peg straight or sideways or glanced off and thumped the earth ; an old woman making lace with pin and spools ; and on the top of a long fence, a girl, dressed in blue calico, swinging her feet and singing. The girl's head swayed to the lilting tune and she beat her hands together as if she were striking a tambourine. She seemed more vividly alive than any creature I had ever seen—and more beautiful.

My gaze drew her eyes and she stopped her song abruptly, leapt lightly down from the fence, and ran toward me, her little brown feet not shrinking from contact with the stubbly grass.

“Tell your fawtune, mister ?” she cried, laughing up at me. “Me tell your fawtune ?”

And when I did not immediately shake my head and frown (they need little encouragement, these people) she thrust her hand into her dress and drew out a pack of cards. “The cards first,” she said, and with an air of very great importance and heavy mystery, she dealt them in some swift complicated fashion, her hands flicking them as lightly to their places as though she gambled for a living. I sat down beside her with the remark that if it were going to take a long time —. She flashed a smile at me :

“Oh, awful long time,” she said.

Then she began to chant in a kind of sing-song, often glancing up to see how I was taking it. She turned up a king of diamonds, her hands went fluttering over the cards while she chanted, then she snapped over another, the queen of spades—“O—oh,” a low wail she gave and tapped it with a slender finger.

"Why, what does that lady bring me in the way of misfortune?" I asked; but she was rapidly turning up card after card now here, now there. When they were spread out thus, their dirty faces purporting to reveal my future, I leaned forward with a question, for I saw that the little gypsy's eyes were troubled and she did not wish to read the story there. With a sudden impulse, she caught them together and shook her head:

"Not wish to tell you—so handsome—an onhappy thing!" she protested; then quite vehemently, "They not tell the truth, but I—I tell you!"

She caught my hand, surveyed it earnestly, and then, as if she found unwelcome confirmation of the cards, tracing a line there, looked up into my eyes and said slowly and portentously:

"Onlocky in love."

The full unshielded radiance of her eyes looking deep into mine, the delicate pressure of her trailing finger across my palm, the soft warm voice of her, the word love spoken as a kind of challenge,—I felt a queer, unaccustomed thrill.

"What do you know of love?" I asked her. "If the future were really all there before you, you couldn't interpret it. Why aren't you busy making lace like your grandmother there? You'd be twice as ornamental as she is."

The girl lifted her head high.

"Me?" she questioned incredulously, then gave a long, easy laugh. "Me no make lace," she explained with some scorn. "Me no sell or beg along the road, or even tell fawtunes—except for you, ask *him*." She pointed to one of the group that stood smoking, a little to the right of us. It is not often that any woman in a band of wandering gypsies is without her share of work. I thought it curious that she should be exempt, but her beautiful, even features, her hair that was soft fair brown instead of black, suggested a possibility. I started in the direction of the men, expecting she would accompany me, but she sauntered indifferently away, taking up where she had left off, the song I had interrupted.

When I questioned the slouching gypsy about her, he grunted and looked me lazily up and down, then he held out his hand insinuatingly. I found a quarter in my pocket, gave it to him, and it took such immediate effect that it reminded me of dropping pennies in a music-box that begins to play automatically thereat. He said the girl was "ver' fine, ver' fine and smart"—

not like them, he hunched his shoulders depreciatingly, but had to be treated with deference. He drew forth from somewhere a dirty chamois bag, opened it and exposed to view a delicate circlet of gold—it looked as if it might have been designed for a fairy's bracelet. This the gypsy held out proudly in the sunlight. "Came to us with her," he elucidated, nodding in the direction of the girl, and I, following his gesture, had an instant's view of the young person in question staring with a curious surprise and intensity at the band of glimmering gold in my companion's grimy hand. But the man had not seen. "Thees a ring for da arm"—incongruously he made a circle around his own heavy wrist—"arm-ring, yes, it feet her arm so small one time," he laughed, "it so beeg as a ring for my thumb now; it have some writing on the inside, you see? You can maybe read?" I found simply the initials "E. V. H." done in old English.

As I turned to look again at the girl to get some help in guessing what her name might be—whether she would be suited by Eleanor or Emma or Evelyn best—I was surprised to find she had come quite near. The swarthy gypsy noticed this and quickly slipped the bracelet into his chamois case and slid it back into his pocket. As he did so, E. V. H. took a few quick steps forward, apparently stubbed her toe—though I could scarcely understand her doing anything so awkward—and with an impatient little moan fell against my companion, catching her hand a moment in his coat for support. She straightened up in an instant, however, and drew away from him, laughing and talking very fast about having told me my fortune and what a good one it had been (it had not at all, you remember) and at the same time rubbing her small injured toes against the brown bare ankle of the other foot. So realistic was this little show of pain that I half dropped to my knee before her, and held out my hand. Never had I seen foot more gracefully arched, more satin-soft than hers; she thrust it forward an instant, then drew it quickly away, gave me a queer, amused look, and went running lightly away with a backward ripple of laughter.

You might wonder what could keep an intelligent, fairly respectable citizen loafing in a gypsy camp till sundown. Picturesque? Yes, of course, if one did not stop to think of the very unwashed figures in the picture. Entertaining? In a way,

for one by one the young girls and some of the men who had been coming on foot arrived and compared notes as to the sales they had made, the men setting down their heavy bulging suit-cases, containing everything from needles to Turkish pillow-covers and embroidered dresser-scarfs; supper was spread for those who had not met with good Samaritans on the way, and the pilferers from the nearby fields added their store of ripe tomatoes, fruits and corn to the miscellaneous collection of dainties already on hand. But it was not for the value of the picture, nor yet for the sake of amusement, that I lingered among these people, parting with many pennies for the children and dimes and quarters for their parents for the privilege of being welcome there. I was not a romantic youth, but it was as if the beautiful little fortune-teller, when she thrust her foot out at me, had implanted it firmly on my heart and had walked all over it. I felt a curious sensation of having known about her for a very long time and of having come here deliberately to find her, and having found her I was oh, so loath to move on. But linger as I might, I did not see her again, so made my way to my machine which I had left in the field just off the road, and turning on the electric lamps, I got in and rode smoothly and reluctantly toward Wilberville, where I was to spend the night at my aunt's.

The barn being the only available garage on my aunt's premises, and it being a task of no small difficulty to get my heavy machine up the steep incline, I preferred to leave it standing in the starlight and went directly to the house, where I found my aunt in some despair over a nice little supper she had been trying to keep warm for me.

That night I slept soon, but through my dreams there sped a figure graceful and sweet and lithe, turning corners just ahead of me, eluding my fingers that sought to stay her by the braids of her soft brown hair, fled always and left me baffled till I woke and could sleep no more. When the first faint shafts of light fell on my eyes I rose and dressed, and tiptoeing softly, I let myself out the front door and strolled around aimlessly over the wet grass on which the dew glistened like frost.

As I approached the machine, something yellow lying in the gravel road attracted my attention, and stooping, I picked up—the circlet of gold initialed E. V. H. I stood gazing at it stupidly for an instant and then I *knew*;—knew so surely that

I hardly needed the evidence of my eyes to confirm ; in the back seat of the car was curled a small childish sleeping figure ! The slender graceful line of the shapely body, the heavy braids outlining the beautiful head, the slow even breath through parted lips, the firm round arm on which her cheek was laid,—I had no surprise. I was conscious only of a sudden gladness, a quick rush of thankfulness. She was here, and with the first thrill of that knowledge I did not stop to consider *why* I should thus feel myself gratitude-bound to Fate, Providence or whatever had brought her.

I was standing looking at her as if all my mind would hold of her must be gathered in at once, for the next moment might take her away, when she opened her eyes full on me—eyes dull with sleep, black, expressionless, which all at once became alive, lit with a radiant recognition, and she sat up and held out her arms to me. And I took her hands and kissed them and neither of us spoke. And when I freed her hands she put them on my face, against my mouth, against my forehead, and stroked my hair, and we looked at each other and felt we had known for a long, long time that these things were to be. When I spoke my words were :

“ You beautiful infant, I love you ! ”

And then she drew away as if in pain and put her hands to her eyes and peeped at me through her fingers almost guiltily, as if she were sorry for something she had done. Then,

“ Me ? ” she said, her soft voice incredulous. “ Me to bring you all that great unhappiness ? ” And then she looked at her palm and sighed and nodded her head, then held it out for me to examine as if I must find there the explanation of everything. “ It ees so, it come true, my hand and yours tell same things ;—oh, my love ! ”

Again the word of words from her full lips. I took her in my arms and lifted her bodily from the machine and carried her into the house. I had put her down on the piano-stool, breathless and laughing, when I became aware of the silken rustle of my aunt's wrapper in the hall, and in another minute a very much shocked old lady swept accusingly into the room. I drew her aside into the dining-room and I confess it was very hard to begin to say anything, confronted by her scandalized stare. I told her, however, the meagre details of my visit to the camp—details that did not after all account for this later development, I realized quite well, and,

"But, Fenwick, I *saw* just now in the yard, you carried her in." My aunt's tone was deprecating; doubtless she felt the feebleness of my explanation.

"It's the truth, though," I cried hotly. "I never saw her before."

"Truth is stranger than fiction." My aunt shrugged her shoulders and I never have heard that remark invested with more cutting significance.

Then I broached the plan that had come to me almost as soon as I found Evelyn in the automobile, that she should be allowed to stay with my aunt and be looked after and educated and all that sort of thing. Aunt Hazel was not as horrified as I had dreaded—she burst out laughing and looked at me as if I were a child.

"But how do you know she won't go off with our things, Fenwick?" (I had told her the incident of the bracelet and shown her the trinket.) "She may steal our silver. How do you know she won't?"

"I *don't* know," I said crossly, and turning away was for going back to Evelyn when the relenting tone of my aunt's voice stopped me.

"Fenwick,—is it just that you are kind-hearted? or is it that you want some kind of novelty? or—"

"I love her!" I said with so much intensity that Aunt Hazel, poor lady, took an uncertain step backward and sat weakly down in a chair. But I knew I had won.

By evening Evelyn had gained the whole heart of Aunt Hazel—as complete a conquest as she had made of me. I met Aunt Hazel in the hall; there were tears in her eyes and a queer tender expression. Her face flushed a faded pink when she saw me and she held out her hand to me.

"I'm such a foolish old woman," she said, and passed on with a little sob.

I went into the living-room where a small fire had been built, the weather having turned suddenly cool, and Evelyn and I sat in one big chair, and if the tears come now at the memory, I am glad I have it; the pressure of her form against me, the kiss that she pressed on the inside of her bracelet and bade me keep both forever,—I shall never forget.

Next morning I waited for her impatiently, and finally begged my aunt to go to my gypsy's room and hurry her down to me.

My aunt's quick step on the stair, descending; her peculiar, half-frightened face; her three words, "She is gone!" the hurried search of the grounds, the neighborhood; then my machine chugging in the direction where I had last seen the gypsy-camp. No bony horses, no men smoking, no women making lace,—no Evelyn. Nor could a careful questioning of all the farmers round about bring any light to bear on the direction they had taken or where they might be now. There followed days of waiting and searching, days of unspeakable weariness and baffled longing. Only the little bracelet with its unsympathetic yellow shine assured me that I had ever known happiness—and Evelyn. Whether she had been stolen again by the gypsies, who had traced her here and taken her away with them because of some idea of ransom, or whether they believed they were actually doing the girl a kindness to force her away to them, I do not know, but of one thing I am sure: that she never left me of her own free will. I had looked into her eyes and read the loyal spirit there, and could not believe she was as inconstant as the winter sunshine and had gone.

Certainly it was an inexplicable thing that a band of gypsies with all their paraphernalia should have so completely vanished. After I had looked everywhere, done everything, and was growing more restless daily, my aunt suggested travel, and being at last prevailed upon, I drove my machine to the station at Beecher. I passed the field and little creek with which my adventure began. I could not resist the impulse to stop and walk to the log fence, where Evelyn had sat. The long, thin shadows rested on the grayish field like soothing fingers, the wind blew softly against my face. Was it the wind or only the vivid echo of a memory that spoke the plaintive words:

"*Me tell your fawtune?—Onlocky in love.*"

ADVERTISING

BY MARY G. WINANS

"The man who has a thing to sell,
And goes and whispers it down a well,
Is not so likely to collar the dollars
As he who climbs a tree and hollers."

Advertiser's Jingle.

Long before daily newspapers or popular magazines were ever thought of, long before electric lights or street cars came into existence, even before the ancestors of many of us could read, advertising was in constant use. The drapers and the haberdashers and others, but especially the *inns*, in country and town, hung out their painted boards which even the most illiterate could read. The stupid fellow sent by his master for a jug of wine could easily find the place by the sign of the "Blue Boar" or the "Black Raven" swinging over the door of the inn. Relics of this primeval advertising have come down to us to-day. As we pass along the street we needn't bother to read "Cigars, Tobacco, etc.," the Indian standing in front tells us at once that here we can buy our "Bull Durham," or the red and white pole farther along tells us long before we are near enough to read the "Barber" on the window that there we can have a hair-cut.

Two centuries ago the methods used were most rudimentary. "Outside of an occasional handbill, advertising at the end of the 17th century was confined to the bell-men or apprentices who sat in doorways and urged the public to enter." This primitive method survives in the "town crier" with his bell, and the "barker" of the circus and second-hand clothing shop. For years advertising made little advance from this stage, but gradually, after a time, as newspapers and periodicals came into use it crept into them. Yet even at as late a date as 1830 we find advertisements pitifully poor and few. When we finally unearth one in a paper of that date we find it printed in such fine type and with such straggling lines that it is next to impossible to read it. Here is one of a dentist, anxious to keep up with the times :

"Artificial Teeth, set in so firm, as to eat with them and so Exact, as not to be distinguish'd from natural ; they are not to

be taken out at night as is by some falsely suggested, but may be worn years together: yet they are so fitted, that they may be taken out and put in by the Person that wears them at Pleasure, and are an ornament to the Mouth, and greatly helpful to the speech: Also Teeth clean'd and drawn by John Watts. . . .

“Bacquet Court, Fleet Street.”

Compare this rambling appeal of the early 19th century, abominably printed and shoved off in some out-of-the-way corner, to the direct command of the 20th century, in a full-page ad,

“Coal Office, Colorado!” “Burlington Route!”

Running through the old papers of a hundred years ago we find advertisements of remarkable remedies, cures of terrible diseases—leprosy and scrofula and such like—of the most frequent appearance. Others which appear over and over are advertisements of servants “eloped from their masters,” or of burglars (a minute description appended) who broke into a house at midnight and made off with a “three pound twelve shilling piece,” or of a horse thief with a “prominent bump on a remarkably long nose,” who made off with a “Brown Mare having a hole in her near shoulder and a slit in her near ear,” and so forth and so on. Book advertisements are also quite numerous, especially those of a sanctimonious cast, such as “A sober appeal to a Turk or an Indian concerning the plain sense of Scripture relating to the Trinity.” Cock-fights, however, are about the only thing advertised regularly at that day.

Only a little over twenty-five years ago was advertising “by common acceptance taken into business partnership, and,” as Mr. Tailer tells us, “recognized to be as much a commercial necessity as the raw material itself, its manufacture and sale,” when finally from “advertising under protest the business man came to recognize the art as an essential of his business,” and proceeded to make the most of it.

Thirty-five years ago the daily and weekly newspaper, the bill-board and the out-door sign were the only methods used. To-day every conceivable method is tried and not a day passes but some smart inventor discovers a new and startling means of publicity.

What are the laws and principles involved in this great business? What are the requirements of the successful advertisement and why are some ads such failures? These are the

questions which spring naturally to our minds and in which the advertiser is himself vitally interested.

Mr. Walter Dill Scott has lately written a book on the "Psychology of Advertising," giving us the fundamental principles involved. The advertiser to be successful, he shows us, must also be a psychologist. He must know the people and how to appeal to them. First of all the advertiser wishes to attract the public's attention. Psychology at once points out to him that bright colors or moving objects are two of the most efficient means. Flashing electric signs give both the color and the motion and are among the most successful of to-day's advertisements. Walking down Broadway who can fail to see, high overhead, a little girl walking through golden rain, her skirt blowing in the wind and an umbrella over her shoulder—done in flashing electric lights—and right beside her "Heatherbloom petticoats" in steady red lights?

Here another important point is illustrated, one which all advertisers are anxious to gain, the impressing their name or the special brand of the article they wish to sell. Trade-marks find their special value here. If every time we think of a phonograph the picture, "His master's voice," flashes before our mental vision, or if the name "Campbell" is invariably linked for us with the word soup, we are pretty sure when buying phonographs or soups to ask for the "Victor" or "Campbell's," as the case may be.

As well as attracting the attention and impressing the name, the advertisement must fulfill another and no less important requirement. It must be attractive. It must appeal to our interest of some kind—to our laughter, our tears, or what not? If a flaming poster catches our eye but disgusts us as soon as we look it in the face, what possibility is there of our buying the article it flaunts? We want to forget it as fast as possible. Love of pictures and of nonsense is a strong trait in most people, and it is to this that Mr. Roach owes his success in his "Spotless Town" jingles.

Besides being attractive, the truly successful ad must be clear and concise. We are too busy a people to waste our time over puzzling and indistinct stuff as we roar through the subway or rush past on an express from New York to Baltimore. Suppose the public *has* been made to "look and listen," if not to stop—suppose its æsthetic sense has not been rudely shocked

—all has not yet been accomplished. The public is too forgetful or too lazy to bring in the prompt returns which the business man desires. Many methods have been thought of to rouse him to immediate action. The need of the article advertised is suggested to him in many ways,—the advantage in possessing it, and the hardships endured from any inferior article. The direct command is also frequently used. We find it in every conceivable form, concise and to the point :

“Say Zu Zu to the grocery man !”

“Sit right down and write us.”

“Write for Post Toasties.”

“Use Hand Sapolio.”

“Let the Gold Dust twins do your work.”

“Let us teach you, at home, how to be an elocution teacher, a carpenter,” etc.,

and countless others. Another step has been made to pave the way and make it easier for the poor public to write immediately for your goods. The return coupon has been inserted, making the ads complete, all ready fixed for our use. Like the pre-cooked and predigested breakfast foods, all we need to do is to swallow them. Tear off the corner of the page, mark an X in a space all ready and mail your scrap to an address clearly printed, this is the most that is required of you. Is it a wonder that advertising brings in such large returns when it is made so much easier to “sit right down and write” for a pianola or a breakfast food to-day than it is to go on avoiding and resisting their pleadings and enticements from week end to week end ?

Beside the psychological question, however, of success and non-success, there is also another question involved, of no less importance to the public than is the first question to the advertiser,—that is the ethical problem. Under this head there come two distinct classes of advertising—the legitimate and the unscrupulous. It happens, moreover, that the scamp very often understands human nature more thoroughly than does the honest man. He fully appreciates and calmly banks on the pride, the laziness and the good-nature of his public. A very successful fraud of this kind was worked by a waggish and enterprising Yankee not long ago. “The Unfailing Potato Bug Eradicator, with full directions accompanying, all for the price of ten cents,” was advertised far and wide. An unsuspecting New England farmer read the ad, thought it a good

thing and wrote for it, enclosing his dime in stamps. A day or two later the "Unfailing Potato Bug Eradicator" appeared, and the astonished farmer unrolled a couple of neatly whittled sticks, pointed at the ends. Printed on the side of one was, "Place the potato-bug between these sticks and squeeze them together"! The farmer's surprise gave way to rage and his rage to sheepishness. Then he thought it would be a good thing not to let anyone know how he had been sold, and next a twinkle came as the idea of fooling some one else and of getting the laugh on the other fellows occurred to him. And so the clever inventor of the "Unfailing Eradicator" thrived and prospered on the good-natured farmers who were able to appreciate a joke.

There is, however, a more serious side to this fraudulent advertising. In New Jersey a few years ago the promoters of a "Western mine (!)" advertised widely in all the daily papers. The stock in remarkably small denominations was set to catch the small investor,—the serving girl, the day laborer and so forth. The whole thing, from beginning to end, was a "skin," but it was not exposed till many a hard-won dollar had come rolling in and the rascally incorporators had most successfully worked their "gold-mine of public credulity!"

Another most pernicious kind of fake advertising is that of patent medicines, famous cure-alls that are backed by hundreds of endorsements given by people who have used (?) the medicine and been wonderfully helped(?). Sometimes the patent medicine is harmless,—nothing but water, perhaps,—but again it may have alcohol enough in it to blow the patient and his home up in smoke and flames. The quality of the medicine itself, however, doesn't bother its inventor very much, for as he very well knows, its value depends upon what he puts *on* the bottle rather than what he puts *in* it.

What is to be the future of this great, unwieldy and contradictory force with its vast possibilities for good and for evil? Advertising confronts us everywhere. We cannot escape it and it itself thrusts the question upon us. We look up to heaven—a sky sign is the first thing to catch our eye. We enter a street-car and "Arrow Collars," "The Gillette Razor," and thirty odd more reason with us from over the heads of the "strap-hangers." We look out of the window on the railway and a flaring bill-board hits us in the face,—a monster green

toad with bulging eye. Can any lasting benefit be realized from such a business? We must remember that advertising, although so old, has but just emerged from its infancy. Of late it has grown tremendously and to-day we find it adolescent—like a great awkward boy in his teens, overgrown, clumsy and wiry. Training and discipline are necessary for the ad as well as the boy, and we must not at first expect too much of either.

True, the economic as well as the artistic point of view has been much abused. Business reliability is undermined by the quack drugs and the “Free”—for return postage—ads. Fortunes are being poured out into grand advertising contests, the man with the biggest backing winning out. Nor does it lower the prices.

Yet in spite of these evils advertising keeps us up with the times. If we had not read of the “Little Gem” with its package of twenty razor blades all for one dollar, we would still be wasting our time stropping and honing as our fathers did before us. Or we might still be consuming oatmeal porridge to the ends of our days instead of partaking each morning of a new and delicious concoction of “corn-flakes” or “rice-kernels.”

The energetic advertiser not only urges us up along the path to higher civilization, but also, at the same time gives the inventor a “boost.” Anything new, striking or original is guaranteed to sell. It need not necessarily be useful. So the genius inventing patent washing machines and automatic perambulators, no longer fearing a cold and neglectful public, is spurred to his utmost effort.

Moreover, it is our modern ads which support our “dailies” and our monthly magazines in their present luxury. How many periodicals would we have if they were all run on the plan of THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY?

Who then can doubt but that the institution of advertising accomplishes a most important and economic mission?

THROUGH WHIRLING SNOW

BY ELIZABETH BABCOCK

White, white, none can say
Where ends the snow,
Where ends the sky.
Vague, far away,
A wind-blown tree,
Faint to defy,
Bends wearily.
The fence-posts show
In a line, long, gray ;
Dark fir-trees low
'Gainst the whiteness lie,
And the sky, it may be,
Ends there, where they grow ;
But the snow-clouds fly,
And the snow-drifts blow,
White, white, can you say
Where ends the snow ?
Where ends the sky,
Do you know ?

THE SUNBEAM

BY MARY LUCE

A sunbeam once played all day long
From morning until evensong,
The game of " catch me if you can."
Away from all the rest he ran,
Across the fields and through the wood,
Into the garden where you stood,
And there he stopped—the wall was high
And the other sunbeams were close by,
So he had to hide in your golden hair,
And even yet he's hiding there.

SKETCHES

FAMILY PRAYERS

BY PHOEBE PARRY

Only a few glowing embers remain in the long, low fireplace, throwing a dull glow over polished hearth and shining andirons. Occasionally a tiny flame leaps up as though to make a fresh start on the old charred log, and sends search-lights into the corners of the cosy sitting-room.

It is half-past eight and the old people have gathered for family prayers, a time-honored custom. By the table sits Grandfather Pitts, in his evening coat of shiny alpaca, reading the Bible. His gentle but deeply sonorous voice fills the room, the reverence and earnestness that inspire the reading show him to be a godly man. A narrow fringe of white hair surrounds a smooth, freckled bald spot on the top of his head; a gray beard and moustache do not entirely hide the stern lines of mouth and chin that express somewhat of cynicism caught from contact with life's hardships. A high, noble forehead and shaggy eyebrows that overshadow deep, introspective eyes denote his devotion to study and thought. What a scholar of classics, what a student of men is lost in this Pennsylvania farmer who has ever been drawn from the library to labor in the fields, and from accounts in the history of life to accounts of stocks and harvests. The hands that hold the book are hard and knotted and tremble a little, and at his side is the ever-needed cane.

Beside the fire, in a squatty, round-backed rocker, is little rolly-polly grandmother, the dispenser of cookies and the contriver of all kinds of fun. Her round cheery face beams with the beneficence of her good deeds. Her short-sighted blue eyes have the kindest of expressions, and at the corners are crow's-feet of good-nature, and around her mouth curves of genial humor. The little woman is the personification of neatness; her yellow-white hair is smoothed in glossy curves over her ears and rolled into a hard round taffy-colored knot at the back, her black and white polka-dotted gingham is fresh and

rustley with starch, and her apron is snowy white. She is the essence of peaceful repose, rocking there so contentedly in time to the rise and fall of the reader's voice, her hands folded over her knitting in her lap, and the fire-flames playing cheerfully about her.

Opposite her is Auntie, tall, slim and frail, yet erect and dignified in manner. Hers has been a life of service. No thought of self has ever come between her and duty. She has been the advisory body in the little household, the guiding confidant of the children, the moral prop of her Church and Sunday School where she has taught faithfully and unflaggingly for sixty years. Though eighty-three years of age, she still retains vigor of mind, practical sympathy and an almost youthful vivacity, ever ready to lend a hand here to some arduous task, to aid a troubled spirit there, and again to comfort a sorrowing heart. She might have stepped from a quaint old daguerreotype. From under a dainty cap, soft gray curls droop over her ears ; her face is narrow and deeply lined, but therein is an indefinable expression that carries one away from these homely surroundings to something higher, holier, more spiritual. When she smiles, all the virtues radiate from the brightness of her look and warm the heart.

Then last but not least in importance in this peaceful group is Susie McCreery, on whose willing shoulders rest the burdens of the work of the house, dairy, garden, and numberless other things that the old people cannot do. Her energy never fails. She can accomplish wonders in the wink of an eye, yet not without much bustling and confusion. Poor Susie has had a sad time. When Wallace, her husband, was living he did nothing but catch fish and bring home into her clean kitchen the black tracks of the mire, yet Susie has never ceased to mourn his loss. She is an earnest church-worker, but takes her religion most heavily and tortures her conscience with her past, present and future sins. Her mouth droops at the corners, in a pathetic way, and her eyebrows are raised in ever-complaining curves that seem to be held in place by the strain of her red locks that are drawn back as tightly as possible and screwed up into a pointed Psyche on top. No one ever saw Susie at rest, so full is she of nervous energy. Now she sits stiffly on the edge of the couch, ready to begin the locking of the doors when prayers are over.

At last the prayer is ended, the little party file to the kitchen where the lamps are ready, and each taking his own, climbs the narrow stairs, to sleep the peaceful sleep which comes with the knowledge of duties performed.

AT NIGHT

BY ELIZABETH S. DOW

Sometimes when I've gone to bed,
And everything is still,
I hear a little whispering sound
Right by my window-sill.
Mother says it's just the curtain
That's blowing to and fro,
Of course I mustn't contradict,
For mothers always know.
But often, when I hear it there,
I 'most think it must be
Some tiny little fairy thing
That comes to play with me.

THE COMING OF THE STAR

BY CLARA SAVAGE

A gurgling brook that wound amidst
The springtime fields of wind-swept sedge ;
A wee, brown bird whose joyous song
Welled forth from brown and leafless hedge ;
And in the west, the fading light
Foretold the coming of the night.

A breathless hush that seemed to wrap
The earth, and still its voices gay ;
A moment's pause as if to give
A thought unto the dying day ;
And as the darkness o'er all crept,
The brook was hushed, the wee bird slept.

A cool night breeze that broke the hush
Of breathless awe and silent dread ;
The crickets chirped and in the sky
The crescent moon sailed high o'erhead ;
And in the east there shone afar
A single, golden-beaming star.

THE MILLER OF HAMMITCH

BY MARY ALLERTON KILBORNE

The sun was just dropping behind the distant mountains as a man and a dog moved hurriedly down a dusty road way leading to the little Austrian village of Hammitch. The man wore the customary dress of an Austrian peasant, and flecks of snowy flour mingled with the dust of the road in the creases of his heavy leathern boots and in the folds of his dull brown smock. As the comrades crossed the bridge over the little stream that turned the wheel in the old mill which they had just left, the miller paused and looked back apprehensively for a moment at the quaint gray building in its setting of black pines. A shudder ran through his strong frame as he said in a low tone, "Yes, ah yes—to-night is the night and I must keep the watch." The dog, with instinctive sympathy, drew back from the edge of the bridge where he had been barking at his own reflection in a quiet pool and trotted to his master's side, and the two moved off down the dusty highway toward the village.

When he reached his home on the outskirts of the hamlet, the man passed more slowly than his wont through the narrow garden path, bordered on each side with the gay colored flowers one finds in old kitchen-gardens, and glanced about him with a curious interest as though observing something new, or looking at something well known for perhaps the last time. Not, however, being a man given by nature or trained by custom to much thought or meditation, he gave a shrug to his broad shoulders as though dismissing whatever thought may have been in his mind and strode into the little kitchen. His huge bulk seemed to fill the room, and even when he sat down at the rude kitchen table he seemed to take up a large share of the space.

"Mathilde," he called to a woman bending over a pot in the broad fireplace, "Mathilde, hasten. I have business that will take me off for the night and I must make way soon." The woman turned from the fire and showed a face lined and bronzed as is the aspect of those who work all day and hard under the burning sun.

"What, Tommat, away to-night?" she said, mystified at such a statement from the husband, who seldom went further than the village and then only on festival nights.

"Yes, away I say"—he repeated the words in a surly tone as though he resented her question—"and, Mathilde, make me a lunch to take with me—cheese and some rye bread—and hurry."

More and more amazed, Mathilde did as she was bid, and then sat down on the door-step with her knitting to wait for Tommat to finish eating. When the man had finished his supper he caught up the package of food Mathilde had prepared for him, and with a curious glance at a crucifix in the corner and a muttered prayer to his patron saint for protection in that night, he hastened down the dusty roadway, bidding his wife an abrupt good-night as he passed her, knitting on the kitchen step.

Mathilde watched the strong stalwart figure as it loomed black against the sunset sky until it was lost in the gathering dusk, and the knitting trembled slightly in her hard brown hands as she said half to herself and half to the dog that was wandering restlessly about the yard, giving quick, uneasy barks and short howls, "Ah, Carlos, I would Tommat had taken you with him. I like not his going off this way. One year ago to-night Phillipo, thy master's evil brother, went in this same way and he was never seen again, and years ago Tommat the elder and the cruel went in this same manner and was seen no more. My father saith it hath been so since Tommat's family first possessed the mill—men go and go each year as the moons pass and most times come again, but sometimes stay—I know not why—but ah, I would that Tommat had not gone to-night." And the woman shivered slightly with a strange and unknown dread as the night wind freshened, and the dog whined again, mournfully.

Meantime, Tommat had hurried down the white road, and with the air of a man who bends to the will of a mind and power stronger than his own, walked hurriedly with bent head past the highway that led to the village, and turned his steps toward the old mill on the dusty hill road. At first he could see the lights of the village and hear the shrill notes of the village piper making music for the youths and maidens to dance to, but soon these signs of life were lost and the silence of the night and its blackness closed about him. While still some distance from the mill he heard in the quiet of the night

the broiling and rushing of the brook, and sooner than he thought, so swift had been his stride, he came upon the dusty bridge over which he had passed with his dog in the glowing afternoon. Now all was silent save for the sounds of the wind swaying the tops of the great pine trees and the dull murmur of the water. Instead of showing rainbow tints as it had in the sunset light, the river where it foamed upon the rocks was strangely white and where it lay still and motionless in quiet pools, it was deep, dead black.

When Tommat had crossed the bridge he turned up a steep little path into the dark woods. There as on the white bridge, no sound was audible save the rushing of the wind in the pines and the purling of the water and soon the startled call of a wild bird whose nest high overhead was shaken as Tommat grasped at the tree-trunk to steady his steps on the uneven path. It did not take him long to reach the mill itself, and here he knew his way about so well that there was no longer any thought of stumbling. Had not he worked here from his boyhood up? Had not his father worked there so, his grandfather? his ancestors as far back as village tradition would go? Yes, Tommat knew the mill, and now had come to him as it had come once in each year to each of those other Tommats and Phillipos to risk his life to save the mill from the hands of the Devil who, upon the night when the September moon was at the full, came each year for payment on a bond, made, so Tommat the elder had once told his son, between the first Tommat, founder of the family, and the Devil. For the Devil, growing worried lest he lose his power to fight as men began to fear the Devil less and fear God more, came one day to that first Tommat and agreed to keep the mill which Tommat loved as he loved his own soul, within the family if once a year the eldest of the house would come and fight the Devil until the midnight hour, that he might test his power and keep his strength until again men should fall into evil ways and he could make his kingdom strong. So yearly some son of the old Tommat had gone out to meet the Devil, and sometimes man prevailed and sometimes the Devil, according as the man was strong and pure in life and thought, or weak and evil in his deeds and ways.

Long Tommat sat beside the old mill door, as white in his miller's coat as was the foam upon the river flowing by under

the swaying trees and the night sky. A light breeze blew up from the running water, and as Tommat sat in the cool night air he thought of the long years he had toiled in the mill and of the good name he bore in the village for honesty and industry. Long had he sat there dozing and smoking, when suddenly he was aware of the figure of a man within the shadow of the threshold. Quickly Tommat raised himself and entered the mill, amazed for a moment at finding a stranger standing there, and wondering by what aperture he had entered, as Tommat knew his own broad frame had blocked the doorway. He was not long in doubt. The stranger gave a low laugh, and advancing said:

“Honest as of yore and as devoted to the mill—two villainous virtues that will undo your family yet. But time is passing—you must pay the debt.”

Quickly, with deft fingers, the tall stranger unfastened a buckle of curious design and let fall from his shoulders a long black cloak. Tall and slim he stood there in the moonlight, but Tommat viewed with some alarm the cat-like, sinewy movements of the great muscles, working under his close-fitting suit of soft black cloth. With light swift steps the stranger moved out into the center of a cleared space in the mill. Tommat, slow and powerful, followed him. With a quick word of exultation, the stranger leaped forward. Tommat braced himself for the onslaught, and in a short moment the two bodies were as one. Back and forth they swayed in the moonlight as it sifted through the flour-covered windows of the old mill. To and fro they swayed while clouds of flour eddied and swirled about them. Neither of the fighters made a sound save for the hard breathing of Tommat and the straining of his leather belt and boots. On and on they fought, more and more fiercely as the minutes passed, the Devil sometimes slipping cat-like from Tommat's strong grasp only to pounce upon the peasant from some fresh point of vantage, and only to be caught again more strongly than before by Tommat with his clasp of steel. The moon reached the tops of the tall pines and still they fought. Now it seemed as though the Devil were gaining—as though he would surely win. Tommat's breath came short and quick and he gathered his strength for one mighty effort. Suddenly, above the sound of the murmuring pines, over the noise of the rushing river, the golden notes of the village clock

sounded in the night air. "One, two, three, four,"—on and on they struck—"nine, ten, eleven, twelve." As the last note rang out the struggle ceased. Tommat fell to the floor in heavy slumber and the swirling flour settled upon his white miller's coat and on his face, white now under its coat of brown. And the black stranger? He had vanished. Tommat had paid his debt to the Devil and the old mill was safe for another year.

PEACE

BY ELSA SCHUH

There came a traveller out of the west, travelling eastward, and he knew not what he sought. As he passed through the open country his face showed hope, but when he passed the dwellings of men his eyes were sad. And yet he knew not what force was drawing him eastward.

One day he came to a great city, whose very name was wealth, and the king thereof, fancying the man, for he was good to look upon, spoke to him, saying, "Stay with me, and behold, half of my wealth shall be yours." But the stranger shook his head and passed on.

And lo, he came next to a palace full of light and softness, and there came to his ears music and merriment, the sounds of feasting. The woman therein smiled upon him, and said, "Stay with me, and thy life shall be ease, yea, all pleasure shall be thine." But the stranger covered his face with his cloak, and passed on.

He came at last to the gate called Fame, and, see, it stood open for him, and an assemblage of wise men met him, and said to him, "Welcome among us, for we have heard of thy deeds in the west and thou art worthy to be one of us." But the stranger bowed his head and passed on.

Then, lo, he was on the broad plain, and he felt free. And there on the horizon he saw a light, toward which he journeyed. When he came near to the light, behold, there stood a city on a hill, and the watchman thereof spoke to him, and said, "These many days we have waited for thy coming, and the people have longed for thee in vain. Enter, for they need thy aid. Work thou among them for their good." Lo, he entered, and was no longer a stranger. And the name of the city was Peace.

THE CASTLE OF THOUGHT

BY MARY L. RICE

Once when faeries swayed their sceptres,
In a valley broad and bright
Stood a castle, tall and stately,
Radiant in light.

Banners shimmered from the ramparts,
Fluttered in the glancing breeze,
And around it, kindly, friendly,
Stood tall trees.

Strangers in that broad bright valley,
Through the castle windows saw
Glistening folk and heard them telling
Faerie lore.

Sparkling, glowing were the spirits,
And their dancing, tripping feet
Timed the pace, alert, alluring,
To music sweet.

And from out an arching doorway
Sapphire-lit, with tinted wing
Came a throng of elves, whose duty
Was to sing.

Sweet they sang of wit and wisdom,
Honor, chivalry and worth.
As they sang they smiled, and silvery
Was their mirth.

But in garments black with sorrow
Came strange creatures to their door,
And their joys became as stories
Told no more.

Strangers now within that valley,
Through the castle windows, see
Forms that, never resting, murmur
Feverishly.

And from out the arching doorway
Pale fantastic figures pour.
Laugh they to discordant music, but
They smile no more.

ALABAMA AND HER PROPHET

BY HELEN DOUGLAS MILROY

Heated discussion sounded from Alabama's domain, and despair was clearly marked on Margaret's face as she finally emerged from the kitchen over which that strong-minded darkey ruled.

"Has she got 'em again?" inquired Jack in a sympathetic voice, for he was aware of Alabama's tendency toward sudden religious spells and trances.

"Got 'em!" exclaimed his sister expressively, if not elegantly. "Got 'em! O Jack, this is too much. It was bad enough when she went around with that halo of nasturtiums about her head, but to-day she is wearing a robe! A robe of glory, she calls it."

"A robe of glory!" Jack whistled softly. "And may I inquire into the distinctive marks of this 'robe of glory'? I don't remember of ever having seen one. Does it resemble a jap-robe, a buffalo-robe or bath-robe?"

"But, Jack, that isn't the worst," continued Margaret, ignoring her brother, "the Prophet is coming to dinner to-night, and then he is going to hold a meeting of the Colored Association of Holy Workers afterwards in the kitchen."

"The dickens, he is!" exclaimed Jack, starting up. "Well, look here, Sis, I think this is going a little beyond the limit. We entertained the Prophet's parrot until some one accidentally—maybe—let it out of the cage. We have had to endure hymns and glances of hopeless condemnation every time we sat down to a game of cards in the last month, and now," pausing dramatically, "now we must feed the ravager of our domestic happiness, the cause of our misery, the persecutor—"

"Now, Jack, just calm yourself," remonstrated Margaret. "As long as we must endure Alabama and her headstrong ways we might as well do it gracefully, so prepare yourself to pronounce a blessing on the meeting."

"I'll give 'em a blessing they won't forget in a hurry," remarked Jack in a voice that was far from resigned, and shaking a threatening fist at the kitchen door, he departed cheerfully for his office.

That night Jack came home with a strange-looking bundle under his arm and vengeance in his eye. He brought with him an old college friend who had never failed to take part in anything, except his recitations, and who was always on hand when there was anything exciting going on. This ambitious young gentleman went by the name of "Bricks," owing to the peculiar hue of his hair. Outside of college circles, however, he was known as William Harrison Jennings, Junior. His time was employed in practicing law during those few moments which he felt that he could spare from motoring, football games and other matters of interest and importance, as he termed them.

Such an addition to their number would go far towards making the evening entertaining, thought Margaret, and she judged rightly, though the form of entertainment proved to be quite different from anything she had expected.

The odor of fried chicken penetrated into the dining-room where the protesting trio were being treated to hard-boiled eggs and chip-beef for supper. "She says there isn't enough for us and for her party, too," explained Margaret returning from an expostulating interview with Alabama. After supper Jack and his friend disappeared into the smoking-room. Margaret was informed that she would soon see something which would fairly make her hair stand on end, and with this comforting thought, she took up a book and decided to await developments.

In the meantime great hilarity sounded from the kitchen, mingled with the music of a violin and banjo. Soon, however, the music ceased, and only the impressive voice of the Prophet could be heard. Margaret looked up to see her brother violently motioning to her from the door, and together they ran to the slide which connected the dining-room and kitchen.

Lining the walls were rows of black shining faces wearing expressions of the deepest awe and reverence. Alabama alone had secured the dignity of a chair, and she sat directly in front of the Prophet, watching his eloquent gestures with the greatest admiration. The Prophet himself was in the midst of a discourse concerning the end of the world, which it appeared was very close at hand. His descriptions of the doom of the wicked were most harrowing as well as original, and the hearts of his fascinated listeners were struck with terror, as each heard his

own particular kind of misdeed ruthlessly pointed out as one which meant certain exclusion from "de pearly gates."

"What you gwyn to do when de great day comes
Wid de rollin' ob de trumpet and de bangin' ob de drums?
For some po' sinner will be cotched out late,
And can't find de key to de golden gate,"

chanted the Prophet dolefully, looking sadly at the terror-stricken faces of his hearers, though his eye held also a gleam of satisfaction which they quite missed. Then suddenly he changed his tone to one of hopeful assurance, and explained that if they could only give him enough money he could undoubtedly get them through the heavenly gate, since he was on the best of terms with both Gabriel and St. Peter.

With trembling haste every person in the audience prepared to hand over whatever valuable he possessed, when suddenly the attention of all was drawn to the trap-door which led into the loft.

It was slowly lifted and two good-sized feet were thrust through, which were clad in gay-colored bed-room slippers and to which were attached a small, ridiculous pair of mercury-like wings. Jack chuckled from his corner of the slide and Margaret gasped as a long white-robed figure dropped from the trap-door onto the table and from there to the midst of the thunder-struck assembly. The robe was long and flowing, having no ornament except Margaret's best white sash, which was draped about the neck after the fashion of a surplice. Upon the head of this weird apparition was a mass of frowsy yellow hair streaming out in all directions, except in front, where it was deftly caught back by Margaret's new sparkling diamond comb. In his hand the specter carried a large automobile horn, and by this token the congregation realized that Gabriel stood in their midst.

After one moment of frozen consternation there was a mad rush for the door, and strange to say, the self-righteous Prophet was the first to get there. Filling the air with wild cries of "Help!" "Fire!" and "Murder!" which rose high over those of his faithful band, he fled headlong into the darkness and was never seen nor heard of again by his faithful followers. Gabriel now having undisputed possession of the kitchen, since the Holy Workers were conspicuous by their absence, made an elaborate bow to the crack in the slide and disappeared quietly up the back stairs.

The next day it was a chastened Alabama who served Jack and Margaret and their guest at breakfast. Later she was overheard to inform her friend, the yardman, that she "wa'n't gwyn to get mixed up in no angel business," and that very day Alabama and the Colored Association of Holy Workers parted company.

GROGGLES

BY EDNA MURIEL HILBURN

It's a funny little groggle,
And a funny little thrill,
And you hear it oft at twilight
At the bottom of the hill.
When you're riding 'round the country,
On the road to the Beyond,
You'll hear it quite distinctly
In a muddy, near-by pond.
It says, "I'm on the mud-path,"
Or, "I'm singing to my mate!"
It says, "I love bugs dearly!"
Or else it says, "I hate
Those peculiar foreign creatures,
Who come poking round with sticks,
And make such funny screeches
If I show off my tricks!
Oh, it is such fun to groggle!
Just to groggle on my log!
And I love the shiny water!
And I'm glad that I'm a frog!"

ABOUT COLLEGE

THE PEOPLE WHO SIT ON THE STAIRS

BY MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

There are people who whisper, who stare, and who laugh,
There are people who, 'spite all rules, save six chairs,
But of all of the people who transgress, by half,
The worst are the people who sit on the stairs.

There are people who tiptoe in late to a class,
And bow to the teacher, then cause angry glares
From the people whose toes they tread on as they pass,
But the worst are the people who sit on the stairs.

"Have you heard—?" "Did you know—?" "See how sweet Helen looks!"
"Where's the French lesson, dear?" So they gossip in pairs,
Or they sit where you can't help but stumble on books,
Loose-leaved books of the people who sit on the stairs.

And so, if you're built on the studying plan,
Pray search out a seat in the library's lairs,
And use your books there just as hard as you can,
But refrain, oh ye people, from blocking the stairs!

A TRI-AL-ETTE

BY MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

Second trials are out
And they haven't asked me—
What can they be about?
Second trials are out!
For I know, without doubt,
I can act, and yet—see—
Second trials are out,
And they haven't asked me!

THE LAMENT OF THE WOULD-BE ATHLETE

BY ISABEL A. GUILBERT

A maiden stood upon the brink
Of frozen Paradise,

She wept like anything to see
Such quantities of ice ;

" If I could only learn to skate,"
She cried, " it would be nice !

" It's not the slightest use for me
To try to be athletic,

For though I zealously engage
In pastimes energetic,

My efforts always prove to be
So funny they're pathetic.

" I long ago gave up the hope
Of playing basket-ball

When, after breaking through the guard
Of a ' Soph ' full six feet tall,

I found the basket I had made
Was the wrong one, after all !

" Golf, tennis, hockey, volley-ball,
Yes, even archery,

Wherein the luckless cricketers
I winged most skilfully—

Those joyous out-door sports I find
A hollow mockery.

" What boots it that in Logic class
I spout the Laws of Mill?

What boots it that in History
I know each petty Bill?

Or that when mid-years loom ahead
I fear no coming ill?

" A fig for learning's treasury,
Her rich and golden store !

I want to glide o'er Paradise

From shore to snowy shore,
To dash, and dart, and turn, and wheel
Upon that glassy floor ! "

A maiden stood upon the brink
Of frozen Paradise.

She wept like anything to see
Such quantities of ice ;

" If I could only learn to skate,"
She cried, " it *would* be nice ! "

AN UNPREMEDITATED PROSELYTE

BY DOROTHY L. HAWKINS

Before you take me up, gentle reader, (for so I must call you however unkind and merciless you prove to be), let me warn you that I am written about an unusual subject, not meant to be read in the drawing-room save as it happens to be smuggled in alongside of something else in a health article or breathed to one's neighbor in an undertone. I am about a morning plunge! Yes, gentle reader, you know the worst, yet if it be your will to stay and read me, here I am:

Many a time had Freda, my roommate, recounted to me the joys of her icy morning plunge. On the mornings when it freezes your very nose to poke it out of the covers it was her habit to spring blithely out of her hard and pillowless bed on the stroke of the alarm-clock, and flinging down for my sake the three big windows, make a gay rush for the bath-room. Freda seemed to think that the whole day was made more enjoyable if she had a race—even if she herself were the only competitor. She was so enthusiastic about it that it never occurred to me to doubt that a cold bath in the early morning is about the most exciting and wonderful thing in the world—for Freda! I had my own views about myself, and it seemed to me my sleep was all the nicer in that last five minutes for the knowledge that I didn't have to get up quite yet.

Freda argued, coaxed and pleaded, and even tried to lure me by the fascinating accounts of the wonderful linen-lined bath of Aosta, in "The Princess Passes," but in spite of all her efforts I remained obstinate. However, Freda went away over one Sunday to visit some of her relatives. The next morning I woke earlier than usual, and began to think about Feega and her icy bath, on which I looked with mingled awe and horror. I suddenly decided that I would try it just this once, and if I screamed too loud I would pretend I had seen a mouse, and Freda would never know.

I shall never forget that bath—the first delicious, awful, throat-clutching shiver that makes you almost scream without

meaning to do it. When it was over I looked back on it with mingled wonder, hatred and awe. I would never take one again for love or money. Next morning my more adventurous self got the better of the poor shivering one that wanted to stay in bed. This time there was the same tingling thrill, which seemed even nicer than before, and somehow the coldness wasn't half so bad. I almost wished I hadn't decided that this was to be the last time. It was too bad that Freda would never know how brave I had been. But now Freda has a competitor in her morning race.

TO A MOUSE

BY ELIZABETH S. SCHUMACHER

Oh creature that disturb'st the beauty of my dreams,
Oh creature that dost haunt my sleep with visions dire,
And wak'st me ere the sun's pale slender beams
Have pierced the gloom of night with flickering fire,
Oh sly small thing that night's dark shade
Lures forth, on object base thy mind intent ;
Oh creature, gray and silky wast thou made,
Fair thing, but on pernicious purpose bent ;
Oh wretched, hateful beast, I love thee not,
Nor would I in these halting lines, like Robert Burns,
Make thee immortal ; my hating heart for naught
But thy sweet death each hour, each second, yearns.
Oh gods, pray bring the mouse-trap that I crave,
Spare not that rodent from a timely grave.

CONFESSION

BY HELEN TUCKER LORD

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

My Shakspeare paper, due in three short weeks,
And I've not even thought about it yet.
Those Art notes, too, are due this month; they've put
A sign outside the door—lest we forget.
And then I promised I would go each week
And read to those sick people out at Dick.
And oh! that girl my cousin used to know—
I just *must* go and call upon her quick!
That Junior theme—I see its outline yet;
Those unpurchased candle-shades for Adeline;
That Logic cram—and oh—and oh, my dear,
That *awful* upper bureau-drawer of mine!

"And we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

The hours and dollars spent at Boyden's, when
I should have been—well, doing other things;
Those senseless letters read and read again—
Ah, yes, it's all too true that time hath wings!
Those evenings spent in chafing-dish attempts,
At suppers rich in their variety
In reading novels weird, in telling yarns,
In trying strange new coiffures—ah, me!

"And there is no health in us."

A VALENTINE

BY DORIS E. SLEEPER

Blow, ye East Wind, god of strife,
And drive all care from out her life.
Ye North Wind, breath upon and chill
Every thought of grief or ill.

But West and South Winds, from above,
Come, waft her happiness and love,
And carry this fond heart of mine
To her, my Love, my Valentine.

COLLEGE NOTES

The annual lecture at the open "THE MODERN DRAMA" meeting of the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies was given January 15 by Professor Richard Burton of the University of Minnesota, on "The Modern Drama." Professor Burton prefaced his address by a brief review of the English drama from the Tudor period to the present, giving the historic reasons for the antagonism long existing against this form of art. The unconquerable popularity of the appeal made by the drama was emphasized, and the slow emergence of the forms from the filth into which the Restoration plunged it. Coming to the present time, Professor Burton spoke with convincing optimism of the change in dramatic expression during the last two decades, dwelling on the literary qualities of some of the plays that have recently won recognition. The two characteristics which he particularly noted were truth and beauty, by the skilful union of which most homely and prosaic incidents may be rendered dramatically interesting. It is the element of truth especially that makes the theatre one of the strongest influences in modern life. The illustrations were aptly chosen and massed with effect; and the spontaneity of the lecturer's manner added cogency to his statements. His rousing plea for the serious regard of the legitimate drama and his ringing denunciation of the vaudeville struck a note of challenge at the close of the lecture.

THE FIVE O'CLOCK RECITALS An unusual opportunity for hearing programs of music carefully selected and very ably rendered is offered to all music lovers, in the recitals given by the various members of our music faculty, usually at five o'clock on Wednesday, either in Assembly Hall or in Music Hall. The time and place are definitely announced each week in the Bulletin. That this opportunity is becoming ever more widely appreciated may be seen by the constantly increasing numbers of those who attend the recitals.

The programs already presented this year have been most varied, usually four or more members of the faculty contributing toward each. Mr. Vieh's delightful evening recital has been, so far, the only one in which the greater part of the program was performed by one person. There are usually organ selections opening and closing the program, Mr. Sleeper's well-known and popular improvisations often being among them, vocal and piano solos, with sometimes violin or 'cello solos.

With our three vocalists, nine pianists, two organists, violinists and 'cellist, all generous with their gifts, we are able to enjoy most exceptional programs wisely chosen, as representative of certain times or schools, or as illustrative of different developments in the art of music.

DORIS NASH 1911.

On Wednesday, February 2, was held the
OPEN MEETING open meeting of Current Events and Spectator. This is the first time that the two clubs have been able to combine in an open meeting, as it is the first one since the organization of Spectator. Miss Whitin, the president of Current Events, presented Professor John Spencer Bassett, who had kindly consented to give the address. He spoke on one of those Southern questions on which he is among the leading authorities in the country. The lecture will be found in full in the first of this number.

On the morning of February 3 there was
BARON KIKUCHI an unusual stir in chapel during the prelude, and those whose fondness for statistics makes them scan the platform every morning, got a good deal of satisfaction from the sight before them, as no doubt did the kindred spirits, if such there be, among those who sit beyond the little brown curtain.

All this was due to a rumor that Baron Kikuchi was to speak at Chapel, but it was not until noon that he really came. It was an event such as happens about once in a college generation, when classes are dismissed and the chapel bell calls everyone to Assembly Hall. Baron Kikuchi's face showed amusement, as did also those faces into which, for obvious reasons, he could not look, at the sight of girls crowding into rubber row, and even sitting down on the floor. The Baron, who is the

greatest educator of Japan, spoke of the education of girls in his country. He described their domestic instruction and emphasized the moral training in the schools. He concluded his interesting talk with very courteous, friendly remarks about the people of this country, and their relations with Japan.

H. S. 1910.

A new epoch has dawned; a new activity "BROWSING" has offered itself, couched in new terms, filled with untold possibilities. Formerly, in the old untrammelled days, when the social life ran parallel to the academic, instead of at a tangent to it, we "fussed" and "batted," or "ground" and "crammed," according to our temperaments or the exigencies of the occasion, and did our reading at such times and places as could readily be found—such as Seelye Hall steps, ensconced on a rug beneath one of the orchard trees, along the banks of Paradise, or during Bible lectures and dissertations on art. But a change has come. "Browsing" is now a recognized method of spending time at once æsthetically and usefully. Surrounded by soft tones of brown and green with touches of red to suggest sprightliness, offering empty chairs and unbroken quiet, the books await us, grave or amusing, deep or light.

It is possible that this is a manifestation of the more serious attitude toward life here, that we have adopted; a further emphasis upon the intellectual as above the material. With the present rules it will be impossible to save seats or make social visits in the "Room for Standard Authors," still the satisfaction of being near one's friends while otherwise pleasantly engaged is not disturbed by this, so that perhaps in the near future Leeds Rocks will stand solitary, O'Brien's and Thayer's will be no longer in demand, and rolls may be purchased at Boyden's after three on a spring afternoon, while the former devotees stand in line for Stevenson and Eliot, or wait their turn at the couch in the new library, first door to the right.

L. L. WEEMS 1911.

Everyone must realize that the lighting
LIGHTS ON THE CAMPUS arrangements on the campus at night are
decidedly inadequate. What lights there
are, are scattered and of so meagre and
flickering a quality as to tend merely to emphasize the surrounding gloom. The college routine makes it necessary for students to be passing about the campus during the evening hours, and the inadequacy of the lighting arrangements makes it not only inconvenient but unpleasantly dangerous. There are long and lonely stretches of walk, especially on the back campus and in the vicinity of the Students' Building, with no lighting provisions whatsoever. Situated as we are, in close proximity to the business section of the city, we have peculiar conditions to cope with, demanding every precaution in the way of a good lighting system.

J. E. V. 1911.

The Olive Mead string quartet of New York
CONCERT City, assisted by Mme. Annie Louise David, harpist,
and Professor George Vieh, pianist, gave a concert
of chamber music in College Hall, January 12. The personnel
of the quartet includes Miss Olive Mead, first violin; Miss Vera
Fouaroff, second violin; Miss Gladys North, viola, and Miss
Lillian Littlehales, 'cello.

The program opened with the Haydn quartet in G major and closed with the Schumann quintet for pianoforte and strings. Both numbers were well interpreted, the delicate shading demanded by the first being in good proportion. In the latter Mr. Vieh showed his skill as an ensemble player. His playing was warm and rich and, while strong, where the piano led, was never obtrusive in its relation to the other instruments. Mme. David's numbers were the most popular on the program. "Les Follets," a brilliant solo demanding remarkable facility, elicited the most applause, to which she responded with variations on the song, "All through the Night." She accompanied Miss Littlehales in a delightful 'cello solo, the "Meditation" from Thaïs, by Massenet. Two numbers of special interest to the audience were a Minuet composed by Miss Marion Niles and an Allegretto by Miss Jennie Peers. The latter has been played a number of times by the Schubert quartet of Boston. The program was popular because of its variety.

ELSIE SWEENEY. 1910.

The attitude which Smith College takes toward questions of the day is criticized by many people who think that such an institution as ours should make its usefulness felt in furthering a good cause. It is not the wish of the authorities that the college should take an active part in such questions or that individual members should make themselves conspicuous by their attempts to promote such action. However, it is the duty of all of us, not only for the sake of our own personal interests, but for the sake of the institution which we represent, to keep ourselves informed on subjects which are of vital importance in our country to-day.

There is a strong tendency among us here to forget, or at any rate to disregard the fact that there *are* things worthy of our attention besides the latest faculty gossip and the taking in of new members into our clubs and societies. We constitute a little world within ourselves and are too apt to take an attitude of careless indifference toward what is going on outside. A possible reason for this self-centred attitude is the fact that Smith College has so many student organizations. Our attention is demanded from every quarter and our interests are consequently so numerous and so scattered that little time or opportunity is left us for the consideration of questions which have not some immediate bearing upon our daily life. If, as occasionally happens, some vital question forces itself to be recognized among us, those who feel its importance are apt to rush madly in on the wild wave of their enthusiasm, and when they realize the depth to which their eagerness has carried them, find it difficult to swim out. In most of these cases the cause of the trouble seems to be that only one side of the question has been considered. This seems to be too often the case when such problems do demand the attention of some of us. Instead of trying to get a thorough understanding of both sides of a question, we are satisfied to take as our authority bits of information gathered at odd moments from those who know little more about it than we ourselves and whose opinions are in all probability biased by as incomplete an understanding of the matter.

For the sake of our own interests as well as for that of our college, ought we not to feel a personal responsibility in keeping ourselves intelligently informed on questions and events of real importance, even though we are not called upon to become active suffragettes or participants in the shirt-waist strike?

H. P. 1912.

EDITORIAL

February is here and half of our "AN EXCELLENT AID" senior year has slipped away. The vista through which we have been steadily advancing for four years is growing broader and shorter. Before we ask ourselves, however, how we are to think, what we are to learn, in the great world which lies at the end of the vista, from whose complexity we are to choose our environment, we must consider with what assets we are starting out. An education, above all. That is why we came to college—to obtain an education and anything besides that might happen to come our way.

One of Goethe's great dramatic figures has been characterized as a man "of fine education ; not the education which springs from the heart, the result of an inward craving ; but an ornament and an excellent aid in the strife of life."

If we negate the first three clauses of this striking sentence and affirm the last one, then we have the kind of education which Smith College offers to the majority of us—it is "an excellent aid in the strife of life."

Many of us, when we were of the high school age, when we read books omnivorously, had an idea that sometime we were going to absorb all the knowledge that the world afforded. We also thought college must be the great, mysterious pool, into which all the fountains of knowledge emptied their waters. Our physical and mental experience here soon taught us that we were not living in the time of the Renaissance, when men pored over musty, dusty books in dim corners. Our fancied craving for books and the wisdom in books passed away before the practical spirit of this age.

Ascetism is indulged in very sparingly at Smith College ; outdoor sports and club happenings, teas and dances lure the

bookworms from their silent places. The so-called "grinds" spend a large measure of their time, it is true, among books; but some other motive impels them to it rather than a craving that springs from the heart. Perhaps we become "grinds" because prosperity has not been a noticeable companion to us; or we may be striving for certain academic honors. Those of us who are classified as "sharks" resemble more nearly the old-world scholars. Our chosen line of work is full of interest to us. We have a strong *desire* for knowledge, but not an *inward craving* for it.

Is the education offered by Smith College an "ornament"? To some of us perhaps—to a small percentage of us, happily. College, to some of us, means a great, intensive "finishing school" where we may learn how to speak French and German adequately; music and art and literature are also included in the curriculum. We shall not astonish the outside world with our scientific knowledge, nor yet our knowledge of human nature. We have passed through college lightly and easily, leaving no great impression of our passage behind us.

But for the majority of us, the education which Smith College offers us is not so much that "which springs from the heart, the result of an inward craving"; nor yet is it a mere "ornament"; but rather "an excellent aid in the strife of life."

Passing over the actual book knowledge of which we may be the mistresses, a great and far-reaching sympathy is one of the results, the fruits of this kind of an education. It will be most valuable to us in our dealing with men in the years to come. The presence of sorrow and of sickness, the rare visits of death to this community, bring us in close union to our fellows. We share our little triumphs and our greater pains—reserve is broken down among us. A good Christian atmosphere exalts our ideals and helps form habits which will always be of service to us. Outdoor exercise, the delight of knowing nature in a beautiful aspect, such as Emerson would have loved, keep our minds free from morbid worry. And so, from our contact with all kinds of girls from all different parts of the country, of varied creeds and customs, gradually we learn the lessons of tolerance and patience and unselfishness, than which there are no more "excellent aids in the strife of life."

ALICE STEPHANIE O'MEARA.

EDITOR'S TABLE

CONCERNING THE COMMONPLACE To many an earnest sub-freshman college must come as a distinct shock. Where, if anywhere in this commonplace world, is she to find the intellectual atmosphere which she craves, if not here? Then she arrives and wonders. "Rosamond da Vincy; heaven-born, elect," in one of our own verses which should have become a classic, having braced herself from this shock, in the exigencies of a basket-ball game, "forgot she had a soul, or lost it in the yell." Of course she was distinctly more "possible" ever afterwards. The step from prig to healthy young animal is a long step upwards, a step which all freshman year is well spent in reaching for, but shall Rosamond take no others in the three years that are left?

There are, also, geniuses and freaks among us together with those who appreciate them, but it is our firm and optimistic belief that more girls are drawn from their chilly pinnacle to the cheerier rank and file of us below than ever learn their first approach to the eccentric, here, and that, having once seen those dizzy heights, we would not pay the price of ascent.

We should be uttering platitudes, indeed, if we draw attention to the fact that we have started back so violently from the early accusation (born of fear, not fact) that college breeding must produce blue-stockings or monstrosities, that we are running into the most opposite criticism. Nor is it news to any that in so doing we are not alone as Smith College, nor as girls, but as a part of the student-body of the country. Testimony for this may be found on every side. In the *Nation* for February third, Professor Hyde of Bowdoin, in commenting on the new standard of college teaching inaugurated by Dartmouth College, remarks, "Learning is evidently dissociated in the minds of most students from the chief concerns of academic life."

Just to be a "plain, nice girl," is almost enough to keep one busy for four years, yet it is a little expensive to use a whole college for tutor. We ought to ask a little more of so highly organized and specialized an instrument than the levelling of bookworms into human beings, and the raising of the unthinking into hailing distance of thought. It may well be that the something more will not come through the organized part of college, and the synthesis between it and "college life" may come through the reaching up of the life as well as through the reaching out of the curriculum. When next year's freshman peers through the glass doors of the Standard Authors' Room and sees many "plain nice girls" there thoroughly enjoying the genial and artistic atmosphere, and absorbed in reading which is not required, timed—and what else can be called real reading, we should like to know?—be she Philistine or æsthete she will not be shocked; indeed, she will be drawn to cross the threshold, to taste for herself. Our library bids fair to be the center of our academic life, and the Standard Authors' Room by its association with our hours of leisure holds promise to the hopeful of being the missing link. If we do not get something here to lift us sanely from the commonplace, then is our vaunted normality only another pose, a shadow without substance.

College life is, after all, much of "MARGARITA'S SOUL" a piece with the rest of the world. Women everywhere are meeting the same problems, and these are reflected in current fiction. In *Margarita's Soul*, under the pen-name of Ingraham Lovell, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Smith '98, has added her first novel to her list of successful books, and has at the same time added to the number of recent stories which have had something to say concerning the women of our present-day period of transition. Yet it is not for any hint of "problems" that it may contain, but because it is an absorbing story, that we read it.

It cannot be denied, however, that Margarita is projected into the reader's field of consciousness with an élan which all but defeats its end of gaining immediate interest. It must depend somewhat upon the temperament of the reader whether or not he is convinced by the narrator. (And just here we should like to parenthesize a conjecture that even to those not in the secret of the real author, not all the conventional masculinity

of this narrator, and not all his sarcasm concerning women, can cloak that author's femininity.) To return to the story—sedate man; veiled girl met by chance on Broadway; girl on inquiry found to be a primitive creature who knows neither her own name nor her place of residence; man gallantly to the rescue; girl turned to hyena on tasting her first ice; man madly in love with her, and the play is begun, not with pipings from the orchestra as the author suggests, but with all the brasses screaming from wide open throats. And, then after all, it turns out to be somewhat of an idyl and not at all a melodrama. We protest that this explosive entrance lays undue emphasis upon the situation, which, after all, is not new. Voltaire pleased the fancy of the over-civilized cynics of his day by the juxtaposition of L'Ingénu with polished society; and grown girls with souls still to be found, developed or manufactured have been variously portrayed, for instance in Miss Richard's "Zandrie," which we had the pleasure of reviewing a few months ago. Again, Roger Bradley is not the first man in fiction to undertake the responsibility of a brilliant child-wife with problematic character. Mrs. Warde has seen to that. It is not here that the originality of the book lies, nor is it to be found to any great extent in the style, in itself refreshing, though vaguely reminiscent of as wide a range of writers as Gilbert Parker and the Dutchess. Underneath, there is a compelling, a tender, a sincere story. Margarita does develop a soul, yet not through tragic misfits, not through paying a penalty for her ignorance, but through the living out of her normal existence as a woman. This is the story, and this is its originality. Flings at spinsterhood, at the woman with a career, emphasis on the domestic virtues—all amount to this: that woman's highest development—as indeed man's—lies in the sphere of the normal.

(*Margarita's Soul*. John Lane Publishing Co.)

ODE TO PERSEPHONE

Beyond that gate whose dreaded portals mark
The goal of all our earthly wanderings,
Through which shall pass in time all mortal things,
A kingdom lies, forboding, strange and dark.
It lies in slumber deep,
A dreamless, wakeless, all-forgetting sleep.

Ah, why are we afraid to pass that gate?
Why do we tremble at the name of Death?
For to that quiet land no restless breath
From this wild world can ever penetrate.
There Hope—false Hope which soothes and then betrays—
Treads not those silent ways.

And Memory weeping o'er some bygone year
Gains entrance never, nor those vain Desires,
Consuming flesh and soul with torturing fires.
There wasting Care is all unknown, and Fear
Beats at the door in vain.
Ah, there is rest from fever, toil and pain !

High-seated on a throne, Persephone,
The cold, immortal queen of this far land,
Wields her gold sceptre with her pale right hand ;
But in her left she bears eternally,
Filled with dark Lethe's sweet and potent wine,
A goblet, carved and fine.

And each new-comer must that vintage try—
O queen, I come, I seek that calm abode,
The great three-headed monster bars the road,
Yet I fear not. Come, hold the goblet high,
Let my parched lips drink deep
That I may taste that dreamless, wakeless sleep.

—Harrington Green '12.

in The Nassau Literary Magazine.

AFTER COLLEGE

WASTIN' TIME

BY ANNIE JOHNSTON CRIM 1909

If I go nuttin' with the boys,
Or have a circus in our lot,
Or fish for minnies up the creek,
Or go in swimmin' when it's hot,
Ma acts as if it was a crime,
And says I'm allers wastin' time.

I b'lieve she likes to clean the house,
An' she just loves that blamed old broom,
She'll scrub and scour all day long,
And sweep and dust out every room,
And when I come she'll start to chime
That same old tune, I'm "wastin' time."

I don't see why she feels like that—
I'm awful busy every day,
I *have* to find out 'bout the birds,
And learn where all the woodchucks stay,
And know which trees are best to climb,
I think it's Ma that's wastin' time.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF ALASKA

BY IDA DARLING ENGELKE 1897

What would you think of Alaska as a winter resort? At first thought the idea may stimulate a shiver. Yet what an experience it was! So thoroughly out of latitude, so different in conditions and environment from anything previously familiar!

Valdez, our first destination, the most important distributing centre for the prospector, looks insignificant in itself, made up of cabins and flimsy build-

ings, a strictly frontier town, especially insignificant, viewed in relation to its setting. To be sure it is built on flats, the frontal moraine of the big dead glacier five miles away; but even the long stretch of flats is incidental in the picture. For surrounding the great bay, and rising to a mile above it, stretches a continuous line of majestic peaks, snow-covered, dominating everything. The autumn sun peers in among those heads late in the morning and lingers behind them in the early afternoon, making their white tops a decided pink.

In the fall the streets of Valdez are frequented by a motley throng, not only of men but of horses and dogs, all wandering aimlessly about, waiting for the "season" to open when they sled in the supplies over the hard snow to the camps and mines of the interior. A stranger is interested in the uncouth dress of the men,—the great top-boots, rough overcoats over coarse flannel shirts, and fur caps with sides pulled down to cover the ears and tied under the chin. To the "cheechoca," the Alaskan tenderfoot, it is a queer sound when a string of a dozen horses mounts from the muddy street to the wooden sidewalk and clatters along, quite at will. You must turn out and wait for them to pass, or, if unafraid, take a decided stand and cry out "hike!" an exclamation which they very well comprehend and they patiently amble down again into the mud. The great shaggy dogs, huskies and malamutes, sorrowful-eyed, take possession of the walks, invariably the sunny side, congregating in groups, inoffensive unless disturbed, but never friendly, always expecting to be told to "mush!" (move on) though never moving from your path until bidden. It is weird in the dead of night to hear them howl; one dog, on raising his voice, can start the whole town in uncanny concert.

We stayed at Valdez only a week; for our real destination was a hundred miles down Prince William Sound, at Drier Bay, Knight's Island. Untrue to the suggestion in its name, Drier Bay was the wettest place I ever knew. At the nearest meteorological station, Nuchek, the next island, the annual rainfall record is one hundred and ninety and nine-tenths inches. But when fine days came, they were appreciated. Such sharp horizons! Such depth to the blue of the sky,—sometimes almost an indigo, resembling the indescribable blue of the ice deep in the crevasses of the glacier. Here on the island we lived in a log cabin from the end of October until the beginning of May, in true pioneer fashion. The cabin, fortunately well built and provided with two fine windows, was nearly made over inside, and became most comfortable and attractive. With plenty of books to read and embroidery to do, and with all the absolutely fresh sounds and sights, something new or different every day, time took wings for me.

Our little home was well located on an elevation overlooking the water and quite apart from the other buildings of the camp. Twenty-one precipitous mountain peaks were in view encircling our bay and protecting us from the sweeping storms of the Pacific, though the snow was often blown hundreds of feet above their summits during a violent wind from outside, making them "smoke," as the miners said. And the down-currents would sometimes catch up the water in a big curl of spray, leaving a long ripple like the wake of a launch. Once a "woolly," as such a wind-current is called, struck an

eighty-foot spruce just outside our cabin, snapping it off thirty feet from the ground, and luckily whirling it away from us instead of crashing it through our roof.

Of all the terrifying noises, however, that I have heard, that of the snow-slide is the most appalling. It is unlike thunder or the tremendous rushing of water, though it suggests them both. There were snow-slides in plenty last winter on the island. Many a white delta, extensive enough to bury a village, spread itself wide and deep on the bay, to be carried out slowly by the tide.

The temperature was remarkably moderate and even. The climate, of course, is affected by the ocean, and especially by the Japanese Current, which tempers all coastal Alaska south of the Aleutian Islands. On Christmas Day we rowed for two hours toward the entrance of Drier Bay, whence we could get a fine view of the lofty Kenai Mountains, brilliant in the sunshine, sixty miles away on the mainland. In fact, during all those months, rowing was my favorite exercise, when I made the acquaintance of the queer sea things, shells and fish, and came to recognize the cries of the ducks and the eagles, and to know the strange ways of the tide and the winds in this strange and wonderful country.

The sunrises and sunsets were beautiful over the great mountains, all repeated in the bay below us, with sometimes an opalescence to vary the effect. On the shortest days, about six hours long, both the coming and the going of the sun could be watched from our south window when he seemed to hover behind the Three Giants, spectacular peaks that rose almost sheer to three thousand feet on the opposite side of the bay two miles across, their bases ever green with spruce and hemlock, their deep divides ever filled with snow.

Regret was felt, not to have been able to stay for the longest days; it would have been interesting to read a newspaper at nearly midnight. But as it was, on the homeward way, an afterglow showed at quarter of twelve. Those were twilights and days to be remembered on the fifteen hundred-mile trip from Valdez to Seattle along the inside passage, among mountainous islands, past unmeasured forests and glaciers, and so close to the Indian villages that we could see the totem poles and note the blankets hung about their burying-grounds.

For the unique experience of your life, go to Alaska to live in close touch with Nature in her wildest aspect. And by all means take the inside passage, which is the longest stretch of spectacular scenery that the world affords in ocean waters.

THE MISSIONARY RECORD

ROSE FAIRBANK BEALS 1895

Many alumnæ and undergraduates have heard the names of Rose and Mary Fairbank, daughters of missionary parents in India, and now both engaged in missionary work in that country. The older sister, Rose, graduated from Smith in 1895.

After graduating from college and teaching for a short time in Hatfield, Rose, the elder sister, studied at Johns Hopkins University, where she received the M. A. degree in 1900. During the same year she sailed for India, under appointment of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, an undenominational organization, which was the first woman's foreign missionary society in America.

Dr. Fairbank, too, was a pioneer, being one of the first physicians of the Mary S. Ackerman Hoyt Hospital of Jhansi, in the United Provinces. Here she had charge of the work for five years, until her marriage in 1905 to Dr. Lester H. Beals of the Marathi Mission. She and her husband, both working as physicians, were stationed first in the city of Ahmednagar, then in Sholapur, and are now in Wai. A little boy, Albert Tyler Beals, was born in October, 1906; his mother reports him "in every way a model child, full of health and spirits."

The hospital at Wai ministers to all classes and nationalities of people. Dr. L. H. Beals has charge of the work for men; Dr. Rose, of that for women. With work in the wards, dispensary, and out-stations, they are exceedingly busy, and the accommodations are meagre, to say the least; yet they are very happy, as these hard-working missionaries usually are.

Beside the hospital work, Mrs. Beals makes a home for her little family, and occasionally visits the women in their dwellings. [This work in the zenanas, or harems, is particularly emphasized by the Woman's Union Missionary Society.] With any one of these activities, many an American woman would feel herself "rushed to death."

We might quote figures to show how many patients are treated during the year by these efficient doctors and their assistants; but, as a recent report says, "General statistics after all mean very little in reviewing medical work. The patient who comes stone blind, led by a relative, and leaves in a few days walking alone, means more than a dozen who come with a stomach-ache or toothache. And one Hindu who left the hospital with restored sight this morning . . . said as he bade us good-bye, 'I shall never have anything more to do with Hinduism. I have found the true God and am going to worship Him.' Such an one means more than many who were healed of their bodily diseases, but only heard words as they listened with their ears."

Address. Mrs. L. H. Beals, Wai, India.

MARY B. FAIRBANK 1899

Four years after leaving college, Mary Fairbank followed her sister to Jhansi. She writes of her work:

"It's been somewhat of a checkered career; but I only begin at 1903, when I sailed for India in the month of November. My special work out here was to be the charge of the zenana and school work, after first learning the language. But alas for hopes that I might have a whole year to get good working knowledge of the language! In August I went to Cawnpore to do school work because our only missionary there was not well. This change was a decided advantage to me since I was forced to talk; then almost by leaps and bounds I acquired power to use the language. After six and a half months of strenuous work, I came back here. . . .

"Here in Jhansi my doctor sister, Rose Fairbank, Smith '95, was in charge of the medical work. In 1905 she married, however, and went down to Ahmednagar, where we lived as children. From that time I have been alone up here, as far as family ties are concerned. The work has grown, but not as rapidly as there has been opportunity, because of our lack of funds. We are now in better financial condition and I hope will be able to forge ahead. Five schools [Miss Fairbank neglects to say that she herself founded them], all in scattered parts of the city and outskirts, with five Bible women and one sewing teacher, make the sum total of the work in my charge.

"A weekly Bible class with all the teachers and Bible women, in which I am using Bosworth's studies on 'The Life of Christ Jesus,' translating it as we go on and adapting it to their needs; a weekly Bible lesson with the nurses in the harmony of the Gospels; a sewing-class weekly where we are making fancy articles in order to raise money for the maintenance of our nurses' home; Sunday Schools; keeping two women supplied with hem-stitching work; letters innumerable,—these are some of the duties that fall to my lot. I manage to keep busy, you may imagine. There is always plenty more waiting to be done whenever any one duty is accomplished."

The zenana work referred to is in the homes which are represented by patients in the hospital. When the patients return to their homes, the hospital likes to continue an interest in them; so the visitor goes to see them occasionally, as regularly as possible.

The work in Jhansi is well organized. Between one hundred and one hundred and fifty zenana homes are visited each week by Miss Fairbank and the Bible women, and more than one hundred and fifty children are taught daily in the mission schools.

We can easily believe, as a friend writes, that Miss Fairbank's cares are many and burdensome; yet she seems very happy in all that she does.

Address, Jhansi, N. P., India.

ESTHER B. FOWLER EX-1886

Esther Fowler was connected with Smith for only two years, in the one department of art; yet as well as her year at normal school, one year at teaching, and three in the public library of Westfield, Massachusetts, these college days too were undoubtedly an important factor in the training which has made her so versatile a missionary.

Her personal interest in the work was aroused by a missionary from Sholapur, who returned to this country for the express purpose of finding more young women who would aid in the work. Miss Fowler sailed for Sholapur in 1893, to join the Marathi Mission, where she entered upon her work of teaching. Before her first furlough she passed through distressing experiences of plague and famine. She has visited her native land twice, and in 1906 returned to India for a third term of service.

Miss Fowler is in charge of the Woronoco School (grammar grade), which has over one hundred boarding pupils, and others by the day. These girls are divided into groups for domestic work; some spend all their time in the weaving department, making garments for the others. The majority of the girls are confessed Christians. Their activity along missionary and other

religious lines is evidenced by their annual support of a girl in the Unanda Seminary, South Africa: their annual contribution to the Bombay Presidency Christian Endeavor Union; and their delegates sent to the recent Christian Endeavor Convention in Poorna. All the seventeen girls attending this convention paid one-third of their expenses at once; and upon their return, worked at regular coolies' wages until they had made up the balance.

Associated with Miss Fowler in the Woronoco School is Miss Mary Harding, Smith ex-'92, as kindergartener. More will be said of her in the next paper.

Address, Miss Esther B. Fowler, Sholapur, India.

Kindly send additions and corrections to the Editor, Clara Winifred Newcomb, 31 Vauxhall Street, New London, Connecticut.

ROOMS FOR COMMENCEMENT, 1910

Campus rooms will, as usual, be assigned only to the classes holding regular five-year reunions, in the order of their graduations: 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895, etc. Applications should be made to the class secretaries.

As a special arrangement for this Commencement a local committee has been formed to assist the general secretary in asking persons who do not usually open their houses to do so this year as a favor to the alumnae. Applications giving full details of accommodations desired should be made at once to the class secretaries.

Members of the class of 1900 who desire to engage room and board for Commencement, either on or off the campus, are requested to notify Miss A. G. Newell, Morris House.

Applications should be placed on file at the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, for tickets for Senior Dramatics. Each alumna is allowed one ticket, and may not use another's name to secure extra seats. Applications must now be made for Thursday evening, June 9, as the capacity for Friday evening has been reached. Saturday evening is not open to alumnae. No deposit is required, and tickets need not be claimed until Commencement week from the Business Manager in Northampton.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Laurel Sullivan, 8 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

'81. Laura D. Gill. Address, 264 Boylston Street, Boston.

Mrs. William Noyes (Lucia Clapp). Address, 11 St. John Street, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

'91. Mrs. Alfred C. Lane (Susette Lauriat). Address, 1775 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'97. Mrs. H. L. Rogers (Clara Phillips). Address, 35 Allerton Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

'02. Constance Patten has announced her engagement to Walter T. Serrell.

'04. Florence H. Snow, General Secretary of the Alumnae Association, spoke to the Boston Association of Smith College Alumnae at the College Club in Boston on January 25 on the news of the college and the alumnae preparations for Commencement.

'05. M. Genevieve Burnham's new address is 932 East 50th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

'06. Betty Amerman is studying to become a trained nurse at the Memorial Hospital in Orange. Address, 68 Henry Street, Orange, New Jersey.

'07. Laura Casey Geddes is spending the winter in Florida.

Agatha E. Gruber sailed for Europe on January 5, where she will remain until next November. She will spend some months with relations in Vienna.

Mrs. R. E. Tibbetts (Myra Thorndike). Address, 8 West 105th Street, New York City.

'08. Helen Davidson has announced her engagement to Bartlett Walton of Wakefield, Massachusetts.

Margaret Myrtle Mann is doing post-graduate work at Radcliffe College.

Laura McCall has announced her engagement to Robert Northrop, instructor at Horace Mann School, New York.

Alice Lillian Ricker has announced her engagement to Philip Thomson of St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

'09. Florence Cardwell Allen is travelling in Canada.

Laura Keene Darling is substituting in the Hyde Park Schools at Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

Alice Rebecca Kilburn has announced her engagement to Robert B. Waugh of Norwalk, Connecticut.

Mabel Louise McElwain is travelling through the South with her mother.

- '09. Martha Gruening is acting as organizer for the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association. Address, 2045 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Grace Adelaide Hazeltine has announced her engagement to Francis M. Caughey of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

MARRIAGES

- '97. Mary Cornwall Hewitt to Sidney Knox Mitchell. Address, 877 Elm Street, New Haven, Connecticut.
Florence Emily Piper to Moses Anthony Winch. Address, East Templeton, Massachusetts.
- '00. Lucy Adelaide Munroe to Charles Franklin Poor, Jr. Address, 80 Elm Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.
- '02. Beatrice Austin Manning to Clarke Irving Oliver, January 18.
- '08. Glenn Alda Patten to Dr. Rush P. Crawford, on October 20, in Kokomo, Indiana. Address, East Washington Street, Sullivan, Indiana.
- Edith Sinclair to Philip Northrop Miller, in December. Address, Lincoln Street, East Orange, New Jersey.

BIRTHS

- '96. Mrs. Lucius Root Eastman, Jr. (Eva Louise Hills), a son, John Hills, born January 30.
- '04. Mrs. Thomas Perry (Margaret Watson), a daughter, Frances, born January 17.
- '08. Mrs. Robert E. Blakeslee (Caroline Russell Brackett), a son, Robert Willard, born January 14.

DEATH

- '84. Mrs. C. P. Frey (Mary Grace Rogers), at Newark, in January.

ELECTIONS

PHI KAPPA PSI

Elise Montgomery 1910, President
Elsie Baskin 1911, Vice-President
Ethel Cox 1911, Secretary
Ruth Baldwin 1912, Treasurer

ALPHA

Dorothy Waterman 1910, President
Jean Johnson 1911, Vice-President
Eleanor Goddard 1911, Secretary
Ruth Shaw-Kennedy 1912, Treasurer

GERMAN CLUB

Alice S. O'Meara 1910, President
Clara Van Emden 1910, Vice-President
Elsa Detmold 1911, Secretary
Elsie Frederikson 1912, Treasurer

PHILOSOPHY CLUB—JUNIOR ELECTIONS

Margaret Fellows	Marjorie Wesson
Marjorie Kilpatrick	Winifred Notman
Margaret Seabury Cook	

1913 REGULAR TEAM

Goals

Ruth Davis
Beatrice Darling
Gertrude Coit

Guards

Margaret Moore
Katharine Richards
Rachel Whidden

Centers

Inez Tiedeman	Louise Doolittle	Marian Drury
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1913 SUB-TEAM

Goals

Constance Fowler
Ruth Otis
Eleanor Cory

Guards

Edith Warner
Nellie Oiesen
Jessie Coit

Centers

Marian Halsey	Orpha Gerrans	Eunice Hinman
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CALENDAR

- February 14. Open Meeting of the Physics Club.
Lecture by Prof. McElfresh of Williams
College.
Subject: Color Photography.
- “ 16. Vocal Recital by Dr. Ludwig Wüllner.
- “ 19. Open Meeting of La Société Française.
Comedie by Molière: Le Malade Imaginaire.
- “ 22. Washington's Birthday. Holiday.
- “ 23. Open Meeting of the German Club.
- “ 26. Junior Frolic.
- March 4. Lecture by Prof. Royce.
- “ 5. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 5. Dickinson House Reception.
- “ 9. Glee Club Concert.
- “ 11. Lecture by Prof. Royce.
- “ 12. Dramatics by The Mummers.

The
Smith College
Monthly

March - 1910

Conducted by the Senior Class

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THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XVII

MARCH, 1910

No. 6

EDITORS:

JOSEPHINE KEIZER

MARGARET APPLETON MEANS

VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN

HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER

LAUREL SULLIVAN

MARION KEEP PATTON

ESTHER CRANE

ALICE O'MEARA

PHOEBE PARRY

TREASURER

BUSINESS MANAGER

GERTRUDE WILSON

MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

ALUMNÆ TREASURER

HENRIETTA SPERRY

THE TORCH RACE

BY KATHARINE LOVING BUELL

Through all the land to-day the people rise,
The alien guest and nation's heir as one,
With private gratitude and public rite
Commemorate the birth of Washington.

Now seen beyond the distance of the years
His face is shadowy, dim and far-away,
And half-forgotten are his hard-fought wars.
The tumult and the shouting of his day.

But one thing we remember, for with us
Is one whose influence our lives will hold,
Whose name we honor and whose voice we love
And whom we reverence as the men of old.

For he has taught us through these flying days
To note the touch of goodness where we can,
To see God's glory in a human face,
And mark His greatness in the heart of man.

With eyes unsealed we turn to Washington
As through the wilderness he forced his way,
Strengthening in his heart the power to do,
The wisdom and the courage to obey.

A stir, a whisper, a protesting cry,
A shout of Freedom echoing through the land,
And lo, the kindling torch of liberty
With sudden faith was thrust into his hand.

Resolved, he took the smoldering flame and on
Through darkness and the lowering cloud of night
He urged his way and struggled toward the goal,
And higher held the ever rising light.

Other fires beacons from the neighboring hills
To lure the people toward an easeful peace,
To seize the moment of his wavering,
And be their guides when Liberty should cease.

On still he pressed, though weary and far-spent,
Through toilsome ways and thickening gloom he strove,
And gave unsparing all he had to give,
And prayed alone for greater strength and love.

When all was gained, while still his heart was brave,
His firm tread faltered not, his arm was strong,
While still the people cheered him on, he stopped
And straightway turning, passed the torch along.

The light should onward go, the runner speed,
His only thought that Freedom must succeed,
This final test of wisdom and of love
To-day we honor as his greatest deed.

A REMBRANDT

BY MARION KEEP PATTON

A scarf of honey color, soft of fold,
A sleeve like amber when the sun shines through,
Jewels that richly glow in thick dull gold
Against a mantel of a dusky hue.
Shadows drawn close, as richly brown as where
Within the forest's heart reigns mellow night;
A face with subtle smile and forehead fair
Whereon is diademed the living light.

A JAPANESE APPRECIATION OF ROMEO AND JULIET

BY TEI NINOMIYA

Shakespeare, exalted as "the greatest poet-dramatist of English literature," well deserves the name of a universal artist. In fact, it is his universality that makes him what he is. His main interest lies in the interpretation of human motives and passions, and as the fundamental qualities of human nature are ever the same, East and West, his characters belong to the whole world and to all ages. They are not types, presenting various passions, but they are individuals whom we can recognize as strongly governed by love, jealousy, rashness and indecision, yet moving with the freedom of human will.

Shakespeare's world is, in a sense, a world of romance, as he presents his material in a very intense and concentrated manner; and the very fact that his world is not a world of realistic commonplace saves him from narrowness. Jane Austen is often recognized as a novelist with a universal appeal. She is, in so far as she treats the very core of human nature, but it is her severe and strict realism in the manner of expression that makes her work stand distinctly as English, though most delightful in itself. Shakespeare avoided that strict realism which necessarily implies a certain amount of localism. With Shakespeare, the expression of emotions and passions is little modified by circumstances and situations. They are bound to take just such shapes and expressions, no matter where they are and what their circumstances may be. His chief interest is not in plot, situation or circumstances of life, but in the human mind.

Yet Shakespeare was an Occidental, not an Oriental, and an Occidental he remained in all ethical and social principles. Accordingly the impression that his works make on the Japanese mind is of unique interest. The study of "Romeo and Juliet" is particularly interesting because we have, in this case, a peculiar attitude of the Japanese people toward love and its expression to interpret "the dedication and the funeral of love."

It is difficult, of course, to bring the purely Oriental mind in direct contact with the play, because those who can read the text understandingly are necessarily the ones whose minds have previously been influenced by western thoughts, and not the

ones, who have spent their lives in repeating Chinese classics. The extent of the study of Shakespeare's work is yet very limited in Japan: the English language is difficult enough in its simplest form: its grammar, which seems to have more "irregulars" and "exceptions" than rules, and the endless wealth in idioms and expressions are the cause of many a deep sigh. It is not strange, then, that at the end of four or five years of study, one should find it difficult to understand many of the passages in Shakespeare's works. Wit and humor, moreover, lose their merits when one must consult a dictionary for every word in the sentence.

Yet, though difficult as it is for the student to understand his language and to appreciate his beautiful expressions, his spirit and ideas are not only understood but appreciated to a very remarkable degree. I can remember how I looked forward to the time when I might be able to read his works, and that has been the constant inspiration in the course of my study in English language. This I take to be the highest ambition of a great many students in Japan. Though I never reached the point where I could study his works while in Japan, Shakespeare was constantly commented upon by one of my teachers. I have a dim recollection of what was said of "Romeo and Juliet." The general impression made upon me was that it was one of the most difficult plays to understand; and as I begin to realize more and more the vast difference between East and West in their ethical principles and social habits and customs, I come to see the difficulty that the Japanese have to face in their appreciation of the play.

A superficial observer of Japanese characteristics may at once exclaim that it is because the Japanese do not know what love is. But I venture to say that the passion expressed in "Romeo and Juliet" is as really and vitally known to the Japanese as to any race on earth, for never was a greater mistake made in the interpretation of the Japanese characteristics than when Percival Lowell, a brilliant writer, explained that the Japanese never "fall in love." True it is that the Japanese people have less chance to "fall in love," because of their peculiar social condition. But this surely is not saying that they never have that instinct. To my mind the difficulty lies in the different conception of love and the peculiar attitude toward it.

What makes the difference between this play and "The

Merchant of Venice," which is as well appreciated by the Japanese as by any westerners, is the manner in which the theme of human passion is carried out. We find in "Romeo and Juliet" much that is impossible in Japanese society, and a great many actions in it could never find justification in the code of ethics.

"Romeo and Juliet" is more than a fate tragedy to the Japanese. To them the cause of the tragic outcome is not merely the restraints of social life and customs, or prejudice and propriety, but it is more the result of internal forces, of passion mixed with selfish instinct, of fatal struggle in the conflicting emotions, and of vain effort at the suppression of love, love that is essentially impure. Thus looked upon as a tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet" gains a height of intensity that Shakespeare himself is unaware of. It has been observed that nearly all the Japanese plays and novels are tragedies, in fact, according to the late George Meredith, true comedy is impossible in Japanese society, at least until women are placed on the same level with men. The self-confidence of a woman like Beatrice, and the manner of her speech and actions, could never be found among the Japanese women, and the attitude of men toward her is quite unknown in Japanese society. But to return to the nature of the Japanese tragedies; they are mostly fate tragedies. People are placed in the most impossible situations and circumstances, and tragic outcome is inevitable. The cruelty of nature is emphasized to its utmost. It is their extreme pessimistic view of life in general that makes them love the tragic presentation of it.

It is as a love story then that Japanese people fail to appreciate the full value of "Romeo and Juliet." "Falling in love" is a moral weakness to the Japanese, and anyone who is not strong enough to overcome such passion, when necessary, is unworthy the name of man. But is it necessary, you ask, for Romeo and Juliet to suppress their feelings? Does the situation demand it? If they lived in Japan, its necessity would be perfectly evident. The procedure of their secret marriage is fatal, not only because they thereby ignore the duty they owe to their parents, but because they are not fulfilling their duties toward their families as organized units. Putting aside the peculiar relations existing between the two families, both Romeo and Juliet occupy definite places in their homes. They are the

means of the continuation of their families. The great importance of continuation of a family line found its origin in the ancestor worship in Shintoism, and has now become one of the strongest and most striking beliefs of the people. Thus to die without a son and successor was a crime against the ancestors, the line being thereby threatened with extinction. Even to-day a family with no children would always adopt a second or third son of some other family and let him carry on their family line, and if they have only daughters, the oldest daughter is obliged to marry a second or third son of some other family; he then changes his name to hers, and they carry on her family. So it is little wonder that marriage came to be looked upon by some as a duty that individuals owe to their families and ancestors rather than any personal affair.

Now Romeo is evidently the only son, and Juliet we know to be the only daughter. If they lived in Japan, their union would be absolutely impossible, and if they married secretly, they violated one of the most important customs. Though their action is not condemned by law, it is condemned by custom. There every relation is governed by altruism and every action is directed by duty, just as every object is shaped by art.

Take the love scene itself—to the native Christian it is immoral, and to the others it is incomprehensible. What is considered by Occidental readers as the practical, direct, and less complex nature of Juliet, as compared with the poetic and dreamy characteristics of Romeo, seems to the Japanese too forward and unwomanly. We can find Juliet among Japanese women as far as her instincts and internal feeling are concerned. Mrs. Jameson says that "Juliet is love itself, and out of it she has no existence." If she were a Japanese woman, she would be obliged to be something besides love, namely duty. Japanese women grow up with no other thought but absolute obedience and fulfillment of duty, never even dreaming of personal rights. Out of such training a young girl like Juliet is hardly to be expected; Portia is a possible character, but never Juliet. If passion kindled heroism in Juliet, it is duty over against passion that would bring forth strength and power in a Japanese heroine. The difference is that of training and social condition.

In the famous "Onna Daigaku," a code of ethics for "Samurai" or higher class women, love is not even mentioned; love is

essentially impure, beneath the dignity of well-cultivated women. And because of the social condition in which "men and women should not take the same seat," Japanese young men and women are very seldom formally associated with each other. A young girl in a sheltered home does not lose therefore the unconscious and beautiful spirit of her childhood at the dawn of womanhood by thoughts of "suitsors," of "coming out" in society and of flirtation. She preserves the childlike innocence of manner and develops a severe dignity characterized by self-control and sense of duty. Japanese civilization has, in general, striven to crush out all signs of emotion, to promote absolute stoicism. It exalted self-control above all virtues, and the ability to suppress one's personal feeling was the thing people sought for most. Thus loyalty and self-sacrifice came to be the ideals and the main characteristics of Japanese women. The self-denial and self-sacrifice of Japanese women have often been mistaken for impersonality. But the fact that marriage is arranged by parents and friends, and that the individuals most concerned have practically no voice in the matter, does not prove that they have no personality. Japanese girls are expected to marry some one as a matter of course, and because of the peculiar condition and training of girls, many marriages simply mean the willingness to forego their own desires and choices, because indeed they do not have any of their own. Place the young Juliet untouched by Romeo in the Japanese society where marriage was "as much a matter of course in a woman's life as death," with no thought of the alternative, we can see her quietly submitting herself to the desires of her parents. At the same time Juliet with the same passion and love for Romeo, in a Japanese home, where every action is directed by duty, would never allow herself to marry Romeo.

But take Juliet as the wife of Romeo. Once married, she must be loyal to her husband whatever he may do. Her triumph over her conflicting emotions at the death of her cousin certainly appeals to the Japanese mind. Her behavior at the cruel news of the proposed marriage is far above the expectation. The quickness with which she came back to herself after a moment of indescribable agony and the firmness with which she stood upon her conviction are marks of heroism. Cursed by her father, cast away by her mother and disappointed in her nurse, Juliet still had presence of mind to make a definite and sane

decision, to go to the friar, "to know his remedy." With a Japanese woman, the first and only flash of thought under such circumstances would have been the very last words of Juliet, "myself have power to die." But with Juliet, it is only when "all else fail," that "myself have power to die." Here the difference in conception of death and value of human life must be taken into account. The Japanese have always placed very slight value upon human life, because the social order does not rest on the inherent worth of the individual. Before the entrance of Christianity, religious philosophy had not discovered the infinite worth of the individual in himself, apart from his rank in society. The slightest insult demanded death, and death alone could do away with the smallest shame. Many faithful subjects are known in Japanese history who advised and corrected the folly of their lords by loss of their lives. Put a Japanese girl in Juliet's place and death alone could atone her past action. But would she be left alone as Juliet was?

Juliet's nurse contrasts with a faithful old maid, who waited upon the young maiden Yuki in one of the strongest short stories that we have in Japan. She had brought Yuki up since her babyhood, and was ever faithful to her. She accompanied Yuki in her flight from home, and cared for her with tender love till her death, which was brought about by her unspeakable grief. She certainly did not disappoint Yuki; on the contrary, she was the sole comfort in her extreme hardship. To the Japanese servant it is the absolute necessity, the mere fulfillment of her duty. We find another difference, that is, that she does not show the slightest sign of that tormenting nature that we find in the nurse. In the Japanese social order such a relation could never be expected.

Coming to the character of Romeo, we have the same fundamental difficulty that I spoke of. Romeo to the western readers, as I take it, is an ideal lover placed in an unfortunate situation in a cruel world. He is not only unfortunate in his love, but in everything that he attempts to do. To the Japanese he is a weak man, a man without self-control. If Romeo could be admired as a hero by the Japanese, it would not be because he was an ideal lover, but because of his manly spirit in controlling his emotions toward the insulting Tybalt, and his noble act for his friend even at the expense of his own happiness.

Mercutio is more of a hero to the Japanese. The greatest barrier to the appreciation of this brilliant character, however, is his wit. "Nothing is so serious and dry as the jokes that one does not see the point of." It is mostly the difficulty with the language itself, but it is partly due to the different turn of mind and moral sentiment.

It is very difficult also to comment upon Friar Laurence, because we have no person like him. Comparison with Buddhist or Shinto priests is out of the question, because they have nothing to do with marriage. Confession is a new custom with which they must familiarize themselves. The Japanese are, however, appreciative of the philosophy that is set forth by the friar, and their chief interest in the character is to be found in his philosophy.

As to Capulet and his wife, they do not appear cold and cruel to the Japanese. One finds that same formality and coldness in many a Japanese home. A master like Capulet is quite natural. But if Capulet were a Japanese father, the reason that he gives for his anger toward Juliet would be quite different, for instead of having selfish and personal desires he would have considered the whole situation for the good of the family and its ancestors.

Such, at least to me, is the analysis of the play by the Japanese mind. True it is that western thoughts and customs are influencing the Japanese so rapidly and extensively that the old ideas and customs are destined to fade away in the near future. Such an interpretation of the play, therefore, belongs rather to the past and present than to the future. Moreover, such a consideration does not take the first impression into account, but it is the result of a long, reflective study. Let a Japanese Samurai see this play acted, and it would be strange if his sympathy could not be drawn toward the unfortunate souls; in spite of himself he would be brought to feel the strength and character of their passion.

THE LURE OF THE PINES

BY HELEN BRAY DELONG

The sunny pasture lay warm and hazy on the south slope of the hill. The air buzzed and quivered in the heat of the August day ; the shrill whir of the locusts sounded monotonously ; at a distance a cow-bell tinkled. The already brown leaves of the brakes and the hardhack added the warmth of color to the scene. Everything was drowsy and inert.

Across the low stone fence a few scrubby pines, that seemed to have strayed away from their companions beyond, grew side by side with their taller neighbors, the oaks and chestnuts. A rough path straggled among the trees, now almost hidden by the underbrush, again lost among the slippery stones of a marsh from which it emerged no longer wavering and uncertain, but a broad lane with an individuality of its own.

For the oaks and chestnuts were left behind, the pines were tall and majestic and the way led over a thick carpet of pine-needles so deep and soft that foot-prints left no impression upon it. It was a hospitable path now, seeming to invite the wayfarer to the cool depths of its forest, away from the heat and hum of the pasture.

And many the treasures that enriched its borders ! It was the veritable haunt of gnomes and brownies who lurked behind the stumps or stones or hid beneath the shelter of the toadstools. On one side of the path an orange toadstool flaunted its bright color before its more soberly clad neighbors in brown ; farther on a group of pale yellow ones was tucked cozily among the brown needles. Partridge vines with their deep green leaves and saucy, black-eyed red berries trailed riotously over the ground. On a low hillock a great cluster of Indian pipes, some white, some delicately tinged with pink, stood like Vestal Virgins in their purity.

Here among the pines was quiet, too, but not the quiet of indolence that hung over the pasture back in the bright sunlight ; rather it was the stillness of deep peace combined with a quick response to every touch of the forest. No locust's click annoyed one with its insistence. Now and then a cone dropped ; a brook murmured over the stones as it wound along its slow

way; a faint wind soughed through the branches; a crow cawed far in the distance.

Far overhead the boughs tossed softly in the gentle breeze which came cool and sweet with fragrance. Between the swaying masses of green the deep blue of the sky appeared and occasionally a white cloud drifted by. No bright light found its way through the interwoven branches, but only hazy sheen filtered through, touching with glints of gold the brown needles and the rough tree trunks.

Suddenly, noiselessly, two little does moved into sight, their brown bodies seeming as motionless and abiding as the very trees. Quite unafraid, they looked long at the scene from the depths of their limpid eyes, then stole away as silently as they had come.

Through the aisles and vistas of the cathedral pines the light grew dimmer and yet more dim. Even the faint sounds died away until, from the hush of absolute quiet, an exquisite melody poured forth, and rippled and trilled in notes so sweet and melting that it seemed to come from Heaven itself—the Vesper hymn of the Hermit thrush.

It was sunset among the pines.

THE YEAR'S ENCHANTMENT

BY MARGARET SEABURY COOK

I hear the laughter of satyrs gay,
The thud of hoof-beats on the earth,
And the call of a magic, mystic flute
Drifting high o'er the jocund mirth.

There the great god Pan to his mad horde plays,
Naiad and nymph and fawn
And nereid from the fountain's edge,
Who dance on the sun-splashed lawn.

Adonis with Venus lingereth
As of yore in the wood's green shade;
Diana bathes in the silver pool
With her maidens, unafraid.

And Apollo again woos Daphne fair
With his love like a burning flame—
Ah! the earth's new born in the green of spring,
But the old gods are the same.

MISS MILLAN

BY CLAIRE WILLIAMS

For certain reasons unnecessary to recount here, the Reverend Mr. Harris and his wife felt that they were deeply indebted to Miss Cornelia Millan, who had been their three daughters' teacher for a long and desolate year. And it seemed fitting to them, upon reflection, to show their appreciation by inviting her to tea. And as Elsa explained, in delivering the invitation, they had put off asking her till strawberry time, so that they could offer her a real treat—luscious strawberries and sweet country cream. Miss Millan, loathing strawberries in her heart, thanked the girls prettily and said she would come. Then said Elsa, "Plan to stay quite late, and after the moon rises we will row you home."

The Harrises lived in Moriches, two miles from Speonk, where Miss Millan and the school were established; and the invitation had been so long put off that it was only forthcoming on the last day of school, when Miss Millan's trunk had already started on its homeward journey, and all in the world she had to wear was a light linen suit which must be kept tolerably fresh to wear on the train to-morrow. In Speonk, unless one belongs to the automobile classes, one walks; Miss Millan walked. It was a hot June day, the sand was inches deep, and by the time she arrived her linen suit was beginning to look, as she had for some moments been feeling, quite dejected. She was acutely conscious that her face was very red, and her hair in unbecoming disarray, when she met Mrs. Harris; for the little lady had an air of distinction which even the task of raising five children on an incompetent country minister's salary had not been able to efface.

Miss Millan felt oppressed; and her unhappiness was not diminished when Mr. Harris appeared, and made her a formal speech of gratitude. It began with a firstly, and proceeded, with intermittent bursts of oratory, till by the time it was working toward an all-too-long-delayed conclusion, Miss Millan felt as guilty as if she had been caught stealing chickens; for she knew in her heart that she had done nothing to deserve such appalling gratitude; she had merely been as cordial as she

would normally have been to girls as interesting as these ; in her loneliness, they had seemed like celestial beings ; they were quick, bright and pretty ; they were not Long Island born, and Elsa had a rudimentary sense of humor ; she had felt humbly grateful to them for relieving the tedium of her existence ; and here were the parents, pathetically, embarrassingly grateful to her for her interest, which they took as a mark of especial favor.

So for once Miss Millan welcomed the immediate prospect of strawberries ; for she foresaw that Mrs. Harris would not allow her husband, who seemed really unable to check his eloquence, to continue his speech throughout the meal. She was forced to admit that the strawberries were very pretty ; with this encouragement Mr. Harris began a harangue upon strawberry raising as an art. He reproached her for never having considered its possibilities ; he reviled the world for having so long neglected to consider the subject in a scientific manner. The family listened in polite, habitual endurance, Miss Millan in wonder ; and Mrs. Harris poured the tea. She handed Miss Millan her cup ; Elsa rose promptly, and removed it, glaring reproachfully at her mother. Mrs. Harris said nothing ; she merely glanced inquiringly at her daughter. "Why mother !" said Elsa, "I told you I wanted Miss Millan to have the Haviland cup, and you said she surely should. How could you forget it ?"

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Harris, and produced the right cup. Elsa restored Miss Millan's tea ; Mr. Harris paused, apparently for breath, and the family took possession of the conversation. By skilled manœuvring they kept him from mounting one of his hobbies ; their tactics were fascinating, and they themselves were very entertaining ; by the time the meal was over Miss Millan was almost beginning to enjoy herself. There followed a peaceful half-hour of conversation on the veranda. Then, like Cadmus' army, oafs from the village, apparently springing from the ground, tentatively advanced toward the house—"Jus' dropped in to see how the girls were gettin' on." The two youngest children began to quarrel, and the baby wept inconsolably, because he was not allowed to "mash bruvver's face."

The moon rose, ghastly and pale through the thin fog, large as a barrel-head ; a whip-poor-will came and sat in the willow tree, and with its dismal wailing sent cold shudders to Miss Millan's very heart, and she wanted to go home.

But Elsa checked her first suggestion : " No, no indeed, Miss Millan, truly, it isn't near time for you to go home. We told you to come expecting to stay quite late, and we'd row you home, and Clifford hasn't come yet. Wait till Clifford comes, *please*, and let us row you home. I want you to see the moonlight on the water. Please ! "

" But," said Miss Millan, " I didn't tell Mrs. Osborn where I was going. She'll worry. "

" Oh, no, she won't," said Elsa. " We'll have you home by ten ; and you're so tired with the walk down. "

" I think you had better not tease, Elsa," said her mother. " Miss Millan knows best— "

" I'm not teasing," said Elsa. " She wants to stay, and she's going to. "

So Miss Millan stayed, realizing all the while that Mrs. Harris disapproved of the moonlight row, anxious herself, to be gone and feeling ridiculously like clay, not in the hands of the potter, but of a kindergartener ; stayed while the oafs and the girls played an apparently interminable croquet match, which broke up only when it appeared that Elsa was not going to win, on account of her partner's poor playing. She threatened him with her croquet mallet, and he fled in terror. Then Mrs. Harris came out and recalled the fugitive, and held converse with her daughter, which reduced the latter to tears and an apology. " I'm sorry I wasn't a lady," she wept, " but how *can* I be a lady, when George Hawkins is so stupid ? If I'd played with Clifford I'd have been as ladylike as you and Miss Millan put together ; he always wins ! "

Then Miss Millan rose, and announced very firmly that she was going home. Elsa seemed glad of a chance to escape from the scene of her disgrace, no one else offered any objections, so after having been once more assured of the Harrises' undying appreciation of her goodness, she started, accompanied by Elsa, Beth, the twelve-year-old sister, and the largest oaf, who appeared to be Clifford—he must have been fully six and a half feet tall ; viewed with an impartial eye he was handsome, but his conversation was painful in the extreme. It was wrenched from him in monosyllables ; so Miss Millan, observing the distress her presence caused him, fell back with Beth ; he and Elsa stalked ahead in dignified gloom.

Miss Millan soon found that they were heading her toward

unexplored country ; upon remonstrance, she learned that they were goin' to the beach ; 'twasn't quite a mile ; she'd get home all right.

Presently they turned into a patch of woods darker than Erebus. Clifford, upon being urged, admitted that there was likely snakes there—plenty of 'em ; and after that every root she tripped over sent thrills of pleasant anticipation down her spine. Eventually they came out into the moonlight, and the bay spread before them, calm and peaceful—but there was no boat in view. Amazement and anger got the better of Clifford's self-consciousness, and he spoke fluently, and with great fervor.

"Why—darn George Hawkins ! The mean skate ! He promised to let me take his boat to row you home in, and now he's gone an' hid it ! What'd you make him mad for, Elsa ? You might 'a' known he'd be just that mean !"

"Yes," said Elsa, "but I'd forgotten we'd borrowed his boat."

They hunted for it in all possible places, in vain. "Must 'a' taken it an' gone up to the Point," said Clifford. "Skate ! Just you wait till I catch him once !"

Beth wept, Elsa looked things unutterable, and Miss Millan wondered miserably when she should get home.

"We'll have to take Uncle Dan's dory," announced Clifford. "She ain't been in the water yet, an' she's prob'ly shrunk so she'll leak like time ; but mebbe she'll carry."

He pushed the unwieldy craft into the water, pulled her up to the pier, and the merry party embarked. The dory was meant to carry two persons, and with such a load she settled till her sides rose a scant three inches above the water, and through the open seams she started to fill. Clifford untied the rusty tin cup which hung under the seat, and handed it to Miss Millan.

"Better bail," he said.

Miss Millan bailed steadily, and managed to keep the water from rising more than two inches in the bottom. That two inches, however, was enough to soak her light shoes that had been so pretty that morning, and to drabble her skirt hideously.

Clifford pulled easily, and they slipped out into the bay. The splash of the oars, the lapping of the water against the boat, the silver of the moonlight on the bay, and the black shadows of the trees on shore, the strange, uncanny beauty of it all, and the silence, enthralled Miss Millan, and she forgot to bail. Clifford coughed.

"Better bail," said he. Miss Millan started.

"Is there any danger?" she asked. He pointed to the water that was creeping up around her ankles.

"Why—mebbe we won't sink if you don't. I dunno." Miss Millan bent to her task.

A mile—two miles they went in silence. "How much further is it?" she inquired.

"Oh, three or four miles. It's longer to go this way."

"So it seems," returned Miss Millan resignedly, and went on bailing.

Quite unexpectedly Elsa rose from where she sat in the bow. Beth screamed and cowered down, crying, "Oh, do be careful, Elsa! You'll sink us all."

"No, I won't," said Elsa, and began to execute a sort of waltz. Miss Millan watched her in tongue-tied fascination, and wondered if drowning hurt much.

"We'll all be drowned!" wept Beth. "I can swim, and Clifford could save you, but if we drowned Miss Millan what would mother say?"

Clifford turned on her. "Set down!" said he. "Didn't y' ever hear about the fool that rocks the boat? What you standin' up for?"

"I'm coming down to help you row! I know you're tired to death pulling this heavy boat, and it isn't fair! You take my seat, and let me row." Clifford's objections stuck in his throat, for she was standing right over him. He lumbered to her seat while the Providence that watches children and fools, and the fact that the boat was flat-bottomed, kept it from overturning.

Then Elsa's rowing commenced. They were opposite Masury's Point, which was marked by a square Dutch wind-mill. Miss Millan gazed at it with great interest. It stood out inky black in the moonlight, and the shadows behind it were menacing. It receded slowly; in about half an hour she noticed that it was coming toward her. Again it receded; and again, after an interval, it approached. She could hardly believe her eyes.

"Is that the *same* wind-mill?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said Clifford.

"How *can* it be?" she asked in amazement.

"Why," said he, "Elsa's pullin' in a circle. Her right hand's so much stronger'n her left that she pulls uneven, an' nobody steered, so we ain't got ahead any."

Elsa dropped the oars. Clifford caught one, and rescued the other as it floated by.

"Haven't we *moved* at all?"

"Only 'round," said he "Better let me try now."

"Well, try then, if you can do any better!" said Elsa, "I'm sure I tried hard enough! I'm almost dead, and I wouldn't give in because I thought I was helping—Oh dear!"

"Never mind," said Miss Millan, "you tried hard and we appreciate that. Now let Clifford pull or we shan't get home to-night."

It cannot be said that the dory darted ahead under Clifford's mighty stroke, for dories do not dart; but its progress was perceptible; and in the course of time, the buildings of Speonk that were visible from the bay came in view. Miss Millan gazed on them with more love than she had ever before felt, and began to whistle softly "Home Sweet Home."

"Hush!" said Clifford in a hoarse whisper, "On your life don't make a noise in front of this house!"

She hushed, and in an answering whisper wondered why.

"Why" said he, "It's Wilmerhoe's house? Don't you know about him? He was a detective, and he caught some diamond thieves, and got them sent up for twenty years; and they swore when they got out they'd kill him. The time's up this year, an' he's scared half to death. He's got him a burglar-proof house, all fenced in with barb-wire, and box hedge; nothing open but the water front—an' he's got two blood-hounds that he keeps loose on the grounds; they're man-eaters, and he sits up, watchin' more'n half the time. If he heard us going past this time o' night, I dunno what he'd do. He says he shoots first, an' asks who afterwards."

They were directly in front of the house, heading toward the pier near-by; Clifford handled his oars as delicately as if they had been knitting-needles, Miss Millan and Beth held their breath, and Elsa, valiantly trying to keep quiet, sneezed a long, loud-echoing sneeze. The effect was amazing. The blood-hounds gave tongue, and their baying boomed out over the dark water like the peal of a heavy bell. Then a pistol cracked. The shot flew wild; a dark lantern was flashed in the boat, as Mr. Wilmerhoe, in the glory of pink pajamas and panic-stricken fear stood before them.

"Hold up yer hands!" he roared. "I've got the drop on ye!"

I've been a'watchin' of ye! I heard yer whistlin'! Think I don't know a signal? Up with them hands!"

Much of his language was unprintable; his work among the East Side crooks had given him a vocabulary not to be equalled in ten counties, and terror loosed his tongue, so that he had it in full command. The girls cowered in the bottom of the boat, overcome more with horror at his language than with actual fear. They dared not stir a finger, and as she sat wondering how long it would be before rescue came, Miss Millan's mind sang over and over again "We won't be home till morning." She reviewed the events of her afternoon and evening, and had almost decided she was dreaming, when relief appeared in the form of Mrs. Wilmerhoe. She bore down on her husband in wrath, and snatched the pistol from him. "Frank Wilmerhoe!" she shrieked, "Do you want to be hung for *murder*!" Look who you've been shooting!"

"I—I—I've been a-looking!" said he. "They thought they had me sure this time, but I was smarter'n them twenty years ago, an' I am yet. Damn thieves, tryin' to murder a man in his own house! I'll fix 'em!"

"Why *Frank*!" said his wife. "That's the *school-teacher*! Look again! Don't you remember asking me who she was, down in the post-office?"

He looked, dropped his lantern, and retreated ignominiously. His wife followed, scolding him in a voice that must have carried far out to sea, and our party resumed their homeward journey. They made the pier without further incident. Miss Millan scrambled out, assured the girls that she had had a perfectly delightful time, bade them a last fond farewell, and watched them row off into the night.

She walked stiffly to the house; the door was locked. Mrs. Osborne, roused from slumber to let her in, transfixed her with reproachful glances.

"I didn't s'pose you'd be home tonight," said she.

"Why, Mrs. *Osborne*!" said Miss Millan. "What *did* you think I'd do?"

"How sh'd I know?"

Miss Millan cringed before her landlady's disapproving gaze.

"My, but you're a sight!" said she. "And you've got to wear that home to-morrow, too. My sakes!"

Miss Millan looked down at herself. She *was* a sight, un-

doubtedly. She looked again—gazed in a sort of spell-bound fascination. She walked over in front of the mirror, and revolved slowly, the better to admire herself as a whole. Then she sighed, a long, long, weary sigh,

“Here’s where I sit up all night, and wash this suit,” said she. “Blessed be hospitality!”

QUEEN ANNE’S LACE HANDKERCHIEF

BY ELIZABETH BABCOCK

The queen, she would a-walking go,
All in the summer season, O.

Now the winds blow light and the winds blow cool,
Where the meadow grass bends and the buttercups blow,
The queen goes by, ’mong the reeds waist high,
All in the summer season, O.

Where her footsteps fall, pink clovers spring,
Where her fingers rest, the iris glow,
And her path is bright with the daisy white,
All in the summer season, O.

And the little page that follows so fast,
Wondering, watches the flowers grow
And the thistle-blow dance at the queen’s advance,
All in the summer season, O.

Now the winds blow light and the winds blow cool,
From her hand, does the queen’s lace ’kerchief blow
Like a dew-dropped thread, on the daisies spread,
All in the summer season, O.

The little page seeks the ’kerchief far,
Nor heeds in his search the blooms that show,
As daintily pale as a cob-webbed veil,
All in the summer season, O.

The queen she would a-walking go,
Where the meadow grass bends and the butter cups grow,
And today, I saw her ’kerchief blow,
All in the summer season, O.

AT TWILIGHT

BY CLARA SAVAGE

We sat at tea,

We three.

Gently a breeze with scent of flowers laden
Breathed the sweet mem'ry of a summer day,
And evening shadows creeping slowly o'er us
Filled all the room with haze of softest gray.

Bright shone the silver teapot in the twilight,
The glasses gleamed o'er cloth of snowy white,
And still we lingered as the shadows deepened
And warned us of the coming of the night.

A gentle peace and calm of spirit brooded
Within our hearts and minds, with all at rest,
A sweet content born of our mutual loving—
The sacred love of friends by Heaven blest.

We sat at tea,

We three.

Oh! may the spirit of that summer evening,
The voiceless prayer that came from out the heart,
Stay with us in the fret of each day's living,
And something of its peacefulness impart.

SONG

BY HENRIETTA SPERRY

The slender moth with long white wings
At twilight flitting far,
The fireflies like drifting sparks,
Shall lead me where you are.

I know not where the paths may be
That to your doorway go,
I have not seen your hidden house,
But this I surely know.

When all things rare and beautiful
Go winging home to rest,
They'll seek you from the ends of earth
As birds seek out a nest.

THE COLOR OF THE GERANIUM

BY DOROTHY WEBER

She was a delicately faded old lady. The soft white hair was pulled demurely back from her finely wrinkled forehead, but succeeded in escaping here and there in rebellious curls. There were lines of suffering and of victory on the sweet face. She looked at the world earnestly through big brown eyes—short-sighted eyes that had a way of looking intense, introspective when Miss Townsend was perhaps only trying to see properly the color of her niece's new gown. She was a doll-like person, small in every way, but the little hands were brown and hard from work and the slender shoulders bowed and bent.

The telegraph boy had just left. She puckered her forehead in her efforts to read the message. "Property sold," she read. "Will send check by next mail." She remembered the property, of course, and wondered how much it would bring. It was like her brother to telegraph. Everyone was good to Miss Townsend. She smiled and ran across the room to the window. Almost mechanically her fingers ran over the soft surface of a brilliant red geranium. Then she looked at it and clapped her hands. Miss Townsend was still a child at heart. "I can have it," she whispered. "Surely, it will be enough so that I can have it."

A rap on the kitchen door called her away from the flower. Pretty Elizabeth Brown ran in.

"I saw the messenger and thought perhaps Helen was coming," she said. "You're smiling, so it must be good news."

"No," said Miss Townsend, "it's not Helen—it's money." She told the girl all she knew. Elizabeth whirled her off her feet.

"How lovely—how perfectly lovely!" she cried, kissing the wrinkled cheek. "You're all pink and pretty now," she laughed as she dropped her into a chair. "Tell me what you're going to do with it."

Miss Townsend looked toward the window.

"It's all out now," she said, "each separate posy."

Elizabeth laughed. "How *can* you think of that when you don't even know how much it is?" she asked.

"Because it's—*it*," Miss Townsend said seriously. "Isn't it a beautiful color?"

The girl nodded. "Wonderful," she said, "but Miss Townsend—"

"Yes," Miss Townsend interrupted, "yes, I love that posy—it's so cheery—and so rich. I've had a bloom of just that color since I was a bit of a girl. Mother gave me the first slip—the summer before she died."

Elizabeth crossed to the flower and stood caressing it with her fingers.

"Wouldn't that color be gorgeous in velvet?" she asked idly. It was a peculiar, vivid red with a dull, almost purple sheen.

Miss Townsend nodded and rocked a bit harder. "That's what I was thinking—have always thought."

"It would be lovely!" Elizabeth saw a tall, dark-haired girl in a gorgeous crimson gown, and clapped her hands. "It would be beautiful—beautiful!" she cried.

"I've always wanted one."

Elizabeth smiled. "You love bright things, don't you, dear?" She slipped her arms around the bent shoulders, stooped to kiss her friend and ran from the room.

The next day the check came. Miss Townsend was delighted with the amount. It would do all she wanted to do. Ten dollars for the new church fund, ten dollars for the foreign mission box, five for the minister's salary and twenty-five for—Miss Townsend never thought exactly what that twenty-five dollars was for. She felt a little ashamed of herself. "I'm afraid I'm vain," she said as she watered the precious geranium. Then one day she clipped a flower from the large bunch and entrusted it to the care of Thomas. She had intended to ask Elizabeth, but it would be nicer to surprise the child. She almost whispered her instructions and was surprised at the calm way he replied, "Yes m'arm, ten yards, just that color, velvet, yes m'arm."

"And keep it out of the sun so it won't fade," she called as he drove from the yard. Then she went in to wait.

Miss Townsend spent the afternoon between the geranium itself and some fashion-plates her niece had.

"I'll have to ask Elizabeth about that," she thought. "The child will know."

It was dark when Thomas returned. She took the bundle from him at the gate and carried it into the house with almost reverent care. She had to work a long time over the knot and even thought of cutting the string, for her fingers had become all thumbs, but—"No," she laughed excitedly, "no, that would bring bad luck."

And when at last the soft folds of the shimmering, glowing red fell over the polished surface of the table she clasped her hands and stood breathless with admiration—and love—for its beauty. Then she touched it, and lifted it to her face, stroking it gently with her hand. Her cheeks were pink with excitement. The little white curls danced riotously from their bounds. She looked like a priestess, enraptured before a shrine.

It was then that Elizabeth came. She knocked, and receiving no answer, opened the door. Then she stood still, watching the strange picture—the little, worn old lady, in her black and white dimity dress, caressing lovingly the soft folds of beautiful crimson velvet. She realized dimly that something she could not understand had brought that wonderful radiance to her friend's face. She started to slip from the room but Miss Townsend looked up.

"Oh Betty, Betty," she cried, "come and see!"

Elizabeth crossed the room, but still mystified by that radiant look, was silent.

"Isn't it beautiful, Betty, beautiful!" Still the girl looked, not at the velvet, but at Miss Townsend.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "very, very beautiful."

Miss Townsend was content. They stood silently for a few minutes. Then "How would you make it up, dear?" Miss Townsend asked.

Elizabeth started. "Make—it—up?"

"For me to wear." The girl was acting queerly. "You're so tasty," she explained.

Now Elizabeth was looking at the velvet, struggling over an almost overwhelming desire to laugh, not because it was funny, rather because to the girl it seemed tragic.

"Let's just enjoy the color to-night," she said. "We'll talk of the rest in the morning." And so they sat together on either side of the polished table, saying little, gazing at ten yards of crimson velvet. One was thinking, the other dreaming dreams.

In the morning Miss Townsend forced herself to do her tidying

before she unrolled the velvet. Elizabeth had promised to come as early as possible, but at ten her small brother came with a note. A friend had come from town—she would be there later in the afternoon.

Miss Townsend unrolled her velvet and again gloried in its beauty. Suddenly an idea presented itself. She took the bundle and went over to the big mirror in the corner, holding the folds to her face. For a moment or two she stood, enjoying the effect, then, "Gracious," she thought, "what a mighty little bit of color I have to-day." She lowered the velvet, and then suddenly, in a perfectly unexplainable manner, she knew. She walked back to the table and laid the roll down. "I'm too—old—it's—perfectly—ridiculous—the idea of an—old woman like me—in red velvet!" She tried to laugh, but her voice broke and she cried instead. Miss Townsend had never hidden anything from herself. When she was happy she knew it; when sorrow entered her heart she knew that and now she told herself frankly, "You're a fool, Anne Townsend—an old fool is the worst fool! You, a gray-haired woman, crying because you can't wear a red dress!" but she couldn't stop the sobs.

Then prompted by one of her unselfish notions she sat up and smiled through the tears.

"I'll give it to Betty," had been her thought. Her hand on the table touched the velvet. It sent a sudden inexplicable thrill through her whole body. She turned and looked at it. It *was* beautiful, she *did* love it. Betty would be glorious in it, but—*she* wanted it.

Common sense, which had long ruled Miss Townsend, said firmly, "Give it to Betty." The thrill of the soft velvety surface whispered brokenly, "Keep it—keep it."

Miss Townsend sat down to think. Toward evening Elizabeth came. Miss Townsend stood with her hand on the velvet. "If you want it, take it, dear," she said.

Elizabeth looked at her a moment. Then she took her in her arms and hugged her hard. "Indeed, indeed I won't," she whispered. "You shall have it to enjoy when the posy is not blooming."

"Please,—" began Miss Townsend, but again her fingers touched the velvet and she was silent.

SKETCHES

THE THREE WISHES

BY MARJORIE WESSON

"Oh!" sighed the girl happily, as she reached the end of the long shady walk and stood gazing at what lay beyond. "It's fairy-land!"

Truly, the little people could not have wished for a lovelier spot to dwell. The tiny round lake was sheltered on all sides by gigantic live-oak trees draped with gray moss, the long festoons of which hung from the spreading branches down into the clear dark water of the pool beneath. Between the trees, their glowing colors subdued by the shadows of the place, great azaleas shone softly pink and white and yellow, with here and there a dash of scarlet or orange. Still softer were the tones reflected in the lake; the green-gray of the live-oaks mingling with the brighter hues of the azaleas reached almost to the center. Almost, but not quite, for in the very center lay a charmed circle which held fast the mysterious blue of the sky overhead. No mischievous zephyr disturbed the calm of that mystic circle. The stillness of a warm spring afternoon reigned over everything, except the young woman who was exploring this new domain. Even she felt its spell.

"It's fairy-land," she whispered again, as she went over to peep into the cool depths of the pond, half expecting to find some pixie or curious water-monster staring up at her. Instead, her own merry eyes smiled back and her own dainty hand waved a greeting.

"I'm a princess," she said confidentially to that other self in the water, "and this is my castle-garden, and bye-and-bye the prince will come—oh!" she suddenly straightened up as she caught sight of a young man lying on a steamer rug under an

azalea bush near by, and watching her with amused interest. "Are—are you a prince?" she asked.

He scrambled hastily to his feet and bowed low. "At your service, fair princess," he answered.

"Splendid! Did I interrupt your nap? I'm very sorry!"

"I'm not; I was having horrible dreams. A wicked witch enchanted me and put me to sleep until a beautiful princess should come and awaken me."

"Are you disenchanted now?"

"Not entirely; it takes—well—everybody knows that it takes a kiss to break a witch's spell, and no one has bestowed that favor on me yet."

"But you're not a Sleeping Beauty!" laughed the girl.

"True, O princess! but I will also prove that I am not a Beast. This is a famous Magic Carpet, and I am its owner. If you like, I will share it with you and we will take a trip around the world, stopping where you please."

"Will it take long?"

"The twinkling of an eyelash!"

"Let's go at once!" cried the girl. She sat down Turkish-fashion on one corner of the rug, and the young man took his place beside her.

"We are off!" he declared.

"Really? and where are we now?"

"Crossing the Atlantic; see that gull!"

"Yes; they say people always tell each other stories at sea. Prince, tell me a story."

"Once upon a time," the young man began obediently, "there was a prince who loved the world out-of-doors. He loved the trees, and the sky, and the grass, but best of all he loved a certain garden which belonged to the king whose realm adjoined his father's broad lands. The king liked the young prince and allowed him to come and go in the garden whenever he chose. Sometimes the king's daughter came and played with the prince, and they were very happy together. Then, one day, a dragon came to destroy the king and his daughter. And the dragon's name was Poverty. He made the princess very sad and she would not play with the prince any more. He took away their beautiful castle, and the garden which they all loved so much, and gave them to an ugly old witch who lived in a distant country, and who had chests full of gold and jewels. The

prince heard that the old witch was going to build a wall around the garden, and not let anybody in to see it, so every day before the witch was to come he went to the enchanted pool in the midst of the garden and wished that he had a fairy god-mother to tell him what to do. One day he fell asleep in the garden, and when he awoke he found a beautiful princess near him, looking down into the enchanted pool. He wanted to talk to the princess, and to ask her what her name was and where she came from, but he couldn't, and then he knew that the witch had cast a spell over him, and that he wouldn't be free until—"

"Where are we now?" interrupted the girl.

"Back where we started from—in the witch's garden!" answered the man smiling.

"We progressed swiftly," she answered. "Listen, I will be your fairy god-mother, O Prince. You have pleased me by your tale, and in return I will grant you three wishes. I have spirits, little golden fairies, that do my bidding. Wish for the three things dearest to your heart, and they shall be yours."

"Fairy god-mother, I thank you. First, I wish that the witch would not wall in her garden."

"Granted."

"Second, that she would let me come into her garden whenever I wish."

"Granted."

"Third, I wish to be disenchant—" He stopped short, for another man and girl had just come down the shady walk and were making their way toward the two on the steamer rug. The erstwhile fairy god-mother sprang up and ran to the man.

"Jack!" she cried, "you've been a long time in coming. Thank you for bringing him safely to fairy-land, Miss Calhoun. I've been making the acquaintance of the prince next door. O Prince, this is the Wizard, the husband of the ugly old witch who now owns the garden, and the dearest man in the world."

"A curious character you're giving me, Marguerite, to say nothing of yourself!" laughed Jack.

"You know the king's daughter, I think, Prince; and, Jack, I'm the prince's fairy god-mother, so you must be his fairy god-father."

"Charmed, I'm sure, fairy god-son. Did you give him three wishes, Marguerite?"

"Yes, I've told him that we won't build a wall around the garden, and that he may come in any time he likes."

"That's only two, Marguerite. What is the third?"

"The third is not in my power to grant," said Marguerite quickly, "but I think—I think perhaps Miss Calhoun can free you from the spell of unhappiness. Farewell, O Prince; good luck attend you."

The last rays of the setting sun lighted the tops of the live-oaks, and the blue circle in the center of the pond became darker and more mysterious. As the violet mists of twilight drifted between the azaleas, the king's daughter granted the prince his third wish.

NIGHT-FALL

BY FLORENCE ADA WATTERS

A cold, grey day,
With blustering, noisy wind;
A grey, cold river,
And colder, greyer clouds;
A touch of shimmering sunset light,
Then darkening night.

A cold, grey life,
A harsh and scoffing mind,
A poor, starved soul,
And heavy, cheerless clouds;
A touch of shimmering sunset light,
Then darkening night.

A GLIMPSE

BY HELEN TUCKER LORD

The tossing tops of trees, fresh-leaved, close-massed;
A mighty stream whose rush time never stills;
A lonely spire; and then—and then at last
The hills.

A PRACTICE ENGAGEMENT

BY MONICA BURRELL

The ambition of Samuel Hopper's life was to be popular. He longed to have the men slap him jovially on the back, and call him "old chap," and to have the children of the village gaze after him with awe, pointing him out as "the biggest man in town." He wanted to be a sort of "Hail fellow well met" person, and to be the friend of everybody. But Samuel was far from attaining these lofty heights of prominence, for he was the meekest of insignificant young men. His long light hair, parted in the middle, drooped languidly over his white forehead. His weak mouth was continually wavering into a half-smile, and he invariably fidgeted. Samuel always drooped. His high collar was never starched stiff enough, and gave him a limp appearance, while his coat tails flapped dismally behind him, and his trousers, that had long since lost any trace of pressing, bulged at the knees, and sagged unhappily about his thin legs.

In spite of his undying desire to be distinguished, he was by no means known as one of the social lights of Clevesboro. His dips into the joys of society consisted of Sunday night calls on Amelia Wareham; who lived next door. Somehow Samuel always took these calls as a matter of course, just as Amelia herself did. Neither of them could remember a Sunday evening when they had not sat together in the stiff little parlor, looking at the pictures of Amelia's deceased relatives in the family album. Sometimes Amelia would sing a hymn or two in a high, quavering voice, as she nervously tapped the yellowing keys of the shaky old piano. To Samuel she never changed. She was always the same nervous, busy little woman, who would listen patiently to his tales of woe, and sympathize gently with him. She was scrupulously neat, and Samuel's untidyness caused her more anguish than he ever dreamed of. He never did think much about her feelings, anyway, and never saw her gaze at him with her adoring, pale blue eyes, as he told her of his achievements.

One day Samuel walked to the village store with his usual languid gait, and was mildly surprised to find the place in an uproar. The small room was filled with excited men, all talking

at once, gesticulating, and crowding around a big, burly farmer in the center, as they cheered him, slapped him on the back, and wrung his hand. Samuel enviously wondered what it was all about, and listened eagerly to the babble. The man who was the center of interest was announcing his engagement and everyone considered him the most important person in Chevesboro. Jovially they all drank to the fair lady in ginger-pop and sarsaparilla, while the bridegroom-to-be sat beaming on them in a most self-satisfied way, from his place of honor. Samuel watched him grudgingly. That was just what he had always wanted—that jolly good-fellowship with all the world.

He walked home dejectedly, buried in meditation, and suddenly he thought of a wonderful plan. If getting engaged would make a man popular, why shouldn't he go and take the fatal step himself? With an unusual burst of energy, he resolved to do it. He never thought of Amelia as the possible means to his end, but decided that it was best not to ensnare himself too deeply with any lady of his acquaintance, so he invented one to suit himself. She was to be called Annabel. He had always liked the name, for it had a pleasant, romantic sound about it that he quite liked. She was to have big, luminous brown eyes, and wavy, golden hair, for Samuel had a good imagination, and he wanted this to be the crowning point of his life.

Shrewdly and cautiously he paved the way for the all-important event. He very ostentatiously bought some gorgeous new neckties, and two silk handkerchiefs with *S* embroidered in forget-me-nots, on them. Twice a week he would hitch up the old mare to the rickety buggy, and, dressed in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, would drive down Main Street toward the city, eight miles away. At dusk he would come back slowly, with a happy smile on his pale face, and a flower in his button hole. Abstractedly, he would unharness the horse, never thinking that Amelia, hidden behind a curtain, was furtively watching him with anxious eyes. Finally, for effect, he did not make his usual Sunday night call next door, and this unheard of circumstance capped the climax, and set the whole village fairly agog with gossip. Then he knew that the crisis was at hand. He would announce his engagement to Annabel.

On the eventful morning he spent a long time in dressing for the occasion, and after two hours of prinking, he was gorgeous

to behold. Conscious of his own glory, and of the solemnity of the occasion, he walked to the store. The usual crowd of loungers was there, and as Samuel entered, he knew that this was the greatest moment of his life. Awkwardly, he recited the stiff little speech he had composed, telling them of his engagement. Instantly the whole room was alive with excitement. They put Samuel on a potato barrel, regardless of his new trousers, and enthusiastically cheered him. Uproariously they slapped him on the back, till he was breathless, and they called him "old fellow" just as he had always longed to have them do. They shouted for a speech, while Samuel recklessly set up the crowd three times in Ginger-pop. He was supremely happy, for he was the man of the hour,—all-important, popular! He fairly glowed with satisfaction and pride as he described his lady love in language so beautiful that he was quite surprised at his own eloquence. From that time on he looked at the world through rose colored glasses. He dreamed and talked of no one but the beautiful Annabel, and he was supremely, blissfully happy. He even went next door to share his joy with Amelia, and she listened to his glowing description of his fair lady, with a pathetic little half-smile hovering about her pale lips, and she congratulated him in her shy, embarrassed way.

All went well until some one asked him casually when the happy day was to be. He had never thought of that. He had considered his engagement a permanent one, and the idea of marriage had never entered his head. Of course he could not marry Annabel, as there was no such lady, and yet he would never be able to look the world in the face again if he had to admit that his fiancée was only his own invention. He thought the matter over carefully, and decided that there was only one way of escape. He must kill his beautiful Annabel. She had become so real to him that it actually hurt him to do it, but with a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, he committed the dreadful deed.

Once, on his return from his weekly visit to the city, he appeared to be a broken hearted man. His anguish and sorrow were terrible to behold. He seemed almost prostrated by grief, and, shaking with sobs, he wiped his eyes with his new silk handkerchief. The next day it became known in Clevesboro that Samuel Hopper's Annabel was dead. Everyone sent letters of condolence, and even flowers to the sorrowing man. Black crêpe was put on the Hopper door, and the house was

closed for nearly a week. Then Samuel came out of his seclusion looking white and miserable. He had a black band on his arm, and as he went back and forth to the store, the picture of a woe-begone man, struggling, in spite of his grief, to look cheerful, the hearts of the simple village people went out to him in sympathy. One person especially pitied him, and that was Amelia. The unselfish little woman would watch the windows of his house for hours, and when he appeared there, looking out in a half-hearted, listless way, she would long to go over and comfort him. But she never dared mention the subject to Samuel, though she showed her sympathy in countless small ways, by taking hot biscuits and his favorite pie to the back door, with a timid little cheering word to him, and he would always send her a black-edged card of thanks.

As for Samuel himself, he was beginning to be bored by this heart broken existence of his. He wished that his time of mourning would come to an end, for the novelty was beginning to wear off. He even began to grow tired of Annabel, and to wish that he had never invented her. He wanted to go over to Amelia's, and to have her sing, "Some day the silver cord will break" in her thin, sweet voice, and to look at the pictures of her relatives in the old plush album. He was growing very fond of her cooking, and the best thing about her was that he knew she appreciated him.

So, one summer evening, when she came to the back door with some apple dumplings, he boldly took the thin hand that held the plate. He never knew afterwards just how or why he did it, but within a month Amelia was Mrs. Samuel Hopper. She made him a very dutiful and patient little wife, and Samuel always assured her that she was the only woman he had ever really loved. But there was one name that was never mentioned in the Hopper household, and that was—Annabel. Yet, when, across the breakfast table he gazed at a row of tight curl-papers adorning Amelia's high forehead, he would sigh regretfully, and think of Annabel's wavy hair. If the biscuits were scorched, and the coffee was weak, he would take mournful pleasure in meditating on the delicacies that Annabel's white hands would have prepared for him. He often felt with him an elusive, golden presence that brought back the glow of his lost popularity, and his lovely dream lady, and added the necessary flavor of romance to his humdrum existence.

A CERTAIN DECISION

BY CAROLINE BURNE

The sky was an orange yellow blending upward into a light apple-green, above the lonely expanse of bush veldt broken only here and there by a twisted mimosa tree, when two officers of the "King's African Rifles," mounted on native Somali ponies, made their way outward across the Kapiti Plains. They had started from Carver, a small station on the Uganda railway in the middle of the Nairobi country, and were making toward the combination farm and shooting box established by a brother officer some twenty miles across the veldt.

The men rode at a fast clip and did not address each other with any degree of frequency. One kept scanning the horizon intently and there was a strained expression about his eyes as he did so. The other rode with an air of great preoccupation. The ponies though jaded were game enough. Suddenly the man in advance sighted the roof of the little house against the sky.

"There it is, Fiske," he said to his companion. "There's the old shack now. We ought to make it in half an hour."

The young man addressed silently dug his heel into the horse's side and forged ahead, although his friend heard him mutter something about "Poor Dick" and "the whole blasted unfortunate business." For in the shooting box of Robert Furness, the general manager of the Uganda railway, Lieutenant Dick Strange was laid up in a critical condition through wounds received on his last hunting trip, and Duncan Fiske and Fred Averill of the same regiment were now hastening toward him, perhaps to his death-bed.

"I don't yet understand how Dick could have missed the animal and let himself be so chewed up—what did you say it was, a black-mane? and he the crack shot of the regiment!" Fiske mused, speaking the words aloud in his impatience.

"Well," replied Averill, "you know about as much of it as I do. I only had that note, a two-line scribble, that Furness' shikari brought to me, and you know he wanted to see us both, so I'm afraid it's serious this time. Dick's always been

such a deuced cheerful sort of a chap. It seems awful to have him go."

"See here," Fiske cried, with a light in his gray eyes which might or might not have been caused by tears, "you mustn't croak so! It makes one feel too much like a silly ass." And Fiske looked out across the veldt now darkening under the fading sky.

So they rode on until the farm was reached. The little building was low, with a wide veranda around three sides. A shikari groom stood ready to take their horses as they dismounted. A slender native girl with dark, quiet eyes and a timid manner opened the door for them and they silently followed her into the house and into the room where Dick Strange lay.

Dick spoke to them as they entered and his voice was magnetically cordial though less hearty than usual. "Hello, Fiske, old man, Hello, Averill! Deuced nice of you chaps to come out here. There's Furness over there. Furness, give them a welcome to the manor house! Poor Bob does not know what to do with a mauled up beggar like me on his hands," he added, then stopped for breath.

The men looked at each other with unmistakable expressions. But young Duncan Fiske broke out impatiently: "What have you done about it? Have you had him cauterized? Is there a surgeon around? See here, Dick, you're going to get over this all right, do you hear?"

"He won't let the surgeon do anything," said Furness in level tones. "He cauterized it himself at the time—he had some stuff of his own that he always carried with him."

"Yes," said Dick Strange, "and I cauterized it so hard that the stuff cut into an artery and most of my red corpuscles leaked out, and now the beggarly surgeon says that I'm so entirely clawed up that nothing but an amputation—both legs—would save me. So I've decided to die," and Dick Strange smiled up at them.

"What?" gasped Averill. "You're crazy, man! Can't anyone do anything with him?" He appealed to the others. Fiske bent down over the bed.

"See here, dear old man," he said in lower tones, "you mustn't tell us anything like that. Think of your friends—think of the regiment. Think of England, Dick. You want to see England again." Dick turned away his face.

"No," he cried. "I can think of all that, but I couldn't if I were going to be a cripple, a useless, helpless beggar--without--No, I've had too good a time--and I never could stand the other, and at the same time--you don't know, but, it's all been awfully blamed futile, too. And I never could make up, I never have been able to. It isn't as though I had a family, you know," he went on. "There's no one but my brother, and he has the old place and a pretty wife. There isn't another soul except Uncle Gregory Bladstone in Wales. Old chap has a parish in Carnaroonshire, used to go there vacations. There's no one else. As for you fellows--well, you know how confoundedly sorry I am to leave you."

Dick had been talking with feverish vehemence, but he stopped now and lay back on his pillow, absolutely passive. There seemed nothing left to say, so the other men kept silent.

"Now you talk to me," said Dick persuasively. "If anyone has a good story, pump it out, and somebody light up if anybody has any cigarettes, and Bob, send that shikari for some of your Burgundy."

The men smiled rather wanly and started to comply with the demands made by the dying man. Fiske leaned over once again and whispered to Dick Strange. "Do you really mean it all, old man? Wouldn't that girl, the friend of your sister-in-law's, wouldn't she make some difference?"

"Oh--no. Duncan, old chap--not this time--not with me playing the lame and the halt--not if I know it! That's all. Duncan, so let's have a cheerful time. I'm not going to be a killjoy--even if I am all in."

The shikari girl brought in the bottles of Burgundy, and some glasses on a tray. Then the men all drank, and Dick Strange, as he raised his glass cried, "Gentlemen, a long life to you all!" And because a broken gun-stock badly mended with twine had fallen apart at the crisis of Dick Strange's career as a sportsman, this scene was being enacted in the shooting-box of young Furness, in the Nairobi country.

So he was dying cheerfully, as a brave man should, and not regretting the manner of his death but accepting it, as merely "Death."

"By the way, Duncan, there are my letters. One to the "girl." I had to say good-bye you know. Post them at Carver, will you? Let's drink one more toast now. To the

Regiment!" and the men cried "The Regiment" with the fervor which they always felt and with something else hardly to be understood; and they drained their glasses. Then the light of daybreak stole in at the window and half filled the room, and somebody looked at Dick Strange and cried "Good God" softly, for it was the face of a dead man into which they were looking.

And the men spoke a few broken sentences, then sat without looking at each other.

The shikari girl, frightened, sobbed aloud on the steps of the veranda outside. But the dawn came up splendidly, "covering all the sky like a flaming sword," and the light from it crept up across the bush veldt toward the little hunting-box on the Kapiti Plains.

LOVE'S CRUELTY

BY FRANCES WILLARD HUSTON

The night is clear, and the moon-beams bright,
Silver the tree-tops with misty light;
Love is at play in the woods to-night,
Merry sprite!
He dances and whirls with gay delight
Far above in the elm tree's height,
And he laughs and chatters with all his might
To the wood-nymphs and fairies with wings of white,
So high, so high,
Like a gleaming star
In the sky.

Lonely, beneath the trees I stray
While the night wind, wandering on its way,
Echoes with laughter, soft and gay,
Elfin gay;
And I long for the distant dawn of day
To banish the pain from my heart away,
For Love will for aye in the tree-tops stay,
And he will not hear, though I weep and pray.
So high, so high,
Like a far-off star
In the sky.

PLAYING HOUSE WITH INDIANS

BY MARY L. RICE

Have you ever played house with Indians? If you haven't you have missed one of the seven joys of childhood and you can never be a truly sympathetic or appreciative grown up. For to play house with Indians is an art, and art, as everybody knows demands sympathy and appreciation. We write for those who have never played,—for those who have, this narrative is a mere leaden thing without interest—so much does this enchanting game lose in the telling.

In the first place you must have a family. A large family is preferable because it affords more excitement to the Indians who are lurking in the cellar but if you can't have a large family—if in other words some of your friends have colds or the toothache and won't play—then you can arrange very nicely by having a few less Indians. This may sound complex at first but it is really very simple. Bribe an Indian with molasses candy and you will find him as docile as an infant and an excellent addition to your depleted household. It is well to have six or eight children, a nursemaid and an aunt. It will be found also that an aged grandmother adds zest to the game and introduces an element of pathos.

Now the mother has quite the most important rôle of all for besides giving all the orders at the grocery store (the neighbor's stepping stone makes a very convenient grocery store), she must manage the household and pretend all the time that she doesn't see the Indians who have probably tired of the cellar by this time and are in hiding in the orchard. By the way, the front piazza makes a very convenient house and affords a splendid outlook to the enemy. The mother may dress up in long skirts if she likes—and she may carry a hand-bag,—but if you have imagination this isn't necessary and imagination is a far fleeter garment than entangling raiment when the deadly Indian is in pursuit.

The mother now starts off for the grocery store, which is the neighbor's stepping stone, you remember—and the children and the aunt and the aged grandmother, if there is one, watch her progress with gasping interest. The stepping-stone is reached

with a sigh of relief which is echoed from the excited front piazza household.

And now we have the real dramatic action of the piece. The children, although they have received strict instructions not to leave the house or to put their noses outside, mutiny and decide to go out and play. "Pooh!" they say, "Pooh! There aren't any Indians anyway. Who's afraid?" The aunt and the nursemaid may threaten and scold and the poor grandmother may plead without avail. The children are obdurate,—but don't blame them, they have to be,—it's part of the game. Don't you see that this is the cue for the Indians who are creeping, creeping up around the front piazza? Cunningly they surround their victims, plot to cut them off from their only other places of refuge—the grocery store and the house across the way. The children leave the shelter of the front piazza and with a yell the savages are upon them. But their capture isn't an easy thing,—oh no! The children are brave and they have been attacked by Indians before. With shrieks which would cause a heart of stone to melt they make for the doubtful shelter of the stepping stone where their fond and unsuspecting parent is even now ordering potatoes and flour as if her offspring were not in immediate danger of annihilation.

Whether they reach the stepping-stone or not—that I know is the thought uppermost in your minds—but we cannot say. Sometimes they do and then there is great rejoicing and a reunion that is truly beautiful but, sometimes they do not and they are then destined ruthlessly to sever all home ties and to become Indians themselves. This may seem hard at first but you must know that in "House with Indians" as in other things one abides by the rules of the game. When the whole family is taken, including the aged grandmother who, owing to the clemency of the Indians, is always taken gently—they start all over again and the family become Indians and the Indians become the family. This as you will see gives a pleasing variety and also prevents friction.

You may say that there are other games just as good. You may insist that hide-and-go-seek is every bit as thrilling and that squat-tag is far more interesting. But you can never make us think so. For us there is nothing so wonderful, so splendid, so soul-satisfying as "House with Indians."

PANDORA

BY MARTHA BARKER

Pandora smiled a careless smile,
"Oh I don't mind," laughed she,
"That horrid box has naught within
That I would care to see."

Pandora frowned a puzzled frown,
"Preposterous," quoth she,
"Why can't I have my way for once?
And here I have the key."

Pandora sobbed an angry sob,
"I will, I will," gasped she,
"Not that I care what's in the box
But I just want to see."

Again she smiled, then frowned, then sobbed,
"Just one wee look," said she.
Pandora fell, as you and I,
Through curiosity!

THE DREAM

BY EDITH DYER LEFFINGWELL

Ah, as sweet as a rose and as fresh as the morn,
She flitted past me one day.
And my heart's in a whirl when I think of it now.
It was love at first sight so they say.

Should I tell her my love, should I ask then for hers?
No, this surely I never could do.
Though I longed for a word or just simply a look,
Then to her I could ever be true.

One day in the garden I saw her approach
With her head held high in the air.
But when she saw me, her face flushed pink
To the roots of her golden hair.

She dropped her head, but she lifted her eyes,
And she gave me a smile so sweet—
Ah, I'll never forget, for 'twas only a dream
That we two could ever meet.

ABOUT COLLEGE

THAT BOOK OF RED

BY MARGARET THOMPSON BURLEIGH

'Twas such a harmless little book
All in a cover red.

"Keep it for me till after three
And I'll be back," she said.

"Don't let the others see it please
And sure I won't be late."

Oh I had flown had I but known
How long I had to wait.

One-two-three chimed the college clock.

Alas where could she be?
Some come to look for that same book
Eyed me suspiciously.

Quarter of four my blood ran cold;
One class already missed.
The searchers grew, they eyed me too,
I'm sure somebody hissed.

I cringed and opened wide a book
And tried to read a sonnet;
Somebody sneezed, I wildly seized
The book and sat upon it.

Three minutes passed. I held my breath.
The room began to spin.
The talk about rose to a shout.
I choked—then forced a grin.

The crowd approached. That book I hurled
Right in the leader's face.
Each one in rage clutched for a page.
I staggered from the place.

Now in my dreams, around my bed
Cavorts a book of red.
"Keep it for me till after three
And I'll be back," she said.

IN PRAISE OF SUNDAY BREAKFASTS

BY ALICE STEPHANIE O'MEARA

I like to be invited to partake of a Sunday breakfast in the privacy of a friend's room. It is a great pleasure to find a note on my desk which reads: "Mother is coming up to-day. Don't you want to take breakfast in my room with us to-morrow morning—that is, Sunday morning—at nine o'clock?"

At the perusal of such kindly words, a calm and pleasant feeling surges over me and I give myself up for a few moments to the joyous anticipation of future goodies which are to come my way. In just such a manner do we poor misguided mortals, so many times during our lives, give up to our sensations.

One of the advantages of being included in a breakfast party lies in the fact that, on account of the comparatively late hour at which the party is set, you can indulge in a much longer and a much more luxurious sleep than you do under ordinary circumstances.

It is truly delightful to lie in bed pleasantly dozing, while you are conscious of vague sounds outside in the corridor, which mean that many, less fortunate than you, are hurrying madly to reach the dining-room before the door is closed in their faces. Once more, in my half-dreaming state, I picture the excellencies of the marmalade which my friend is soon to offer me.

My reflections are interrupted by a gentle knock at the door. It is my hostess. She wishes to borrow all my plates. I hasten to offer her my cherished spoons and forks, those in which I have lately invested at the five-and-ten-cent store. She receives them gratefully.

At nine o'clock exactly I present myself, rosy and smiling, showing just the proper amount of modesty and embarrassment, at her door. I am proudly introduced to Mother by my friend. I find Mother, it may be well to add, busily buttering bread under difficulties. A percolator, that darling of our college-girl hearts, "percolates" diligently; several chafing-dishes, all of them borrowed, fill the chairs. We are therefore relegated to the couch, that long-suffering but wholly necessary adjunct to our college happiness.

Do not your guests, dear reader, always veer wildly toward the couch when you invite them to be seated? Mine do—always. It occurs to me that a capital essay might be written about “Famous Persons Who Have Sat on My Couch.”

We arrange ourselves on the hostess's couch but do not stay there long, for the instinct for emulation prompts us to follow one another in one mad desire to be of assistance to her.

Grapes, a judicious washing of plates, bread and marmalade, piping hot scrambled eggs and coffee follow in quick and bewildering succession; pleasant witticisms, mingled with a goodly quantity of chaff, complete the menu. Everyone exclaims over the food and an atmosphere of good-fellowship pervades the room, although, owing to our dangerously packed condition upon the couch, it is almost impossible to lift a coffee-cup safely to our lips.

When we have eaten a great deal of everything, the poor, patient hostess, with set smile lurking about the corners of her mouth, sits down with scarcely smothered sigh and eats a little breakfast herself. We all begin to pity her in this wise: “Elizabeth, you haven't had a bite to eat, sit right down this minute,—I know you haven't! *No!* let *me* draw some coffee for you!”

Pretty soon Mother looks out the window and sees two of Daughter's friends approaching. We glide away noiselessly down the hall, tie on aprons, and wash the breakfast dishes, just as slyly as possible, so that our hostess will not have a chance to upbraid us. It may seem to you, most kind reader, that the wind-up of our party is very much like drudgery. I assure you that it is not.

We have a chance, while laboring with our hands, to praise the absent hostess and to express our admiration at the dainties which have just been placed before us. We start out for church with joyful, thankful hearts.

I have refrained from relating any harrowing incidents that might, and indeed often do take place at Sunday breakfast parties. Consider, for instance, the consternation which seizes a happy breakfast gathering when the stupid percolator persists in boiling over. Such a happening is too dreadful to dwell upon. It is far better, as you will agree, to draw the veil over such a possibility and thus to spare the delicate feelings of our kind hostess. May she live to give another breakfast party in the near future!

PARTING OF THE WAYS

BY MARGUERITE UNDERWOOD

I stand within the doors and face
The straight and narrow way
That leads me to the reference room
Where I should spend my day.

For massive volumes, none too clean,
Await me ; I must go
To bend my studious head above
The works of So-and-So.

Alas, on either side are paths
Of dalliance, primrose ways ;
The magazine room on the left
Where longingly I gaze.

Yet to the right I fain would go,
Where flowers bloom, where books
Lovely and cleanly wait for me,
And comfy chairs, in nooks !

Flatten your nose against the glass,
But do not enter. No !
Eyes front ! March on ! to struggle with
The works of So-and-So.

THE QUESTION OF OUR WALKS

BY VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN

I do not go to Boyden's any more,
I do not wander to the haunts of tea ;
I never browse, nor even get so far
As gazing in those glass doors longingly.
I do not ever seek the country side,
Except to trail some laundress to her lair.
The zest of all my former strolls is spoiled
For thinking of the feet that take me there.

Still in pursuit of sweetness and of light
To Seelye Hall my steps are often bent.
And through lake regions Wordsworth never saw,
In walking to and fro my time is spent.
The old goloshes are not off before
The new are on—a hundred times a day,
Yet count I time well spent in donning these,
Your head should always save your heels, they say.

If seven men with seven shovels should
 Attempt of all our paths some bettering.
 Do you suppose that they could get it clear?
 "I doubt it," said the carpenter and king.
 The bitter tear was mine—but I refrained
 From adding further liquid to the sea.
 The only reason now for leaving home
 Is to get somewhere where I have to be!

A VACATION PRELUDE

BY MADALENE DOW

I'm tired to death of chapel
 And every chapel date,
 I'm tired to death of Rubber Row,
 I long to get up late.
 I'm tired to death of English,
 I feel just like a hearse,
 My mind is full of trochees
 And of "Corson's English Verse,"
 I'm tired to death of reading
 In that awful reading-room;
 When you want it to be quiet
 It's always in a hum.
 I'm tired to death of Latin,
 I'm tired to death of Math,
 I'm tired to death of trying
 To get a good hot bath.
 I'm tired to death of gym.
 And of "left-inside-fall-out,"
 I'm going to burn my gym suit,
 I just won't have it about.
 I'm tired to death of crushes.
 And wind and mud and slush,
 I'd like to sleep a whole long week
 And get out of the rush.

But when I've raked up money enough
 To buy my ticket home,
 And when at last I've given back
 The things that aren't my own,
 And when I've packed my pillows
 In the closet on the shelf,
 And sent away the roses
 I'd like to have myself,
 And said "good bye" to every one,
 And started for the train—
 Why then I'll say "Oh, I'm so glad
 I'm coming back again."

COLLEGE NOTES

La Société Française presented Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire" on the evening of February 19. All the members of the cast took a lively and spirited interest in their parts, which was reflected in the enthusiasm of the audience. Florence Plaut as Argan, le malade imaginaire, deserves special mention. She was notable for the variety of emotions she was able to express in her long and carefully sustained part. Even those unfamiliar with the language could not fail to appreciate the significance of Toinette's relation to the comedy as played by Helen Searight. She was irrepressibly bright and her action was as rich and varied as the expressions of her voice. The scheming mother and the charming daughter, played by Elise Bradford and Ruth Shaw-Kennedy respectively, were interestingly developed, and Alice O'Meara as Cléante proved herself a worthy lover of the fair Angélique. The doctors, more difficult parts for girls to undertake, were amazing in the rapidity and fluency of their various addresses to the sick man. A distinguishing feature of the performance was a ballet which gave two charming dances at the end of the second and last acts.

That the play was interesting to both those who did and those who did not understand French, proved that there was talent not only in the interpretation of the language, but also in the presentation of character.

On February 2 M. Charles Le Verrier, FRENCH LECTURE the official lecturer of the "Alliance Française," delivered a lecture on "Le Question de l'Argent au Théâtre et le Role de l'Argent dans la Société Française Contemporaine." M. Le Verrier first called attention to the fact that the consideration of this question is a comparatively modern characteristic of the French theatre. Then he proceeded to trace the gradual evolution of the attitude of tolerance and appreciation towards "l'homme d'affaires" out of an extremely intolerant attitude. To illustrate this development the lecturer uses the plays of four dramatists who have treated the subject: Balzac in his "Mercadet"; Alexander

Dumas, fils, in his "Question d'Argent"; Henri Becque in "Les Corbeaux"; and Octave Mirbeau in "Les Affaires sont les Affaires." A careful study of these four plays, said M. Le Verrier, reveals the fact that "l'homme d'affaires" is gradually coming to receive the respect and consideration his ability merits; that contemporary French society does not regard the financier as Dumas painted him, a monster of ignorance and unscrupulousness, but rather as Mirbeau's "Theophile Le Chat," the man who, if he did not win happiness through his wealth, at least won respect for his abilities.

M. Le Verrier closed his lecture with the hope that the French theatre of the future would produce a play which would do the financier entire justice, portraying him as a man of ability who uses his immense wealth in a broad and generous way, for purposes of good.

JANET SIMON 1910.

Rally day was not as pleasant nor as propitious for white skirts this year as last, but it might have been worse, and the campus torrents were passable with the help of high, unleaking rubbers. The large number of guests that were in town for the occasion, however, were we hope pleased enough with the various functions to forget the weather.

The chapel exercises in the morning were very well attended, and the usual white dresses and class colors lent an air of gaiety to an otherwise solemn occasion. The speaker of the day was Walter N. Page of the *World's Work*. He gave a very interesting and instructive talk on Roosevelt, which the audience greatly appreciated. Mr. Page is a leading journalist and man of affairs and his opinions on political matters are of value. The Washington Ode was delivered by Katharine Buell and was intended as a compliment to President Seelye on his last Rally Day.

The rally in the gymnasium followed immediately after the exercises. Mr. Sleeper there announced the competition to be held in the spring for a prize offered by the Clef Club for the best college song and another offered by the Glee Club for the best singing done by each class as a whole. The customary class songs were sung in rotation, the Senior Topical Song being especially well done and amusing. Then the whole college joined in the old college songs.

The basket-ball game in the afternoon was one of the most exciting ever played in college. The crowds were not so diminished by the new "blank" system as to seriously impair the singing. The score was 21 to 20 in favor of 1913. This was the second time in the history of the college that the freshmen have won a game from the sophomores and the "odds" rejoiced accordingly. Nevertheless, though the "evens" were naturally "purple with rage and vexation," they might well be proud of the brilliant playing their team did during the second half.

The fact that everything was shortened and only one game was played made the day no less enjoyable and much less of a strain.

KATHARINE BUELL 1911.

Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, baritone, with Mr. MUSIC RECITAL Conraad V. Bos as accompanist, gave a song recital in College Hall Wednesday, February 16. The program consisted exclusively of German songs, one-half of which were by Schubert. "Der Erlkönig" and "Die Forelle," together with Strauss's "Cäcilie," aroused the most general interest. The other composers represented were Brahms, Wolf and Schumann.

The program was interesting because of the dramatic ability with which it was presented. Dr. Wüllner is a well-known actor, having appeared on the stage in both drama and opera. The mood of each composition was apparent throughout, and one felt that he himself was under the spell of each song. The numbers chosen displayed his versatility, but he was, however, most successful in his interpretation of compositions expressing intense feeling. The program was a severe test for an accompanist, but Mr. Bos was very sympathetic and added much to the artistic tone which prevailed throughout.

ELSIE SWEENEY 1910.

Was it by some rare prescience that John JUNIOR FROLIC Kendrick Bangs's "Houseboat on the Styx" was chosen for the plan of the Junior Frolic? Nothing more appropriate could have been selected, for by the twenty-sixth of February, Smith College was clamoring with one voice for canoes, row-boats, rafts—anything to protect it from the gurgling brooks which flowed over every sidewalk.

It required intrepid courage on the part of the juniors to face such swirling torrents, but they knew that they would find a refuge on the steady old Houseboat, and wading sturdily to it, with the help of the pass-word, climbed aboard.

Without was the sound of many waters; within, the sound of many daughters, for the whole junior class was voicing its appreciation of its own wit and ingenuity. Each house represented a certain topic in the "Houseboat on the Styx." One appeared as Noah and the inmates of the ark; one as the inhabitants of Hades, with a gruesome Cerberus and a very jovial Mephistopheles; another house represented the Canterbury Pilgrims; Northampton's whole supply of brown paper cambric was exhausted to fit out one house as Rip van Winkle and his gnomes, and Captain Kidd and his ruffian band struck terror to the hearts of the beholders as, armed to the teeth, they clattered around the Houseboat. One very clever group represented Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Boswell, Burns, Byron, and other literary lights of equal magnitude. Uncle Tom and little Eva were there, with a whole bevy of Southern beauties; and to bring the affair up to date, Cook and Peary were very much in evidence, with sledges and Eskimos—the dogs had to be left outside, as they fought with the ark animals.

After the mutual admiration had somewhat subsided, Albright House gave its illustrated Zoo. 3 lecture, exhibiting many rare and curious specimens, such as the segmented worm, the salamander, the missing link, and "homo sapiens." Haven House gave a similar lecture, illustrated by excellent models of the Sphinx, Father Nile, and other Egyptian specialties; then followed the Hubbard House contribution, "Sophocles Abridged," a comic opera in three acts, with an original libretto and almost aboriginal score, consisting of old-time airs skilfully adapted. After Tyler House had produced "A College Day in Utopia," a very clever sketch of ideal conditions, the junior class discovered that it had had a glorious evening, and that it was "simply dead,"—and went home longing for another frolic in the near—but not immediate—future.

ISABEL A. GUILBERT 1911.

“Although the New Woman has been funny,” prefaced Mrs. Margaret Deland, LECTURE “some of us feel that certain conditions of which she is a symptom are serious enough in all conscience.” We who gathered in Assembly Hall on Wednesday afternoon, March 2, to hear Mrs. Deland speak on “The Change in the Feminine Ideal,” and incidentally to aid the Western Massachusetts Alumnæ Association in its gift to the library, found ourselves in the presence of a very charming woman who spoke with grace and wit, yet with an earnestness that sent us home thoughtful enough “in all conscience.” Not the promise in the new ideals, but the threat, was her theme. The ideals she conceives to be individualism and a sense of social responsibility, while their attendant dangers she characterizes as selfishness and shallowness respectively. There is no doubt that many of us to-day, both men and women, are more interested in our rights than in our duties. Such a stirring emphasis as Mrs. Deland made upon the “regal word ought” cannot fail in being a healthful stimulus. We need, too, those of us who have but recently opened our eyes to the evils in the world, just such a cool hand laid upon our impatience to right the wrong. We may question whether the really educated women who do *not* “poke the fire from the top,” have not by now raised the level of womankind a little above that half-taught one at which Mrs. Deland aims, and whether the economic problem involved—to many the heart of the matter—can be so lightly waived. Again, we ask, are not all the much-talked-of restlessness, divorce, for instance, and shallowness, only symptoms in their turn—the grating of our yet imperfect adjustment to the new, rather than evils inherent in it? “Oh, let us learn to wait,” not only to reform the world, but in the faith that we shall some day grow up.

Those who did not attend the lecture will be well repaid if they read it as it appears in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MARION K. PATTON 1910.

EDITORIAL

In his Phi Beta Kappa oration upon the
NEW IMPULSES American Scholar, Emerson has said that
"The first in time and the first in importance of influences upon the mind is that of nature." After the hours of indoor application during the winter this sounds like a call of the Spring to which we are glad to respond.

During the winter we have studied from books, and we have been instructed in those things which will further our intellectual development. Facts of history, of literature, and of science that one ought to know have been taught us. We have learned about the functions and the capacity of the mind. Ethics and sociology have presented to us the graver problems of life, and psychology has made us wonder whether we have used our powers to the best advantage. Culture and the advancement of intellectual development have everywhere been the aim of our studies. And perhaps we have grown too introspective.

"In the woods we return to reason and faith," Emerson has said, in writing of the benefits of intercourse with nature. And indeed the truth of this is apparent to those of us who have known the influence and pleasures of Spring time. With the breaking up of winter dissatisfaction disappears, and the true spirit of the college takes its place. In our country rambles we find something better than books can teach us. The influence of the hills is felt in all our college intercourse. Singing together on the campus in the Spring evenings we have come nearer to the realization of what our college life means to us than at any other time. In thought, as in our songs, we have ever associated our Alma Mater with the elms and "purple Berkshires," and it seems that, when we look back on college days in after life, it will be the college in the Springtime that we will hold longest in our memories.

Those of us for whom this is the last spring term look with envy at the First Class for whom many happy hours in the country are in store. To many, perhaps one could almost say to all of us, these hours out of doors have been the most important influences of college life. During the winter we have studied phases of life in sciences, in history and in literature; and this study has necessarily been analytic rather than constructive. In this contemplation of particular aspects we have been inclined to lose sight of the whole, for sometimes we find ourselves at loss in the confusion of separated facts that seem beyond our power to coördinate. But with the coming of Spring the universal significance of all knowledge is brought home to us in our out-of-door rambles. We turn from introspection and conscious self-improvement to the appreciation of natural life in its unity and completeness; we turn from theoretical to practical knowledge, and learn the best of all lessons—how to live. We are no longer tired and discouraged, but full of happiness and capable of better things than we thought. Forgetting the self-questioning of the winter, we find that the answer is all about us, and we can echo heartily the words of the American philosopher who said, “Know thyself! Study nature.”

GERTRUDE WILSON.

EDITOR'S TABLE

The Radcliffe Magazine, under the title of "Occupations other than Teaching for Women," gives a series of papers written by alumnae who are actually engaged in the work of which they tell. These articles, the third and fourth of which appear in the February issue, treating respectively of "The Librarian" and "Opportunities for College Women in Retail Trade," are practical to a degree, and correspondingly interesting. They discuss these occupations from the standpoint of the opportunity they afford for personal development and service; tell what chance there is of gaining entrance to them, what special preparation or qualifications are required, and what remuneration they offer—in fact, they answer the very questions which half the girls as they near graduation every year are asking eagerly, often receiving fragmentary or inaccurate replies.

Every undergraduate who cherishes a serious interest in literature should read the article by Robert Herrick in *The Harvard Monthly*, on "The College Magazine and the Literary Life," written as it is by a man who, as undergraduate, was editor-in-chief of the *Monthly*, and who is at present a successful author, and at the same time professor in the University of Chicago. He begins by upholding an uncompromising ideal for the college magazine—if we generalize what he applies to the one in which he is interested. We believe that *The Harvard Monthly* is not alone in the endeavor to maintain "an absolute standard" of literary excellence, that there are a dozen college magazines to-day which follow it "according to their lights," but which, straying at times, need such a beacon as this. It must be taken into account that there are a good many colleges not so fortunate as to have other organs "to keep in touch" with college life, and must, to avoid gross selfishness, if nothing more, give over one or two departments to "the practical;" yet this need

not mean the sort of concession which introduces the personal and the flippant. We are sometimes persuaded that we are reading "exchanges" from the smaller high schools when we come across crudities, and we cannot be persuaded that any college pervaded by culture has gallery gods to whom such concession is pleasing. But we digress. We believe, on the other hand, that the magazine with "in touch" departments may keep its literary portions unsullied by any but considerations of merit, and we believe that there are many examples to justify us in this faith.

Mr. Herrick continues his article by extolling the associations incidental to college editorship; and then takes up the practical question of literature as a profession. In the light of personal experience he compares the professions of teaching and journalism as "crutches" to the literary man. He ends with a note of mingled optimism and protest. Never before, he says, has there been such an opportunity in the literary life for one who "has anything resembling ideas in his head." "But there are few ready to starve for their work," he continues, appealing again for higher aims.

The same magazine contains "In the Rip," an unusually good piece of description. But why, may we ask, does *The Harvard Monthly* capitalize verse as if it were prose? The tradition which demands capitals at the beginning of each line would seem sufficiently well established. There must be some peculiar advantage in this departure unappreciated by the average reader, who in his struggle to adapt himself to it has no time to enjoy the verse itself.

"The Return of Pete" in the *Williams Literary Monthly* is the admirably written story of a tramp, for whom any life but that of the road had become impossible. The plot is interesting, the description varied, and the psychology convincing.

"The Transit of Venus" is a clever story in *The Mount Holyoke*, and we are much interested in the story, "For Love of Constance," which is appearing serially in the same magazine.

The Vassar Miscellany, as usual, has solid merit. "Boarders Taken" is a story simple in its method, and true, heart-breakingly true. The *Miscellany* had the almost unprecedented daring to publish one number this winter without any verse. It is evident by the quality of that which it does print that here

is a magazine with a definite standard with which it will not compromise. We take pleasure in quoting what we consider a bit of good verse from the February issue :

THE SPENDTHRIFT

Ah, it's out on the highroad in the sun I'd always be.
Where pretty maids go chattering and glancing back at me.
With my cloak across my shoulder, and my sword upon my side,
With fat purse clinking at my belt, and gallant horse to ride.

What care I for tomorrow?
A fig for yesterday!
I've a pound to spend
And a shilling to lend,
Why shouldn't my heart be gay?

The world is like a golden cup that's brimming up with wine.
Its throbbing life, its laughter and its sunlight, all are mine.
And I eager stoop to taste it, for the hours go coursing by,
And I will drain each amber drop before my time to die.

What care I for tomorrow?
A fig for yesterday!
The world is fair
And I've never a care,
And naught but whim to obey.

But in midst of my carousing comes the sullen clutch of fears.
And the maddest of my laughter lies the closest to my tears.
The dregs are in the goblet, the thorn is on the rose,
And what the price of folly is—who knows? who knows?

Why do I think of tomorrow,
Or ponder on yesterday?
I serve my king,
And an alms I fling
To the beggar across the way.

The wind is on the moorland, the cup is empty quite,
Behind me lies the blazing town, ahead of me is night.
I've nothing left but shadows to haunt me as I go.
And what the price of folly is—I know, I know!

The devil take tomorrow!
A plague on yesterday!
I've drunk the cup
Of my folly up,
And bitterly now I pay.

—*Julia Susan Lovejoy, in
The Vassar Miscellany.*

AFTER COLLEGE

IN CONNEMARA, IRELAND

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

The fog is driving across Glen Inagh
From quiet Cashel beside the sea.
All of the endless lakes are blinded,
Their gray eyes staring with misery.

The wet roads wander through height and hollow
Comradeless as the barren bog.
Never a wheel or a foot to stir them ;
Only a lamb cries, out of the fog.

A ragged lamb, black-fleeced, lame-footed,
Crouched to the cold he quavers and cries.
Never a ewe in answer to him.
The quick fog chokes him, the low wind sighs.

The heads of the great hills all are hidden ;
Each can dream he is great alone,
Rearing his terrible, tortured forehead
Grisly with gorse and knotted with stone.

The fog is driving across Glen Inagh
From sleepy Cashel beside the sea.
Lonely lie all the lough-bound islands,
But wild as the fog is the heart in me !

LETTER FROM MISS LEAVENS

The college at large will be interested to hear directly from Delia Leavens, our Smith missionary who is now in China.

TUNGCHON, PEKING, CHINA,

DECEMBER 30, '09.

DEAR SMITH GIRLS :

You will be relieved to see the heading of this letter, for if you have not forgotten all about me, you may be thinking that with all the visits I have been making, I should not reach Tungchon in time to write 1909 on a letter to you! There was not much of a margin to spare, for I arrived in Peking just a week before Christmas. Alice Browne, my Holyoke playmate (the Holyoke missionary with whom I am living) was there to meet me, and as the last train for Peking had gone, we spent Sunday in the city. As there are only two trains a day, we were obliged to descend upon Tungchon at the early hour of half past eight Monday morning. It was not too early for a cordial greeting from the twenty other missionaries, nearly all of whom were at the station to meet us. Our Compound is between the railroad and the city wall, only a few minutes walk for the little procession. The College buildings and the foreigners' houses are all new since 1900, well-built, furnace heated, and very comfortable. It is much airier and pleasanter not to live inside the city walls.

The days before Christmas were very busy with preparations for the various festivities in the Church and schools and College. It seemed very natural to have the College boys coming for costumes for the entertainment they were getting up and by the time our couch covers and table cloths and other properties had been called into requisition for a high priest, the wise men and an angel, I could scarcely wait for the eventful night. We were formally invited by the presentation of a red paper bearing the name of the college and when we entered the hall, we were shown to seats of honor that had been reserved for the foreign teachers. Though I could not understand a word that was spoken, I never enjoyed an evening more. The Chinese are born actors and throw themselves into their parts whether comic or serious. Everything was original and the programs were a mixture of funny stunts and the scenes in which our costumes figured—a sort of miracle play representing the wise men's visit to Herod and the appearance of the angels to the shepherds. It was done in a perfectly simple, natural way and probably made the Bible stories very real to the boys. Certainly the audience of black caps and blue gowns was very attentive and enthusiastic in its applause. Though it was late on Christmas Eve before the last number was finished, and the tea and cakes were served, the Glee Club boys were not too tired to keep up a time honored custom of making the round of the Compound to sing under our windows in the early morning. "Hark, the herald angels sing" and "Joy to the world" are no less beautiful in Chinese than in English and more so when you think how new the Angels' Song is to these people and how many there are still who have not heard it.

Christmas made a good excuse for not beginning to study the very first thing on arriving, but I was not sorry to meet my honorable teacher on Monday morning and be initiated into the work that is to take most of my time for many months to come, and still offer endless possibilities for years and years. Every one tells me that I have an unusually good teacher. I wish that you could see him in his long blue garment, black velvet shoes, short sleeveless jacket and cap "with a little red button on top" and neatly braided queue finished with long black tassels. Can you imagine us sitting side by side at the dining room table while he makes strange sounds which I strive to imitate. We stick closely to our chanting, varied by the writing of characters, for three long, morning hours. We are not tempted to waste our time in idle talk, for his English seems to be limited to such phrases as, "Good bye," "Yes," "No," and my Chinese has only reached the stage of, "Please sit down," and "Elder born, what is your honorable name?" Were I to reply to this question in Chinese I should say, "My unworthy name is (not Leavens) but Leh." It is customary for foreigners to assume a Chinese name as much like the English in sound or meaning as possible. As there are only about one hundred to chose from, "Leh" is as near as I could come to mine. It means "thunder" and is followed by a title, "jiowsha," which being interpreted means "single lady teacher."

When my teacher leaves promptly on the stroke of twelve, I hurry to the noon prayer meeting, a very informal little affair that meets at the missionaries' houses in town. I plan to study two hours in the afternoon and get in plenty of exercise. Walking, skating, and tennis are the varieties just now. The evenings, so far, I have for letters, reading, and anything that may turn up. Please ask me questions if I am not telling you all that you want to know about Tungchon and

Your Missionary,

DELIA DICKSON LEAVENS, (LEH.)

FACULTY NOTES

President Seelye published his Annual Report in January, and an article in the Ladies' Home Journal on "What the Graduates of the Colleges for Women Can Do to Improve the Health of their Sex." He delivered addresses at the formation of the Smith College Club of Buffalo Alumnae on Dec. 27, 1909, and at the meeting of the Smith College Club of Rochester, N. Y., on the following day. On February first he attended the inauguration of President Sanford of Clarke College, Worcester, Mass.

The Educational Review for March, 1910, publishes the address given last fall at the annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae on "Psychological Gains and Losses of the College Woman" by Associate Professor Elizabeth K. Adams. Miss Adams has been appointed Chairman of the new committee of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae on Vocational Opportunities for College Women.

Professor Anna A. Cutler is a member of the Committee on Fellowships of the same Association.

Dr. Frances Hall Rousmaniere is to be one of the speakers at the joint meeting of the Mathematical and Philosophical Societies of Amherst, Mt. Holyoke and Smith at Mt. Holyoke College, March 19. Her subject is "The Influence of the Concept of Infinity in Modern Philosophy."

Dr. John C. Hildt of the Department of History delivered a lecture, Dec. 16, 1909, on "Francis Dana, a Revolutionary Diplomat," before the Betty Allen Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Northampton.

Professor Irving F. Wood spoke on "Old Testament Story-Telling" under the auspices of the Semitic and Biblical Club of Syracuse University, on February 17. He spoke informally before the Syracuse Smith College Club entertained by Mrs. F. J. Daniel.

Professor John Spencer Bassett of the Department of History has recently delivered the following addresses: on February 2 before the Current Events and Spectator Clubs, "The Anglo-Saxon Attitude toward the Negro;" on February 16 before the student body of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass., "Lincoln and Jefferson Davis." During the Christmas vacation he attended the meetings of the American Historical Association in New York. He has been appointed member of the honorary general committee of the Universal Races Congress, London, and Professor of American History at the Summer School of Columbia University, New York.

In connection with the meeting of the Scientific Societies at Boston during the Christmas vacation, Professor Ganong gave an address as retiring President of the Botanical Society of America. This address, entitled "Some Reflections upon Botanical Education in America," was published in *Science* for March 4th.

Professor Herbert V. Abbott lectured at Williams College on Tuesday, March 1, under the auspices of the English department. His subject was "Some Literary Impostors."

Professor Alfred V. Churchill of the Department of Art has published a new edition of Outlines for a General Course in the History of Art.

Miss Harriet R. Cobb gave a talk in North Amherst, on Egypt, January 21. Miss Cobb also spoke in Northampton, February 10, on India.

Associate Professor Harriet Bigelow has published Observations of Comet E 1909 (Daniel's Comet) for five dates in December, in the *Astronomical Journal*. She attended the meeting of the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America, August 18 to 21, 1909, at the Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wisconsin. Halley's Comet was first seen at the Smith College Observatory in the eleven inch telescope on November 15, 1909; in the three inch telescope on Dec. 4; and with opera glasses on Feb. 7, 1910.

Miss Mary M. Hopkins gave a talk on Halley's Comet in Florence on January 13.

On Jan. 12, Miss Senda Berenson, Director of the Gymnasium, delivered an address on "Ideals of Athletics for Women" before the Conference of Young Women's Christian Association of Physical Directors in New York.

THE MISSIONARY RECORD

MARY HARDING EX-1892

The last installment of the missionary record told of the work of Esther B. Fowler ex-'86, principal of the Woronoco School of Sholapur, India. Associated with Miss Fowler is another non-graduate of Smith,—Mary Harding, ex-'92. Like Miss Fowler's, Miss Harding's work also was in the art school, where she received training which, with her kindergarten course, made her a valuable accession to the mission work in India. In her kindergarten work she is very successful, not only exerting a deep influence over the children at that impressionable age, but also keeping in touch with the families by home visits.

Some of the older children attend the primary school, taught by another kindergartener. This indicates another and even more important branch of Miss Harding's work,—that of training native kindergartners, some of whom are graduates of the Woronoco School, and some the product of other missions. The influence of such a training class cannot be estimated. The last report of the Woman's Board (November, 1909) says: "The training class is very successful. The junior class of fifteen represents five different missions. The members of the senior class have taken up practical work, going out to the Hindu schools and showing ability in the very limited materials they find there, to the delight of the little people."

Address, Sholapur, India.

MARY WHITCOMB CLARK 1900

Mrs. Clark with her family is now on furlough in this country, so that many of "Mary Whitcomb's" friends may look forward to seeing her at Commencement next June. She should be allowed to speak for herself; instead, we quote from an old letter in the missionary round robin, which is a house of refuge to the despairing editor. She writes:

"This reminds me of good old Plöetz' Epitome of Universal History:—July, 1900, became a volunteer, worked two years in library work, one year in settlement, one year at home, married May, 1904, arrived India October, 1904. Settled at once in Vadala, under ideal conditions of friendship with our fellow missionaries, the Fairbank family, and with the people. Devoted time until January, 1906, to language study and observation. Mary Lawrence Clark born November 27, 1905. [John Alden has since made his appearance.—Ed.] Agreed with Mabel Roys that we mothers deserve extra space for comparative child study. Mary is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, in her parents' eyes at least, as well and fat and happy as anyone could desire.

"Since January, 1906, my husband has been in charge of two boys' schools with 150 boys to care for. These schools correspond to our grammar schools in the United States, preparing for high and normal schools. The work is intensely interesting, with all sorts of new problems to face and solve every week. So far no definite work has been assigned to me, though I have naturally helped my husband from the first, and in Mrs. Fairbank's absence have taken some of her responsibilities for a few months. Language study and

the care of the home have been all I could attempt for the present, but I do hope to do more after a while. However, if the home *can* mean all that we want it to, no amount of time spent in it is wasted. . . ."

Some time previous to their homecoming last year, the Clarks were transferred to the cosmopolitan city of Ahmednagar, where Mr. Clark is in charge of the boys' normal school. The sterling quality of the boys of India is shown in various incidents recounted in a very interesting letter from Mr. Clark. Many boys of low scholarship have found their better selves in the manual training department, so that each is equipped to do his best for the service of others. The finished products of the school are mature, earnest young fellows, who go out to become leaders in the Christian work of many missions. In fact, so high is the tone of the clergy and laity of the India Christian Church, that Mr. Clark is convinced that the native Christianization of India will make rapid strides of progress in the near future. He writes that eight boys who were sent from the school to the Western India Endeavor Convention walked twenty-nine miles through the rain and took an all-night railroad journey, returning under similar conditions; but they felt that they had gained something worth all their effort.—Would we do that to go to Silver Bay or Northfield?

For the present, Mrs. Clark may be addressed as below:—

Mrs. A. H. Clark, 635 West 115th Street, New York City.

ELIZABETH VILES MCBRIDE 1903

Since going to India (Maratbi district) in 1907, Elizabeth Viles has learned the language, begun her life work, and acquired a husband: the husband being Mr. Arthur McBride of the Marathi Mission.

For giving a missionary's first impressions of a new country there is nothing like a personal letter. These extracts from a comparatively early letter from Miss Viles (May 1908), are interesting as giving the point of view of a young missionary.

"Ever since I had a mission study class my Senior year in college, I have hoped and planned to come to India. I have found that all the reading and studying I had done have been of great help in getting adjusted to conditions here. Some of my impressions were not quite true, but enough were to make me feel at home at once; and India is much more like home than one would expect. We have many home things to eat, for instance; and the missionaries dress somewhere near as people do at home. . . .

I applied to the American Board . . . (Congregational) about the first of March, 1907, and the middle of April received my appointment to the American Marathi Mission. . . . We sailed September 3, 1907, and landed in Bombay October 6. I went almost directly to Ahmednagar, where the largest work of our mission is carried on, and where there are nearly twenty missionaries, many of them young college people. There are eight persons in the mission who graduated from Smith, Wellesley, Amherst, or Princeton in 1900. . . . During the first year, we are not supposed to have any work except language study; so I have no thrilling work to tell of. I have enjoyed Sunday school classes of the older boys and girls who know English. . . .

"This is the very hot time of year, so practically all of our missionaries come to this hill station (Mahabaleswah), leaving the work in charge of Indian workers. This is a fine place to meet missionaries under other boards. There must be nearly fifty American, Scotch, and English workers here. It is a beautiful place with walks and drives galore. In a couple of weeks we shall all be going back to the plains to the hot damp weather of the rainy season. I expect to be in Bombay until October. My work will probably be eventually for women in the homes, and perhaps in training of Christian women for work in the Hindu homes. That sort of work interests me particularly; for until the homes are leavened with Christianity, the leaders among the men will not accept the best religion. The women are apt to be bigoted and narrow, and that keeps back the husbands and sons. . . .

"There are two other Smith girls and one ex-Smith girl in the Mission. May Whitcomb (Clark), 1900, who has two dear babies; and Rose Fairbank (Beals), '95, who is a doctor and has a doctor husband. Their little "Sonny" is a dear. Then there is Miss Esther Fowler, who has a school for girls. I am staying with Miss Bruce, who is from Wellesley, and together we had a Smith-Wellesley reunion the other night. . . . You people who are in reach of Northampton have no idea how hungry we get for college things.

"I hope you are still planning to come to the field. Most people think of going to China and Korea these days; but let me say that the opportunities for service are unlimited in India, too. You hear of the political unrest of India; but believe me, the religious unrest is here too."

Address, Nesbit Road, Mazagon, Bombay, India.

Kindly send additions and corrections to the Editor, Clara Winifred Newcomb, 31 Vauxhall Street, New London Connecticut.

The Smith College Club of New York held its monthly meeting at the Womans' University Club on Saturday, February 26. The meeting was a large one. Mrs. Ethel Puffer Howes spoke on "Aesthetics and Life." She handled her subject in a manner which was both scholarly and charming, prefacing her address with the remark that "the reflections she presented were the result of personal experience rising from a ten years' discussion of the problems of aesthetic psychology," and showing not only a thorough grasp of her material but great restraint in the use of it. She emphasized the negative rather than the constructive side of the problem and closed her address by saying that in our modern life we are in danger not so much of neglecting our aesthetic impulses as of carrying them too far.

ROOMS FOR COMMENCEMENT, 1910

Campus rooms will, as usual, be assigned only to the classes holding regular five-year reunions, in the order of their graduations: 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895, etc. Applications should be made to the class secretaries.

As a special arrangement for this Commencement a local committee has been formed to assist the general secretary in asking persons who do not usually open their houses to do so this year as a favor to the alumnae. Applications giving full details of accommodations desired should be made at once to the class secretaries.

Members of the class of 1900 who desire to engage room and board for Commencement, either on or off the campus, are requested to notify Miss A. G. Newell, Morris House.

Applications should be placed on file at the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, for tickets for Senior Dramatics. Each alumna is allowed one ticket, and may not use another's name to secure extra seats. Applications must now be made for Thursday evening, June 9, as the capacity for Friday evening has been reached. Saturday evening is not open to alumnae. No deposit is required, and tickets need not be claimed until Commencement week from the Business Manager in Northampton.

Applications may now be filed for the 1910 class book. Alumnae will be interested in an article on "Some Things President Seelye has meant to Smith." Price \$1.25. Address Juanita Field, Haven House.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Laurel Sullivan, 8 Belmont Avenue, Northampton.

'81. Laura D. Gill is organizing a Vocational Appointment Bureau for College Women in connection with the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

'85. Caroline F. Hamilton. Address, Lock Box 523, West Hartford, Conn.

'99. Mary Fairbank has returned to America for a stay of some months, after six years of missionary work in India. She spoke at the annual meeting of the Women's Union Missionary Society in New York, January 19. She has announced her engagement to Thomas Aneurin Evans, an engineer living in India.

'03. Bertha Macomber has received an appointment as Secretary in the Teachers' College of Columbia University.

'04. Mary Van Kleeck has been serving on a committee of four which investigated the hygienic aspects of the Shirtwaist Strike.

Margaret Sawtelle has been advanced from Assistant to Instructor in Physics at Wellesley.

'06. Helen Putnam has announced her engagement to Robert Tilden Kingsbury, of Keene, New Hampshire.

'08. Frances C. Boynton is teaching Mathematics and English in the High School at Faulkton, South Dakota.

Mrs. Arthur A. Bryant (Louise Stevens), has been appointed special agent of the Department of Child Hygiene of the Russell Sage Foundation, and is making an investigation of school meals, which will soon be published by the Foundation.

Mary Louise Dunn has announced her engagement to Frank Spaulding, of Burlington, Vermont.

'08. Nannie Morgan sailed for Europe in January.

Lucy Raymond sailed for Europe on February 12. She will return during the summer.

'09 Helen Gibson sailed early in February for the Mediterranean and Egypt.

MARRIAGES

'88. Helen Harriet P. Doty to Walter Wray. Address, box 284, Santa Ana, California.

'00. Marie Emilie Jones to Lane Johnson. Address, 6th and Broad Streets, Middletown, Ohio.

'01. Marion L. Ashley to Frederick W. Ahlborn, June 9, 1909. Address, 72 Sullivan Street, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

Mildred Tenney Brown to Edward Ernest Pearce, on October 2, 1909. Address, 159 Eastgrove Avenue, Galesburg, Illinois.

Mildred Winslow Dewey to Willis Chenery Hay, on November 28, 1909, Address, Van Buren, Maine.

Ethel Godfrey to Herbert R. Loud, August 3, 1909. Address, 422 W. 20th Street, New York City.

Grace Ethel Lord to George A. Porter. Address, 8 Cumberland Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Florence Louise Palmer to B. Walter Goodsoe, on October 9, 1909. Address, 77 Erie Avenue, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts.

'04. Emilie Creighton to Albert Trowbridge Gould. Address, The Avon, Avon Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'05. Joan Duane Brumley to William O. Cooper, on October 21. Address, 180 Central Avenue, East Orange, New Jersey.

'06. Marjorie Stephens Allen to Henry Otto Seiffert.

Mabel A. Bathgate to Robert Hall. Address, Dover, Maine.

'07. Julia Dorothea Schaffler to Rev. Robert G. Higinbotham, on January 11. Address, 63 Fremont Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Grace Margaret Townshend to Earl Partridge. Address, 923 Summit Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

'08. Mildred Towne to Francis Foster Powell, on February 12. Address, University Ranch, Stevensville, Montana.

BIRTHS

'97. Mrs. Daniel J. Fleming (J. Elizabeth Cole), a son, Edward McClurg, born May 31, at Lahore, India.

'99. Mrs. John W. Church (Virginia W. Frame), a daughter, Elizabeth Courtenay, born February 10.

'02. Mrs. Harvey S. Crause (Annie A. Cass), a daughter, Frances Cass, born February 14.

Mrs. William Ramsay (A. Louise Vogdes), a son, Waynes Vogdes, born January 20.

- '03. Mrs. John Morgan Olmsted (Marguerite Prescott), a son, John Morgan, Jr., born February 7.
- '06. Mrs. Rockwell S. Brank (Virginia R. Cox), a daughter, Ruth Ann Brank, born January 23, in St. Louis, Missouri.
- Mrs. Marcus A. Rhodes (Ruth L. Bangs), a daughter, Louise Bassett, born February 12.
- '08. Mrs. Cyrus Henry Loutrel (Ethel McCluney), a daughter, Harriet, born January 20.

DEATH

- '96. Mrs. Morris Bradley Butler (Alice Amelia Story), in December.

CALENDAR

- | | | |
|-------|-----|---|
| March | 16. | Orchestra Concert. |
| " | 19. | Gymnastic Drill. |
| " | 19. | Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies. |
| " | 23. | Spring Vacation. |
| April | 7. | Opening of Spring Term. |
| " | 9. | Morris House Reception. |
| " | 9. | Hubbard House Reception. |
| " | 13. | Open Meeting of the Biological Society. |

The
Smith College
Monthly

April - 1910

Conducted by the Senior Class

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THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XVII

APRIL, 1910

No. 7

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BUSINESS MANAGER

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MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

ALUMNÆ TREASURER

HENRIETTA SPERRY

A DEFENCE OF JAMES BUCHANAN'S POLICY ON THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY MARY ANNE STAPLES

During the Civil War and for many years afterward, it was generally believed that four years of civil strife, harmful both to North and South, could have been avoided if James Buchanan had acted differently in his capacity as President of the United States. His refusal to coerce the Southern states when they were on the point of seceding was generally considered as a manifestation of sympathy on the part of the President and one of the factors in bringing on the war. It was also believed by many that Buchanan had gained his place by the favor of, if not through a bargain with, an "arrogant, unscrupulous, slave-holding Southern oligarchy" and that he was the tool of crafty Southern leaders, who used him and his Cabinet to bring to successful issue long deliberated plans to break up the Union. Furthermore, his administration appeared timid and weak as compared with that of his successor.

In recent years, however, Mr. Buchanan's administration has been seen in a clearer light. His policies, instead of being looked upon as responsible factors of the Civil War, are now viewed as the strong, consistent conduct of a man fettered in a great crisis by constitutional restrictions and checked by lack of legislative support. A careful study of the opinions and policies of Buchanan and Lincoln regarding the Southern situation has also shown that they were much alike, and that Buchanan would have acted as promptly and effectively as Lincoln, had the facilities for doing so been given him.

The fitness of a man for an office to which he has been elected determines largely how he will perform the duties thereof. Buchanan entered public life in 1814 as a Pennsylvania state legislator, and from that time until he was elected to the Presidency he was occupied in the almost continual discharge of official duties as representative, diplomat, senator, Secretary of State, and ambassador. This long and able public service, much of administrative character, requiring great ability, and the experience gained thereby, eminently qualified him for the office of President. Herbert Spencer, in "Man Versus the State," observes that "unquestionably among monstrous beliefs one of the most monstrous is that, while for a simple handicraft such as shoemaking, a long apprenticeship is needful, the sole thing which needs no apprenticeship is making a nation's laws." Mr. Buchanan did not reach the Presidency by reason of any such popular or party delusion, but in attaining that place he only came to his own. As President, he was restricted by the Constitution, and he found it impossible, without the coöperation and aid of Congress, to do much that he deemed necessary and advisable. This assistance a Republican Congress refused in the crisis; it never passed an act in support of Buchanan's efforts to avert war or to suppress the incipient rebellion. Furthermore, while Congress repudiated all proposals of compromise to prevent civil war, it took no steps to retain the cotton or border states within the Union, although it heard of one state after another seceding and witnessed the withdrawal of member after member from Congress.

Four bills to furnish the President with military means to secure the collection of duties at Southern ports of entry were introduced and repudiated. Although the Federal statutes gave the executive the power to call out the militia to suppress an

insurrection against a State, he had none to suppress an insurrection against the Federal government, and every request from him for this power was ignored. Even after the seizure of Southern forts and mints and other aggressions justifying defensive warfare, a bill to give the President authority to use military force to protect and recover forts, magazines, arsenals, and other property of the government was withdrawn the same day it was reported. In the light of this conduct on the part of the legislative branch of the government, the charge of timidity and weakness might better have been preferred against it.

With the South ready to rise at any moment and a Congress refusing aid, Buchanan was placed in a very difficult situation. He acted, however, with the greatest circumspection and consistency.

His failure to restrain the Southern states when secession was imminent was highly censured by many people, but it is justified on three grounds. First, he knew the constitutional limitations placed upon the executive and that he had no right to make aggressive war upon any State, since that right was reserved to Congress. He had taken the oath of office to observe the Constitution, and he was liable to impeachment if he did not. The responsibility and power of preventing war and of securing peace and union to the country rested with Congress; if it refused to act, the President could not.

His policy is further justified by the approbation of his Cabinet. He acted with the advice and approval of his Attorney-General, Jeremiah S. Black, who is greatly praised by the historian Rhodes for his patriotism, statesmanship, and legal learning. He was strongly supported in his opinions and actions by three other Cabinet members, who afterward became identified with the Republican party as illustrious members: Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Hon. Joseph Holt, General John A. Dix.

The justification of Buchanan's position which appeals most strongly to an American public, however, is probably found in Lincoln's concurrence with it. From his election until his inauguration, Mr. Lincoln was as positive as Mr. Buchanan in his utterances against force, invasion of Southern territory, and resort to arms. In his inaugural address, he denounced the lawless invasion of any state or territory by armed force as the

gravest of crimes, and, strictly in accord with Mr. Buchanan's policy, he promised there should be no bloodshed or violence unless forced upon the nation. If a patriot like Abraham Lincoln held these opinions and adopted these policies, surely Mr. Buchanan should not be denounced for having done likewise under like circumstances.

Mr. Buchanan was also condemned for acting timidly and unwisely in favoring compromise and conciliation rather than war, but his peace policy was in accord with both Northern and Southern sentiments. The great mass of people North and South were neither for disunion nor for war, they were willing to accept almost any compromise on the slavery question that would preserve peace and union. An evidence of this keen desire to avert war was the response of twenty-one states to Virginia's call for a Peace Congress. The plan of adjustment agreed upon by this body did not meet with the approval of Congress, but it was, nevertheless, a strong demonstration on the part of the States in favor of peace and as such was very significant. Popular assemblies all over the North clamored for peace, and in Philadelphia and Boston this demand of the people was especially strong. Thus, in trying to prevent secession by conciliation Mr. Buchanan was doing no more, no less than expressing the will of the people to whom he was responsible.

Mr. Buchanan was also accused of leaning toward secession, but in no speech or document of his can a word be found acknowledging the right of secession or encouraging it. Mr. Buchanan, in his annual message to Congress, denounced secession as "wholly inconsistent with the history, as well as the spirit and meaning of the Constitution." Again, in his special message of January, 1861, he declared that "no State has a right by its own act to secede from the Union or to throw off its Federal obligations at pleasure." Utterances of this nature leave no room for doubt concerning Mr. Buchanan's views on this subject.

Perhaps the most serious accusation made against Mr. Buchanan, however, was his supposed connivance with Southern interests. He was charged with having permitted the surrender of forts and arsenals and with the dispersion of the army and navy, so as to give the South a great advantage over the North in preparations for war.

The facts of the case were that in the distribution of useful muskets in 1860 the North received three times as many as the South; of the rifles, six Southern states together received hardly enough for half a regiment. In 1858 one-third of 500,000 muskets, condemned as useless by the government, were sent to Southern arsenals to make room for useful arms. The story of the secret shipment of a cannon from Pittsburg to Galveston is best refuted by a resolution of Pittsburg's council, thanking Mr. Buchanan for preventing any such shipment. The falsity of these charges has also been demonstrated, after careful investigation, by the historian Rhodes and General Samuel W. Crawford.

Nor did Mr. Buchanan connive at the surrender of Southern forts. General Robert Anderson wrote that he himself was to blame for the government's failure to send relief to his command; that Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of War would have sent reinforcements had he asked for them, but that he thought it best not to do so, since the coming of additional troops would have inaugurated civil war. Rhodes, the Civil War historian, says: "nor did he (Buchanan) ever yield an iota on the point of the abstract right of the Federal government to maintain its hold on all Southern forts."

The charge that the navy department was disarranged to favor secession has no historic foundation. Isaac Toucey, the head of the department, was a New England Unionist of the greatest loyalty and integrity, and attempts to discredit him failed. He proved to a hostile Senate Committee that our naval force abroad was too weak to be diminished, that the interests and safety of our commerce and of those engaged in it would have been endangered if any part of our squadron had been recalled, and, finally, that such a proceeding would only have made matters worse at home.

Another accusation was that Mr. Buchanan did not promptly fill the offices vacated by Federal office-holders in the seceding states. This charge cannot be sustained, however, since Mr. Buchanan could get no other citizens of these states to fill the vacant offices, and when he wished to appoint citizens of other states, the Senate refused to act upon the nominations. "In brief," as Hon. W. U. Hensel, ex-Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, states, "no Congressional aid whatever was extended to the president in any effort to avert war, effect compromise, de-

defend the government property, re-take military stations or fill the abandoned posts of civil duty."

President Lincoln made it plain, shortly after his inauguration, that he would follow Mr. Buchanan's policy toward the South as long as it was practicable, and this he proceeded to do. "He deemed it better for the time to forego the uses of such offices" as Mr. Buchanan had been harshly criticized for not filling. Mr. Buchanan was severely criticized for having given the Commissioners from South Carolina a single interview in 1860, an interview in which he refused their demands for the removal of Federal troops from Charleston harbor and declared his purpose to defend Fort Sumpter against all hostile attacks. Yet after the Confederacy was organized and in working order, Confederate Commissioners came to Washington and received assurances from Seward, Mr. Lincoln's War Secretary, that the evacuation of Fort Sumpter was the arranged policy of the new administration and that "no provisioning or reinforcement should be attempted without warning." Later, when Mr. Lincoln was urged to relieve Fort Sumpter, he acted upon the contrary advice of Seward, Chase, and Cameron of his Cabinet, and the result of his refusal is well-known.

That James Buchanan was neither weak, inconsistent, nor dishonorable is further supported by the testimony of eminent men. George Ticknor Curtis, in closing the biography of James Buchanan, uses these words: "It is well that the soil of Pennsylvania holds his ashes, for he was the most eminent statesman yet given by that Commonwealth to the service of the country since the Constitution of the United States was established."

Judge Black says: "The proofs of his great ability and his eminent public services are found on every page of his country's history from 1820 to 1861. During all that long period he steadily, faithfully and powerfully sustained the principles of free constitutional government. This nation never had a truer friend, nor its laws a defender who would more cheerfully have given his life to save them from violation . . . his whole political life, from the time he entered Congress until he retired from the Presidency—all his acts, speeches, and papers—have a consistency which belongs to those of no other American statesman. He never found it necessary to cross his own path or go back upon its pledges."

Hon. W. Rush Gillan, and eminent Pennsylvania jurist, voices his sentiments as follows: "Instead of the timidity, weakness and treachery once so freely charged upon Mr. Buchanan, we are now able to see the patient, wise and brave statesman, the dignified and patriotic American, calmly waiting for posterity to do justice to his conduct, his motives, and his statesmanship."

THE CROW

BY MARGARET SEABURY COOK

Over the dark earth of the plough-turned fields
Through which the faint green corn forces its way,
Above the white mass of the fruit trees' bloom
Filling the garden of the world with May ;
Beneath the burning sun, or later when
The land lies parched and faint and naught is heard
But the dry rattle of the locust's wing
Or the low twitter of some hidden bird,

Above the trees with autumn's fire ablaze,
Their leaves a thousand flames of red and gold,
Above the meadows bright with yellow grain,
And, when the year with many days is old
And all the trees stand bare save for some last dry leaf
Over the blue-tinged stretches of the snow
Between high heaven and earth my way I take
And over field and upland forth I go. .

The freedom of the earth and air is mine,
Of the vast sky that overhangs the world,
And in the breath of the four winds I fly
And toss about as a dead leaf is whirled ;
O'er hill and vale, forest and field I pass,
And wood and wold re-echo to my cry
Which rude and wild yet in its freedom bears
The voice of out-of-doors, whose soul am I.

THE COURTING OF ANNIE BELL

BY JOSEPHINE KEIZER

In the cool of the summer twilight two men were riding through the woods along the "main plain" road from Zebra. They were big sunburned young fellows, dressed in badly fitting "store" clothes. Their collars were low, their sleeves were short and their felt hats were pushed far back on their heads. The right hand of one was resting on the shoulder of the other as they jogged forward and they were singing the chorus of the latest song in Zebra.

As they were beginning the refrain for the fourth time one of them pulled up his horse with a long drawn "Whoa thar!" The other wheeled about. "Whut's the matter?" he asked.

For answer the man who had first stopped pointed with a grin to a "pale" road trailing off into the deep woods on his right. "Thar's my Gal!" he said.

"Annie Bell?" the other exclaimed. Then he saw the mirth of it. "Annie Bell! *Annie Bell!* Ken yu' see Lulu Webster when she sees yu' all!"

At the last name Sam Pryor grinned the more. "I'll learn her to play with me," he said. "A'goin' on so with that thar peewee of a drummer. Shucks! I'll tote pore white trash to the dancin' and show her! She ain't a'goin' to monkey with me! So long—see yu' at the sho-bang."

He turned his horse into the "pale road" as he spoke, ducking his head to escape the low-hanging branches. The thud, thud of his friend's horse galloping along the "main plain," mingled with distant echoes of laughter for some moments, then both died away; but the smile on Sam Pryor's face still lingered. He was thinking of Lulu Webster's anger when he should appear in the Zebra schoolhouse this night with Annie Bell Todd, daughter of Zeke Todd, poorest of poor white trash along the Gravois.

A half mile up the road he came upon the Todd cabin in its tiny clearing. A number of dogs appeared from nowhere and rushed snarling at the horse. "Come back hyar!" snapped a querulous voice from the house. The dogs slunk away and

cowered beneath the broken wagon in one corner of the plot. Sam guided his horse on among the tree stumps and the litter of hencoops and broken harness up to the open door.

"Evenin'," he called genially.

A big-framed man in patched jeans lounged into the doorway, "Evenin'," he replied.

"Is Annie Bell ready?" asked Sam.

Zeke Todd turned his head leisurely to look behind him, then back again to Sam. "Mighty nigh, I reckon," he vouchsafed.

There followed a silence broken only by a whisper now and then in the cabin, the snarl of one of the dogs under the wagon, and the sleepy call of a bird from the woods.

Within the cabin Annie Bell was standing before the window. Beside her knelt her mother, straining her eyes in the fast fading light to put one last stitch in the girl's dress. Her hands pulled the thread nervously in and out. Around the two stood a circle of children of various ages, gazing wide-eyed at their sister.

"Is that thar fellow talkin' with Paw yer beau, Annie Bell?" whispered eight year old Jefferson Davis.

"Shet yer mouth!" came low but vehemently from the mother. She leaned forward and bit off her thread. "Turn round," she whispered. Slowly Annie Bell wheeled as on a pivot. The woman's bright eyes looked her up and down almost fiercely. Then she rose to her feet. "Does yer braids feel fast?"

Annie Bell put up her hands and touched her hair very very carefully. "Yes'um" she whispered.

"Gi'me that skirt, S'manthy," commanded the mother. "Hol' still." This last to Annie Bell as a mud spattered riding skirt was opened, lifted high above her head and then cautiously lowered over her hair and light dress.

"Hev yu' got your fascinator?"

"Yes'um."

"Come on then." The children fell back as Mrs. Todd walked towards the door. Annie Bell trailing the long dark skirt followed in her mother's wake.

"Evenin'," said Mrs Todd to Sam.

"Evenin'," he returned, "Evenin' Annie Bell."

"Evenin'," murmured the girl.

Sam slipped his left foot out of the stirrup, and offered his hand to Annie Bell. Clasp ing it with one of hers and lifting her long skirt with the other, the girl put her foot in the stirrup and swung up lightly to the pillion.

"Evenin'" said Sam.

"Evenin'" drawled Mr. Todd.

No sooner had the horse and his two riders disappeared among the trees than Mrs. Todd turned to the children. "Get into bed thar, you Jeff Davis an' S'manthy, an' min' you fall asleep direc'ly."

Nearly an hour later, when it was quite dark, a curious little procession emerged from the cabin and wended its way across the clearing to the road. First came Mrs. Todd in her old gray wrapper and sunbonnet; then, in order of size, Johnnie and Jimmie and Jo, barefooted and ragged. A miserable cur with his tail between his legs brought up the rear. All of them swung along at a gait somewhere between a lope and a dog trot. Down the "pale" road to the "main plain" they went and turned there toward Zebra. By and by the moon came up and showed the road a ribbon of silver over hill and valley. But the Todds did not look up. With bent heads they swung along nearer and nearer to Zebra. Having crossed "Lame Dog Creek" the procession left the moonlit road for the shadow of the woods. Presently a sound of voices was audible. The Todds paused for a moment, then went on more cautiously.

The log school house stood some ways out of Zebra on the "main plain" road. Trees surrounded it closely on three sides, shading it from both sun and moon. With never a sound audible above the babel of voices within, the procession of Todds approached the school. By a preconceived plan they scattered, the boys going to the east windows, the mother to a western one. Though standing well back in the shadow, she could easily look into the room.

It was long and low, of rough logs with a fire-place at one end. The rude school benches had been pushed back against the walls. Near the door, perched on top of the teacher's desk, sat Old Nat, bending and grinning over his fiddle; ever swaying to the tune he played, and now and then calling out directions to the dancers. Two rows of young people were facing each other in the middle of the room, dancing a Virginia Reel. The men were all in "store" clothes; the girls in bright colored

dressess, reds and blues and pinks. All but one; she wore a dress of white tarletan, thickly sprinkled over with tiny bows of baby ribbon of many hues. Her light brown hair, curling about her face, was caught back in long braids and wound round and round her head.

Tim Meredith was dancing with her and he watched her constantly. But, for that matter, everyone there did. For this girl with the shining eyes and pretty dress, this girl who danced the Reel as if walking on air, was no other than Annie Bell Todd, the "poor white trash girl," the daughter of "shiftless Zeke Todd."

"Ladies and gen'elmen," sang out Old Nat, "Place yer selves fer a 'Skip come a'loo' and *pray* to be the man in the center when the music stops."

The couples formed a circle, holding each other's hands.

"Go h'it!" said Old Nat, and began to play. The circle moved round and round the room.

"Can't get a red bird a blue bird 'll do.
Can't get a red bird a blue bird 'll do.
Can't get a red bird a blue bird 'll do.
Skip come a'loo, my darling."

The fiddle led and the dancers made the rafters ring with the words. Suddenly Tim Meredith stepped from the circle to its center keeping time to the music.

"Can't get a *white* bird a red bird 'll do,"

he shouted with twinkling eyes, and catching Lulu Webster by both hands as she swung past him, pulled her into the center, whirled her about twice and fell back into the line, leaving the girl alone in the ring.

Mrs. Todd leaned forward a little in her interest. Lulu Webster was big and dark, with black, snapping eyes, and red cheeks, and a jaunty toss of the head. She wore a bright red cheese-cloth dress. During the chorus she kept time with her whole body. To the different men who smiled at her invitingly she gave only a scornful shrug of her shoulders. At the beginning of the verse she threw back her head,

Can't get a *sane* man, any fool 'll do!"

she sang mockingly. And while the others took up the words with a shout of laughter she caught Sam Pryor's hands and swung him into the ring disdainfully.

Through the lilt of the song there ran now a certain breathlessness. Mrs. Todd's hands clerched until they hurt.

"Skip, skip, skip come a' loo
Skip come a' loo, my darling!"

squeaked the fiddle.

Then Sam began to to sing—

"Tired of an old girl a new girl 'll do!
Tired of an old girl a new girl 'll do!
Tired of an old girl a new girl 'll do!
Skip come a' loo my darling."

He walked straight across the ring to Annie Bell, caught her hands and pulled her into the circle, then whirled her about twice, thrice, four times—and the music stopped.

"Salute yer darlin' afore yu die," commanded Old Nat from his corner.

The two in the center were the focus of all eyes. They were breathing quickly from their spinning. Mrs. Todd's breath rose and fell with the girl's. Small and slender, Annie Bell stood there swaying a little, her hands still in Sam Pryor's, her eyes on the floor.

"Salute yer darlin' afore yu die," chuckled Old Nat again.

The room swam round and round before Sam's gaze: he saw the old fiddler, Tim Meredith's laughing face and Lulu Webster's scornful frown. Then they were blotted out and he saw only the face of the girl before him; the brown curls about her forehead, her flushed pink cheeks, her downcast eyes, her parted lips.

"Salute yer darlin' or pass her by!" warned Old Nat.

But Sam, not heeding him, stooped and kissed Annie Bell.

"Whoopee!" shouted Tim Meredith. "Whoopee!" and the circle drifted apart.

Mrs. Todd hurried around the school-house. "Come along!" she said briefly to Johnnie and Jimmie and Jo. The three dropped from the trees near the windows and obediently fell in behind her; the little dog slunk after them. Through the woods, across the creek, and along the "main plain" they trotted. In the mother's cheeks a pulse was beating.

Long after Johnnie and Jimmie and Jo were asleep in the big bed with Jefferson Davis and S'manthy, Mrs. Todd rocked to and fro near the cabin door.

Up the "pale" road to the cabin Sam and Annie Bell were

riding. The man had turned in the saddle to watch the girl. Her lips were smiling and her eyes shone starry in the moonlight. They had spoken little on the way home; but they had looked at each other, continually.

"You won't fergit?" Sam was saying.

"No," said Annie Bell. "I won't fergit."

At the doorstep he gave her his stirrup to use again and held both her hands as he swung her down.

"Goodnight, Annie Bell," he murmured.

"Goodnight," she said, and watched him ride away.

Slowly she turned and went up the steps into the cabin. Her mother rose as she entered. "Ma," breathed the girl, "Oh, Ma." The woman waited more tense than the girl. "He asked me to go to the Swansig's picnic an' to the Fair at Versailles," confided the girl. "I'm glad," she added, half to herself, "I'm glad."

For a moment there was silence. The girl leaned in the doorway and looked out into the silver night. The woman was thinking, thinking.

"You ain't got a decent dress," she said. The girl did not hear. "But," went on the mother with a fierce note in her voice, "I'll git that pink calico for you, somehow!"

"Well'um," said Annie Bell dreamily.

TO PHYLIS

BY HESTER HOPKINS

When Phylis lifts her dreaming eyes of brown,
And then 'neath lowered lashes, hides them quite,
I think the day hath given place to night,
The sun hath glowed a moment, and gone down.

And when with merriment their depths are bright
'Tis like the ripples, dancing on the lake;
And all the lights unite, and flash, and break,
And shimmer off in sparkles of delight.

But when they turn, as if for love's sweet sake,
With one soft glance, immeasurably sweet,
I feel that all the world is at my feet,
And all I wish is mine to stoop und take.

Yet were her eyes the same, but yester e'en
For twenty others on the village green.

ALONG SIXTH AVENUE

BY ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG LLOYD

There is a street in New York scorned by the haughty and well-dressed, and ignored by those who live on its borders, which is, I think, worthy of more notice than it receives. It runs straight on from an obscure beginning in the depths of the city to an abrupt end at Central Park. It is called Sixth Avenue. Though the various parts of the city through which it passes color it respectively, the street always retains its own peculiar character, a character which is essentially the same throughout its length. The Elevated Railroad dominates it, darkening it with the heavy shadow of its structure and drowning all its lesser noises by the thunder of trains. Surface cars, of the old kind in which the conductor still walks up the back of one's dress when attempting to collect one's fare, instead of receiving it quietly in a neat little box as one enters, jerk up and down it. Tremendous wagons shake the sidewalk as they go by, while streams of smaller traffic dodge in and out among them as well as they can. It is amazingly noisy, but far too busy to be self-assertive; a back-door, below-stairs sort of street, never trying to be anything in particular, but always quite distinctively itself.

Though the avenue is really a homogeneous whole, it can be roughly divided into three parts, corresponding to three different sections of the city. The part which is furthest down town belongs to the business section of the city, and is less interesting, being less peculiar, than the rest. The middle part claims a half-hearted and dowdy kinship with the Tenderloin; it bristles with penny vaudevilles of the most lurid sort, and possesses as a rule three pawn brokers' establishments to a block. Finally, the third part, having won back a semblance of respectability, acts as a medium between the fashionable streets lying on the east, to which it caters, and a wilderness of garages and stables and small frowsy houses, forgotten by progress, on the left.

The avenue is primarily a business street. It is the home of the small tradesman and odd jobber; the multitude of signs that crowd each other on the dingy houses bear witness to all manner of queer trades. He who is not discouraged by a far from enticing exterior will be able to make many interesting discoveries. Down that black staircase, for instance, the most superb stage jewels may be purchased; nearly all of them come from there, in fact. In the second story of the house opposite one can have his black eye painted speedily. In the next block, three flights up, is a school of phrenology and psychotherapy, efficiency absolutely guaranteed; the sign also states that classes are now forming; to judge from its looks, they have been at it for several years. Here is a doll's hospital, with various odd anatomies hanging in the window; there is a bird-fancier's, where all sorts of queer little beasts, from marmots to hedgehogs, are to be had. A litter of fuzzy fat puppies sprawl in an iron cage near the window, around which there is always an interested crowd. A rather startling spectacle is to be seen on the next two blocks. There were two rival undertakers, one on each block; one painted his house black, all four stories of it. The other, not to be outdone, painted his house black also, but outlined all the bricks in white, just for variety's sake. The effect of the two is indescribably touching; they must be seen to be appreciated. Further on is a shoe store where one can buy surprising shoes, red, green, striped, or spotted; the people who purchase them are quite as surprising as the shoes.

The shops change in character as one goes further uptown; instead of the aforesaid penny arcades and pawnbroker, painless dentists and second hand clothing shops, one finds small groceries, drug stores, upholsterers, cleaners, and so on to the end of the list. These shops are more brisk than the ones downtown; they are for the most part supported by regular customers who live in their neighborhood. Yet even here there is a good deal of the sinister element, hidden under an outside of innocent spinach and pastry. From the flats over the little shops people whose tastes are in that line can get out upon the roofs of the cross street houses. When they come to one they like they descend through the skylight, preferably while all the family are at dinner; they empty bureau drawers at their leisure and go back the way they came, always provided that nothing interferes to prevent them. As a result, most

sky lights in that part of the city are provided with electric bells with blood curdling rings ; these are in the habit of going off, if the wind blows very hard or a sparrow hops unwarily.

I cannot recommend Sixth Avenue as a promenade. I fear ; the elevated makes consecutive conversation difficult. It is, however, a delightful hunting ground for the curious ; it has infinite possibilities of interest.

A SPRING INTERLUDE

BY CYRENA MARTIN

It is an early Spring day. The hills, still bleak and bare, rise through mists above fields yet unbroken by the plow and the sky is overcast with driving clouds. Occasional rain drops from the scurrying clouds, fall upon the garden, sodden with the winter's snow so recently melted and desolate with the withered stalks of the autumn flowers. From one faded stem there rises a single point of green and with it, sent straight from the heart of yesterday's warm sun, a single yellow daffodil. From a bulb in a long forgotten border it has sprung, called into being by the evening song of the robin who yesterday sang in full throated cheer of the season now come. Swayed by gusts of wind stands the daffodil, blithe pledge of the spring, and gives back to the grey world of today some of the golden light which yesterday it took from the Sun.

MEMORY

BY ADELAIDE PETERSON

" I have forgot " I cried in reckless mood,
And laughed to find my self unfettered, free,
When memory entered and with puissant hand
She bound around my heart an iron band,
And then her seal upon the clasp she set,
Which bore the motto : " Thou canst not forget."

A MAID AND A MOTOR-CYCLE

BY MARJORIE OSBORNE WESSON

David Reynolds propped up the two letters lying on his desk, and eyed them speculatively. One was a dainty white square, addressed in a distinctly feminine hand. That was from Justine. The other, long and narrow, and bearing in the upper left-hand corner the legend, "If not delivered in 10 days, return to Thomas Reynolds and Company, Brokers: 24 Broad Street, New York City." That was from his father, and probably contained much parental advice, and a check. David wondered what proportion the advice would bear to the check. He reflected uncomfortably that it was highly possible that the former would outweigh the latter. Should he open it at once to get the lecture over with, and save Justine's letter for comfort, if comfort were needed, or should Justine's letter come first to fortify him against the paternal wrath? He wouldn't trouble trouble until he had to, so finally, but without haste he opened the missive addressed in that dainty feminine writing.

Its extremely dainty and feminine writer announced her intention of visiting an aged relative in New Haven, some two weeks from that time. If Mr. Reynolds' academic pursuits did not interfere, she would be delighted to see Mr. Reynolds at said relative's residence. Perhaps he would be so good as to do the honors of his Alma Mater.

Mr. Reynolds gave a delighted whoop, and, encouraged, tore open the other letter. It was brief and to the point.

"DEAR DAVIE,

I have warned you not to expect any more than your allowance from me. Doubtless the motor-cycle was a bargain, but I don't see why an academic course at Yale should require a motor-cycle. Surely you don't have to cover the ground as fast as that! I dislike inconveniencing you, but if you want any more pennies to buy automobiles or grand pianos with, you will have to earn them yourself. Why not tow an express wagon, "Seeing New Haven" behind the motor-cycle? The first time I see you earn an honest penny, I will raise your allowance 25 %. Your Mother joins with me in sending love.

Your affectionate father,

THOMAS REYNOLDS.

There was no pink or blue slip accompanying this facetious epistle, and David gasped as he realized the full extent of the calamity that had befallen him. Justine was coming, and he had exactly one dollar and seventy-one cents to last him through the month. What was he to do? That would hardly pay her carfare; and where were dinners and theatre tickets and other necessities coming from? Some things could be charged, of course, but he must have more than one dollar and seventy-one cents in ready money. He didn't have anything he could sell, except the motor-cycle, and he simply couldn't sell that. He had wanted one for so long, and he'd never get a bargain like that again. It was really too bad of his father not to send him something. Well, there was nothing to do but to set to work and earn some money. He must have it for Justine, and then, what did his father say? "The first time I see you earn an honest penny, I will raise your allowance 25%." So, beside the actual necessity, there was a great inducement to work. Now, what under the sun could he do?

Tutoring was out of the question. David felt his knowledge, while varied, was not in a form readily conveyed to others. He wouldn't get enough out of "subbing" at the theatre to make it pay. He might give dancing lessons, but that would be tedious, and not very lucrative. That wouldn't do.

"Well, Dave, what's up?" inquired Dick, David's roommate, as he strolled into the room. "You look as though you had the weight of a nation on your shoulders."

"What's the best paid job you know of?" demanded David.

"Plumber or chauffeur," answered Dick. "Are you going in for Sociology?"

"Chauffeur might do. I can run a car, can't I, Dick?"

"Depends on how you look at it. My nerves haven't gotten over the effects of that last run with you yet."

"We did go some," admitted David, modestly.

"You paid some for it, too," retorted Dick, grimly. "Do you remember what your father said about that fine?"

"I do. Father's awfully queer in some ways. He has paid hundreds of dollars in fines when he was running himself, and never said a word, but when I exceed the speed limit in his car, he raises a terrible row."

"Well, he doesn't get any fun out of it, when you are arrested, and he objects to enriching the local magistrate from purely philanthropic motives.

"Gee ! but those fellows must make money," said David, enviously.

"They get half of each fine, don't they, in Connecticut ? The other half goes to the cop, motor-cycle or otherwise, who makes the arrest."

"Hurray ! I've got it !" shouted David, beginning a war dance.

"Got it bad, I should say. What are you talking about ? Stop that infernal clogging and tell me what's up."

"Inspiration, pure inspiration, caused by conversation with genius," chanted David.

"What do you mean, you idiot ?"

"I'll be a bicycle cop, and arrest people and get half the fines !"

"What in the name of common sense do you want to do that for ?" demanded Dick.

David explained the situation. Dick understood and was convinced that Dick's plan was feasible, provided he could get the position. "Got any pull ?" he asked.

"Have I ? let me see ; no, I don't—why yes, of course, isn't old Harry Longfellow something out at Cheshire ?"

"He's proprietor of the "Wayside Inn—an ideal stopping place for automobile parties. Public and private dinners a specialty !" quoted Dick.

"Yes, of course, but I'm sure he is Constable, or Justice of the peace, or something else."

"Perhaps ; you might telephone him and find out."

"That would be sensible ! In such delicate matters one must use diplomacy. I'm going out to see Henry, and make it a personal matter. I've had dinners enough at the "Wayside" for him to take an interest in my welfare, and I bet a hat he will—he's a good fellow."

The proprietor of the Inn justified this opinion. He chuckled over the situation, patted David on the back and procured for him the desired post. For the next two weeks whenever he was not attending classes, David was out patrolling on his beloved motor-cycle the beautiful, hard, level stretch of State road running from New Haven, out through Mt. Carmel to Cheshire.

It was too fine a road to run slowly over, and many an unwary driver did David pounce upon and take before the magistrate. Each arrest brought him five to ten dollars and he saw

himself on the road to wealth. David sharpened his wits. When a driver showed any intention of keeping within the law, David would ride along ahead of him at precisely twenty miles an hour, stirring up the dust for the benefit of his intended prey. In nine cases out of ten, this would anger the man behind, and he would attempt to pass the insolent mortal on the motor-cycle. As soon as he tried it, presto! the triumphant "cop" held up his hand, and politely informed his victim that he was under arrest for exceeding the speed limit, which was twenty miles an hour in that district. The man might fuss and fume, but David was not to be turned from his purpose, which was, of course, to uphold the law of the state of Connecticut.

So the days sped by until Justine arrived, when David forsook his noble occupation, and once more, unmolested, the motors whizzed over the road to Cheshire. David laid his earnings at the feet of his fair one in the shape of Huyler's, violets, and the other gifts which the modern devotee offers at the shrine of his goddess.

That Justine was a goddess no one could deny, though no mythology of the Old World ever had her prototype. Dainty, bewitching, wise and good, she possessed in addition to other attractions, that faculty which Man denies in Woman, a sense of humor. If she had lacked that quality, or her love of mischief, this story would have ended here and now.

One afternoon, shortly after her arrival, Dick went out to pay his respects to his room-mate's friend, whom he had met in New York the winter before. Justine was very glad to see him, and they chatted away like old friends. Knowing that she would appreciate the funny side of the matter, Dick told her about David's job as policeman. Justine laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"How I would like to have seen the elegant David holding people up! He must have taken a great deal of comfort out of it, considering the number of times he has been arrested himself! What did his father say?"

"I don't think Dave has written him about it, although I believe Mr. Reynolds is to raise his allowance as soon as he earns any money on his own account."

"It's just possible that he thinks Mr. Reynolds might not approve," laughed Justine. "I have heard him say many unpleasant things about policemen, and I can fancy his feelings if he knew that his son had turned cop."

"He would be wrathly," assented Dick.

"He'd see the joke," began Justine. "Oh! oh!"

"What is it?" asked Dick.

"I have the loveliest idea, and you've got to help me carry it out. It will be more fun!" and her eyes danced with mischief.

"All right: you can count on me," returned Dick, and a long conversation ensued.

Justine's conduct during the next few days filled David with despair. She showed an abnormal interest in Dick. If he were absent, she inquired anxiously about him; if he were present, she allowed him to monopolize her attention. David was grieved. He became gloomy, despondent, and suspicious.

One night as he was leaving, he asked if she would be at home the next afternoon.

"I'm sorry," said Justine sweetly, "But I'm going motoring with a friend tomorrow afternoon."

David glared at her, said good-night, somewhat gruffly and returned to the dormitory in a very bad humor. Now who under the sun could she be going motoring with? Was it Dick?

After luncheon next day, he asked his room-mate, quite carelessly, what he was going to do.

"I don't know," answered Dick, "I may go to see Justine. Have you any message for her?"

"No!" snapped David, slamming the door.

Evidently it was Dick. He had hired a car, which he would probably run himself. David thought of his father's forty horse power Mercedes and sighed. A motor-cycle is good in its way, but limited. They might have asked him to go along. It was selfish and unkind of them not to. Perhaps they didn't want him; perhaps Dick was trying to cut him out with Justine. Well, he'd find it quite a job. By George, he'd follow on his motor-cycle and keep an eye on them. They wouldn't know him. If anything should happen to the car, he would come along, by a happy accident, and help repair it. He knew what made the wheels go 'round, and Dick didn't. That was certainly an advantage. He, David, would be a rescuing angel and hero, and Dick would be out of the running.

Accordingly, as soon as Dick was out of sight, David put on his khaki suit, goggles, and other paraphernalia, not forgetting his official badge, and started for the house where Justine was staying. Sure enough, outside the door, chug-chugged a big

red car, with a man, thoroughly disguised by duster and goggles at the wheel. David knew that he could not be mistaken—those broad shoulders belonged to Dick.

A moment later, out came Justine, a radiant vision in her gray dust coat and veil. The man climbed out, shook hands with Justine, and helped her in. Then, taking his place beside her, he threw in the clutch, and they were off, moving swiftly down the broad street. David followed, not far behind, yet not near enough to attract attention. Across the city they went, then out over the smooth road to Cheshire, which David knew so well. Little by little the pace quickened, but the motor-cycle kept its distance. They should not lose it if the rider could help it.

At the "Wayside Inn" the car stopped. The fat and jovial Mr. Longfellow trotted out, and in answer to some question which David could not hear, shouted,

"No, sir; Dr. Tompkins hasn't come. He telephoned that he had been delayed, but was coming right along on the trolley."

Then Justine's voice reached him. "No, I'll wait here while you get Dr. Tompkins. You can make better time without me."

David's heart seemed to stop beating. Dr. Tompkins was an old friend of his father's, as well as one of the most prominent ministers of New Haven. This could mean only one thing,—an elopement. Dick and Justine were expecting Dr. Tompkins to come out and marry them there, with Harry Longfellow and his wife for witnesses, probably. Well, for sheer nerve, Dick beat the Dutch. And Justine? he hadn't thought that of Justine. She oughtn't to be allowed to do it. He wouldn't permit it. He hadn't been consulted about the matter, in spite of the fact that he had always planned that Justine's husband should be a man of his choosing. David had rather fancied himself the proper candidate, and he was sure that Justine was very fond of him. Doubtless this was a passing fancy, and she would be eternally grateful to him for preventing the fatal step. He would stop it at all costs.

As if in defiance to David's thought, the man in the red car turned quickly and was off down the street like a flash. David hurried after him. It was a race in good earnest this time. Faster and faster sped the red car, and yet more swiftly pursued the motor-cycle. It was no use; the red car slowly but surely drew away from the pursuer. David was growing desperate,

when suddenly, to his joy, he saw the bars at the railroad crossing go down in front of his quarry. In a moment he had stopped beside the car.

"You are under arrest; the speed law in this state is twenty miles an hour in the country. You have been running forty-five. Not a word! Come along with me to the magistrate. He'll teach you millionaires to endanger the lives of the community!" finished David, sarcastically.

To his infinite surprise, the man did not protest, but turned the car, and followed meekly behind the motor-cycle. When they reached the Police Station, which was the imposing name given to a diminutive building in the center of the town, David dismounted, and led the way into the office. In the presence of the magistrate, they pulled off their goggles and a cry broke simultaneously from both.

"Father!" exclaimed the astounded young man.

"Well, Davie!"

"What are you doing here?"

"And what are you doing here?" retorted his father.

The magistrate paid no attention to these remarks.

"What charge?" he asked.

"Why, why," gasped David. "Breaking the speed law—forty-five an hour."

"Ten dollars' fine," said the representative of law.

Mr. Reynolds quietly handed over the money. Then he turned to his son, his eyes twinkling. "It was worth it I guess. You must have had to hustle some."

David was still incapable of coherent speech. He followed his father out of the office. Mr. Reynolds smiled at him serenely.

"Surprised to see me, aren't you?"

"Flabbergasted," assented David.

"You see, I told Justine I was coming up, and she wrote and arranged to have a surprise party for you out here at the Inn. Said she'd get you there, but that I must bring her out in the car. Oh, that girl! that girl! It's lucky for us men that there is only one of her in the world!"

"The world misses a whole lot," declared David.

"Of trouble," finished Mr. Reynolds. "To think that she'd put up a job like that on me!"

"How about me?" David looked somewhat abashed. "I

didn't know she knew about—this—Dick must have told her. I'll—I'll—!"

"Don't hurt him," begged Mr. Reynolds. "Now, I'm going to meet Dr. Tompkins, who is to take dinner with us. Will you come with me, or do you prefer the motor-cycle?"

"I'll leave it here, but I must speak to—" the rest of the sentence was lost, as David slipped back into the office. A moment later he returned, grinning, and held up a five dollar bill.

"I did it with my little motor-cycle," he answered triumphantly.

"You young rascal!" ejaculated his father, smiling. "Do you think that is an honest way to make money!"

"Don't you?" asked David. "You said the run was worth it."

"It was," chuckled his father. "It would have been worth more if I had known whom I was making work. I guess I'll have to make that raise I wrote you about. I didn't suppose that I would literally see you earning that honest penny, much less did I imagine that I myself would furnish it."

"You can thank Justine for that," said David.

"Justine and the motor-cycle," amended Mr. Reynolds. "They're a powerful combination. Is there—er—any prospect of the former's becoming—er—a permanent partner of the Reynolds firm?"

"I intend to put the proposition to her as soon as I am sure of a firm financial basis," replied his son.

"It looks to me like a good thing," the older man went on; "I would be very willing to back it."

"Thank you, sir," said David. "If you don't mind, I'll go back to the Inn on the motor-cycle while you meet Dr. Tompkins."

"All right; good luck! Wait a minute! Davie, aren't you afraid that Justine won't want a cop in the family?"

"She'll more probably object to a father-in-law who has been arrested twenty-seven times!" retorted David. "See you later."

His father gazed after the motor-cycle until it vanished in a cloud of dust. "He's all right," he commented to himself. "If the scheme pans out, I'll give them a Mercedes for a wedding present, unless they prefer a motor-cycle built for two. But what a good one on me! I must tell Tompkins!"

When he and Dr. Tompkins drew up in front of the Wayside Inn, the young people were nowhere to be seen, nor did they appear until Mr. Longfellow, who knew from long experience where to look under such circumstances, conducted them to the dining-room where Mr. Reynolds and the minister were already seated. Mr. Reynolds scrutinized the two beaming countenances, and remarked, apparently apropos of nothing in particular, "I guess I'd better order that Mercedes."

The significance of this remark did not dawn on Dr. Tompkins until later, when David rose to propose a toast. "To the arbiters of my deitiny," he said exultantly. "A Maid and a Motor-cycle."

THE FIRE ON THE BEACH

BY HENRIETTA SPERRY

My body is the driftwood cast
Upon the lone beach fire.
My soul is in the blue and yellow flame
That leaps within the pyre.

This dull and heavy thing of wood
How heavy doth it fall.
How slowly the ethereal flame
Wears through the crumbling wall.

When no more food in this charred stick
Remains, to serve the spark,
The stronger fire will up and out
Upon the brooding dark.

Who knoweth whence the flame is come,
Who knoweth where it goes?
It passes out upon the wind
That o'er the ocean blows.

THE SAILOR'S WOOING

BY HELEN FITZJAMES SEARIGHT

Since first I heard your voice, lass,
As clear as a tolling bell,
From then till now, ye know, lass,
I've more than loved ye well.
But how ye've come to loving me
Is more than I can tell.
Forever and for aye, lass,
We're starting out fra' home.
We'll fling our sail in sun or gale,
And fly through the seething foam.

I ken a little kirk, lass,
Where we twa can be wed.
They say anither mon, lass,
Wad have ye cut his bread—
But all I'm asking now is
That ye'll marry me instead.
Oh, it's ever and for aye, lass,
We'll cut the chilly foam,
And together sail, in calm or gale,
Till we ride the billows Home.

BUTTERFLY DAYS

BY ELIZABETH BABCOCK

Bright glinting sunshine,
Meadows of green,
And air that is sweet with the budding pink clover ;
Soft bending grasses,
Silvery sheen,
Ah ! what a day for a butterfly rover !

Sailing the daisies o'er,
Bright wings uplifting,
Lazily lighting on flower-topped spray ;
Daintily poised,
Or idly drifting,
Ah ! what a life for a butterfly gay !

SKETCHES

MEN AND BROTHERS

BY JANE SWENARTON

The closing in of a sultry evening saw them trudging along a narrow dusty road. The country side was deserted ; there was no movement, no sound. Ivan and Cassimir moved along with the shuffling gait of the men of the fields and with the listless air of men who have no goal. They were enveloped in the silence that lay upon the country about them ; they were become a part of the landscape. Against their earthly brown overalls the chalky dust rolled up and settled as it did upon the weeds along the way. To an observer at a distance their advance would have been imperceptible.

Presently they passed a white house, upon whose side, rendered dazzling by the rays of the setting sun, faint, bluish shadows were cast. But neither the brilliant white of the house, nor the delicate blue of the shadows made impression upon the dull eyes of the men. They had the stupid gaze of cattle.

More minutes of trudging brought them before a cluttered door-yard. This was one of the places at which they had applied for work, several days before. They remembered now the short, sharp answer of the man as they passed.

The nearest approach to animation in the part of the men was when Ivan kicked a loose stone. Both men followed its course with their eyes and unconsciously walking in the direction it took, watched it roll heavily into the tall grass at the side of the road. Among the weeds where it disappeared a cow lunged heavily to her feet and stood gazing at the strangers.

"A fine cow," said Cassimir in Polish.

"Yes, and with milk !" Ivan answered, and his eyes, that

before had been so listless, took on something of a sly intelligence. Cassimir was thinking of the cows at home in his native village : he had been in America only a few months and home was as yet the most vivid memory he retained. He looked at Ivan questioningly but Ivan did not notice the look. He was hurriedly untying the rope that held the cow. Perceiving his purpose, Cassimir glanced furtively up and down the road. There was no one in sight.

The evening quiet subdued any fears of discovery which they may have had. Dusk had crept on so far that now there were no shadows. The sun had gone down,—only a red streak high above the horizon and a dull glow low down in the west, remained. A little breeze sprang up. Refreshed by it, the men went on a little more briskly, leading the cow by her tie-rope.

As it grew dark they turned aside into a thicket. Ivan led the way and Cassimir followed stolidly. They had some difficulty in inducing the animal to pass through the thick underbrush but by dint of a little coaxing and pushing they made their way, through close-crowding young shoots, and ripe milkweed stalks that smeared their sticky juices on the blouses of the men and rubbed against the smooth sides of the cow, to a small clearing in the midst of the undergrowth. Although they were only a dozen feet from the road, it seemed as if they were miles away.

Once there Cassimir sat down with his back against a tree and watched his companion's proceedings. Ivan was changed from the dull forlorn creature that had trudged along the dusty road, shortly before. Now his face was quite alive with the intelligence of an animal, hungry and about to be filled. His movements were brisk, almost cheerful.

First he removed his hat, but on spying a hole in the crown, rejected it for Cassimir's, which was an old felt. After looking it over critically he held it up toward the west ; but the light being quite gone from the sky, he was obliged to light a match.

At last he crouched beside the cow and began milking into the hat, attempting to hold it between his knees. This he found impossible and so was moved to swear softly in Polish at Cassimir, who came thereupon and held it for him. Even Cassimir's weary senses, never very keen, were animated at the sight of the milk ; as for Ivan, the very thought of food made him a new man.

Ivan drank first. He found the brim greatly in his way but he managed to let a considerable quantity of the warm liquid trickle down his parched throat.

Cassimir drank slowly, almost painfully. He had slept in a hay cock that day and many of the seeds, having clung to the soft material of the hat, now floated about in the remainder of the milk. Presently he began to choke. Ivan had sat down and was almost asleep, but at the sound he moved a little and muttered unintelligible curses. Soon, however, his tired body succumbed to the heavy sleep, which long plodding in the intense heat brought on.

It was very quiet now so that Cassimir could hear distinctly the drowsy chirps of birds in the trees; and the sound of his spasmodic choking seemed to carry to a great distance over the fields. He was overpoweringly drowsy, but was unable to sleep because of the irritating tickling in his throat. Presently he was startled by hearing, through the still air, the sound of wheels on the road. A vague fear came upon Cassimir; he looked quickly at Ivan, then sat quite still. The horse plunged on, nearer and nearer. Just as it reached the part of the road bordering upon Cassimir's retreat, the horse was checked suddenly, there was the sound of snapping steel, and an oath or two from the driver, who could be heard clambering down over the wheel. Cassimir sat still—very still! But he felt that he must cough in a minute. There was the scratch of a match and Cassimir saw the blue light flare, waver, and go out. Then he coughed.

"Hello there," called the man from the road, "whoever you are, come out here and lend a hand." As there was no response he called again. "Come out, I say! I'm in the devil of a fix with this cart!" Cassimir did not understand the words, but the tone of the voice impressed their meaning upon him. Yet he did not move. A second more, and the man came crashing through the bushes, muttering incoherently, and stood where Cassimir could see his outline indistinct against the sky. The man peered through the darkness at Cassimir, said not a word more, but turned at once and disappeared from view.

Soon after Cassimir fell asleep.

They were awakened some time in the night by feeling heavy hands upon their shoulders. They gazed bewildered into the faces of a small group of men, who carried ropes and a lantern.

Ivan understood almost immediately and make a short struggle. But it meant very little to poor Cassimir. He realized vaguely that the men had come for the cow, and that they seemed angry. But further than that, he did not go; there was no thought in his mind of trials and court-rooms. He wished only for sleep.

It was a strange group that went in silence along the dark roads. Ivan and Cassimir walked wearily, with bowed heads, the lantern lighting their way.

Three days later Ivan and Cassimir stood together on the deck of a small ferry-boat, as Ivan tried to explain to Cassimir that they were being "sent up" for a month.

"And will there be food and a bed?" asked Cassimir.

Ivan answered angrily and turned away.

"Then what matter?" said Cassimir.

THE LOST SECRET

BY SALLIE SWALLOW

'Twas long that I sailed on a summer sea,
Where the summer breezes blow
All down the path of the silver moon
That hung in a silver bow.

I heard the words of the fairy song
That the rippling wavelets sing
And the tinkling chime of the fairy bell
That the dancing sea-elves ring.

I knew when the crescent moon bent down
And whispered low to me
That mystery never learned before
The secret of the sea.

Then with a shriek came the winter wind,
Tossing the snow-flakes high
And I knew it had driven the silver moon
Out of the frozen sky.

I tried to remember the secret thing
The moon had whispered to me,
But it floated far from the chiming bell
And the wavelets of the sea.

ON A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON

BY EDITH DYER LEFFINGWELL

The sun cast long shadows across the lawn and the air was fragrant with the smell of new mown hay. Except for the humming of bees in the garden only one noise disturbed the lazy afternoon. It was the clinking of harness and slow beat of horses' hoofs coming up the road. A young man turned into the driveway, walking behind two large farm horses and slapping them rhythmatically with the lathery reins. His broad brimmed straw hat was pushed back from his ruddy face and a red bandanna was around his neck. When he reached the kitchen window he stopped and yelled, "Who—a—" so loudly that a nearby chicken scudded, cackling, under the big leaves of a castor-bean. There was the sound of a chair being shoved on the bare kitchen floor and a rosy cheeked girl appeared in the window.

"Oh-ho!" she laughed. "Was that you?"

"It looks so," was the only reply and the big man grinned broadly.

"The folks aren't home," volunteered the girl. "Want anything?"

"No, Maggie, I'll just put up the horses. Won't you walk down to the barn with me?"

"Can't, haven't time."

"Aw, come on, I'll tell you something if you do."

"What about?" said the girl, trying to seem uninterested.

"Tisn't about *anything*," answered the man.

"'Bout somebody then," said the girl reproachfully.

"Yes—"

"Oh tell me now!"

"Can't, it's a secret."

"Is it 'bout me?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Sort of," was the tantalizing answer.

"Who else!" she asked quickly.

"Well,—me." The big man kicked an innocent pebble.

"Oh come to the window and whisper it to me," pleaded the girl.

"I can't Maggie, I'll break those flower-pots, any anyway I must be off now to put up the horses."

"Wait! Just a second!" called the girl. "I'll walk along to the barn with you."

A GIRL OF YESTERDAY

BY LOUISE WOOD

"Amo, amas, amat," comes the chant from two quaint figures in the great tapestry-hung room, each trying to outdo the other in noise. The thin young man in black who paces the floor, book in hand, nods approvingly at them. Is this that strange jargon, known as "baby-talk," coming from these little tots of three years? Oh, no! We are back in the days of the Tudors, and this is merely the pedagogue teaching the infants their Latin!

To be sure they cannot speak much English as yet but "they can easily pick that up from the people around them," say their wise elders. So Tommy and Mary squabble over their horn-book, and together peruse the popular "A B C of Aristotle," a series of rules arranged for the infant mind. "A, not too Amorous, nor to Argue too much," "B, neither Bold nor too Busy." Very often Mary was more precocious than brother Tommy, especially in the languages. Says Roger Ascham, the gentle tutor of Queen Elizabeth, "for women have a special aptitude for that which concerneth the tongue." Mary also had a governess to guide her through the labyrinth of manners and etiquette, and to aid her in mastering all the wonderful stitches of the embroidery in which the women of that day excelled. One thinks of Hernia and Helena in "Midsummer Night's Dream" who with fine needles "created both one flower, both on one sampler,"—those marvelous masterpieces whereon birds and beasts of strange anatomy wandered mid gilly-flowers and hearts ease. The hoydenish young Queen Elizabeth was extremely vain of her samplers; also of her lute playing, her proficiency in Greek and Latin, the so-called "humanities."

This was indeed an age of infant prodigies. Lady Jane Grey at the mature age of thirteen, preferred reading Plato, to a hawking party! But at that time a girl of thirteen was well on in life, wearing as huge a ruff, and enslaving as many cavaliers as her elder sisters. We read of the Duke of Buckingham's young daughter, a widow at nine, climbing cherry trees in her widow's veil. History neglects to say whether this young romp was conversant with Plato or not. Had she lived a century

later, she would have been ashamed to admit it,—that we know. For the eighteenth century saw the decline of that enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge which had characterized the Renaissance. Boys were trained to become “elegant scholars,” and girls, merely to become “elegant.” Penelope, Andromache, Cornelia, Joan of Arc,—no one of these noble women knew even her alphabet. Since such women were ignorant, why should our girls be learned, asked the 18th Century?

Evidently no one knew why and so the carefully nurtured Young Person straggled up in noble ignorance, aiming to be “beautiful as an angel, silly as a goose,” and no one of them ever became a Joan of Arc. They did try to rival Penelope however, in the matter of suitors. An occasional clever woman like Madame d’Arblay was a seven days’ wonder to her dainty Dresden china sisters, especially as, in spite of her learning, men really liked her. Perhaps it was as Voltaire said, “We enjoy having a few words of sense from a woman, as we do from a parrot—they are so unexpected.”

At the age of three, the delicately nurtured girl of the eighteenth century sat at the feet of her governess, Miss Prunes-and-Prisms, and learned the ladylike art of sewing. Gradually she advanced to the “Young Ladies’ Primer of General Information,” and to the recitation of “How doth the little busy bee,” or the instructive lines of “You are old, Father William.” And other poems she learned with “M-or-a-l” in large letters over the last verse. At play hour Miss Prunes-and-Prisms read aloud stories in which morals were artfully concealed like medicine in a spoonful of jam. Miss Edgeworth’s “Moral Tales” were very popular then. Many of us are acquainted with her little Charleses and Marys who fortunately never lived outside a book.

Tommy could sometimes manage to escape to the outer world to throw as many stones, and to revel in as much mud as any healthy youngster of today. But it was always too hot or too cold, too dry or too damp for his young sister to play with him. Sometimes when returning with Miss Prunes-and-Prisms from three weary hours in church, Mary would meet little village Molly, one of the “vulgar” children as the spelling book called them, and wickedly envy her as she played in the road, plebeian, sublimely dirty, sublimely happy! For Mary, all athletics were immodest, straight backed chairs were virtuous, and to

make a graceful courtesy was the chief end of human existence. The most strenuous exercise was a ride in the coach behind her papa's fat coach horses, and if these overfed animals went beyond a trot, it was quite the thing to scream and faint away. To laugh at such a tragedy would mark one as "unfeminine" to say the least.

The little girl of yesterday imbibed a lady-like sip of French and Italian, but only a little; and Miss Prunes-and-Prisms carefully accentuated her rich English accent for fear one should suspect the Young Person of having visited improper Paris! Drawing and painting, especially of flowers, castles, and broken tree trunks, were lady-like, as long as there was no danger of one's becoming proficient in the art. One hour of every four was devoted to torturing a spinet. Endless time was expended in learning how to offer a cup of tea gracefully, and how to manœuvre through a coach door in the most approved manner.

There were but few girls' schools in the olden time, and of these Miss Pinkerton's famous seminary was probably a favorable specimen. For in days when "genteel poverty" was in itself a sufficient qualification for becoming a teacher, few school mistresses had even that bowing acquaintance with learning which Miss Pinkerton enjoyed in the "society of the great lexicographer." The superior advantages of her seminary are given in her epistle to her pupil Amelia's parents, "In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realized her friends' fondest wishes. In geography there is still much to be desired, and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard for four hours daily is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified deportment and carriage so requisite for every young lady of fashion."

But what of little plebeian Molly whom our aristocratic Young Person saw playing in the road? Molly was indeed to be envied. She was not haunted by Etiquette and the Proprieties, and lived in blissful ignorance of the fact that she was steeped in Original Sin. With the other little vulgar children of the village, she perused her hornbook, and wrought her sampler in the so-called "Dame School." We all have visited such a school in company with little Tom, the chimney sweep, the hero of Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies." Remember the thatched

cottage with its clambering roses and clematis, and the fascinating yew-trees cut into peacocks and tea pots and all sorts of queer shapes. We stood in the doorway and saw the old dame in her snow white cap and scarlet kirtle. The "grandfather of all the cats" sat purring at her feet, and before her two benches overflowed with rosy, chubby little tots, gabbling away over their Criss-Cross Row.

And still we hear of those good old times when women were ever womanly and meddled not in politics, nor bothered their pretty heads about public questions, when for men to "cultivate virtue, was knowledge; for women, to renounce knowledge, virtue." Of course there have been exceptional women of every time, whose Latin and Greek, and whose cerebral capacity would bear the test of masculine standards. But these rare specimens formed that abhorred class, the indelicate "Blue-Stockings," always associated with Greek lexicons and cats, doomed to the heart-rending lot of an old maid!

We cannot say now that the education of girls is best suited to make them good mothers, or useful old maids, but who can deny that the caged Young Person of yesterday, with her Proprieties, her Prunes and Prisms, and her stilted life, is not well exchanged for that gay, vigorous, impulsive creature, with her thousand honest interests, the girl of today?

TRUE LOVE

BY ELSA SCHUH

I love you more than the glint of gold,
Than the flash of gems when the sun shines through;
For if the wealth of the world were mine,
I'd give it all to you.

I love you more than the call of fame,
Though that fame be wide, hard-won and true;
For had I the whole world at my feet
I'd leave it and kneel to you.

I love you more than the throb of life
When life's at its morn, and hope is new,
For the only boon I would ask of life
Is to spend it in serving you.

GOSSIPING AROUND THE WASH-TUB

BY ESTHER DUNN

"I've got the queerest mistress you ever saw," said the gray silk stocking to the clothes that lay near the wash-woman's tub. "She wears me so hard and with the heaviest black shoes imaginable. It will surprise her one of these days when a big hole appears. She will respect my feelings a little more then, and not try to wear me over to gym. Why the other day I just escaped it because some of her friends made so much fun of her."

"She put me on," interrupted the brown stocking, "and here I am. Pooh! those socks look salty. There's something in the soap that I don't like."

"You know when I left the mill," resumed the gray stocking, "I expected to have an easy time in life because the young ladies usually treat us with such care and consideration. Why only last night I heard a girl say she had two new pairs, pink and white, and I could see them settling back for a peaceful snooze of perhaps a year, smiling so contentedly, that it just made me mad to think how I am being rubbed to death."

"You get no harder wear than I, Mr. Gray."

"But my dear Mrs. Brown you are only vegetable silk. I have a friend, Miss Lavender, from the same firm as I, who is waiting her turn rather impatiently. She has traveled quite far, but behind the dark walls of a trunk, and she wants to get out and see the world."

"They do say New York and Chicago are gay at New-Years," spoke up a plain little waist.

"I was there," answered a dress, gaily trimmed in lace and ribbons.

"Do tell!" cried the stockings in a chorus.

"I don't quite approve of telling you, but if you must know, why very well. In the hotel where we went—"

"Who's we?"

"Why my mistress and I. Now don't interrupt again. As I was saying, we went into the Pompeian room, where everything is very gay. *Too* gay better expresses it, for there I had my first taste of champagne."

"Oh ! terrible !"

"Some one was standing quite close to my mistress when his elbow was jogged and a glass of it spilled on us. That is why I am here to-day. This is my punishment, to be rinsed out with soap. Too plainly can I see my fate."

"Your's is no harder than mine to bear," murmured a petticoat, "I am rubbed and rubbed, then put through the wringer, then boiled and boiled, and last of all hung up on the line till it's no wonder all the starch is taken out of me."

"Here's where we all go in," cried the gray stocking, "So long till next week."

IRONY

BY HELEN HONIGMAN

A hundred men lift up the glass
And pledge me from the heart—
My eyes are turned with longing
To him who stands apart.

A hundred men to win a smile
Beg for some mighty task—
My smiles are ever waiting
For him who does not ask.

A hundred men protest, for me
All dangers they would dare—
But I would give my life to shield
The man who does not care.

A MAY RHYME

BY M ILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

Come out a'Maying with me, dear,
The little violets hide and peep,
Through the long grass, where, fast asleep,
The fairies dream, 'till man and maid
Shall pass that way, adown the glade.
Come Maying with me, dear.

Come out a'Maying with me, dear.
The gentle wind shall fan your hair
And wreaths of roses shall you wear
And underneath the tall elm tree,
I'll kiss your lips where none can see.
Come Maying with me, dear.

GOLDIE

BY REBECCA ELMER SMITH

"No," the girl shook her head, "you are right. I'm not the kind that sues. You were very cautious to choose the Chorus Girl who wouldn't sue. Ted,—why you might use that for the title of your next play, and draw your plot from life! She stopped and smiled at him.

The man ignored her suggestion. "Oh yes, I was cautious—I suppose every Raymond is. That's why mother carefully picked Jane Fenway for me to marry. Well, cautiousness is a good trait to propagate. Good bye Madeline."

"Goldie Montgomery from now on, Mr. Raymond. Madeline is dead—unless, of course, you put her into your new play. You *will* write about the Chorus Girl Who Wouldn't Sue, won't you?" Her tone was bantering, but the man read the pain in her eyes.

"I'll change my adieu, if it will please you," he answered. But it will not be the 'Madeline,' only the 'Good bye.' I want you to meet my fiancée—will you go with me some day to call on her?"

The girl's light tone vanished. "No, no," she said hurriedly, "Oh no, I couldn't do that. She wouldn't like it, and—and—" her voice dropped.

"And you wouldn't either," he suggested.

"I wasn't thinking of myself," she said, "but you—might be embarrassed to take me."

He laughed, with real humor, and her face brightened.

"We'll go next Thursday" he answered. "That's her day in."

The girl caught his hand between her own. "Thank you,—Ted," she whispered and was gone before he could stop her.

Jane Fenway held the sugar tongs delicately poised. "One lump or two?" said her silvery, impersonal voice.

"No thank you, none," said Goldie. "I'll take it straight." She watched Miss Fenway closely for a humerous quiver of the mouth or a disdainful motion of the brows. Neither appeared and Goldie sighed. It would have been easy to have managed a humorist or a prig, but this composure was disquieting.

Miss Fenway rose from the tea table and led the way to a seat. "I'm so glad few people came this afternoon," she said. "I've wanted to know you ever since Theodore and I became engaged. You can't imagine how much you have helped him in his writing."

"I don't deserve any credit for that," said Goldie.

Miss Fenway put aside the interruption. "Now you mustn't be modest my dear," she said. "You gave him an insight into—that kind of life, which he could never have got otherwise."

"What kind of life?" Goldie sat tense.

Miss Fenway laughed a little. "You call it 'behind the scenes,' I think," she answered.

Goldie nodded. "You're right. I don't believe he ever was 'behind the scenes' in his life till he knew me. And he's not the kind that was meant to sit 'out front' all his life. It's queer, how many there are 'out front' who ought to be behind the scenes—they've got life in them, but they never let it out. They never know how." She stopped, abashed at her temerity, for Miss Fenway had ceased to smile.

"You think then," she leaned forward, "that he could *do* more if—if he stayed behind the scenes?"

Goldie pondered. Would this girl really be such a fool as to give up Ted at another woman's suggestion? Ah, but that wasn't the point. Would she herself let Ted marry her? In her heart she knew that she would not and a numbness came over her.

"Oh no," she said, "you can help him lots more than I can, now." She rose, to go.

Miss Fenway watched covertly Ted's expression as he put Goldie's furs about her, and she knew that expression had never been there for her. A fierce feeling seized her. She longed for the first time in her life to give way to passion, to tear off his ring and throw it in his face, to revile this creature who had stolen into his heart, to fall face down on the couch and sob until she was so tired that no more tears would come.

But instead she held out her hand to Goldie. "Good bye," she said in her silvery voice, "It was good of you to come." And then, turning to the man, "We dine at eight tonight, Theodore."

MESCAL VISIONS

BY OLIVE B. WATSON

About us was the heavy darkness of a Mexican night. The Indians sat around the fire in a circle, and its light played over their swarthy faces with ever changing shadows. All were silent until one of their number arose, and passing around the circle, gave to each man several little buttons taken from a cactus plant. When he came to me he looked down at me inquiringly, and as I nodded gave me some also. I watched to see how the Indians took theirs and followed their movements as nearly as possible. One after another, they would eat the tiny buttons, meanwhile settling themselves comfortably. I leaned against a tree and lazily watched the dancing flames. Soon a delicious feeling of well-being crept over me, and I began to take account of my sensations. Around the red glow of the fire had come clear violet shadows. Without shifting my gaze, the faces of the Indians became visible to me framed also by this purplish haze. The trees in the background became distinct; it seemed to me as if I had never seen clearly before. Everything was in motion, swaying and changing as I watched. In wonder I turned my head, looking to the left of the trees, where before had been only blank darkness. The visions were here, too. Like pictures against a black curtain they came in quick succession. Wonderful masses of gleaming jewels appeared, with lights glowing behind the transparent stones, and the melting color from them, pouring over the duller opaque ones. Jewel-like clusters gave way to heavy folds of rich draperies, and then to cloud-like mists. Then from a rosy cloud would flash a face, vivid for a second, but lost before it could be fixed in the mind, as a bird's reflection sometimes glimmers for a moment in a pool. Again came colors, fairy flowers, and fanciful designs, and at last a wonderful dream veil. It was transparent, of a substance like an insect's wing, and a clear golden light shone through from behind and above, catching on little glittering points like dew. The yellow sunshine was dulled where the folds wove a graceful pattern. As I gazed, a soft wind trembled through the veil, the golden light became a dull bluish green, and before my eyes it rose, a curling foam-flecked

wave. It broke into a sort of fluttering, vari-colored May-pole ribbons, soft in texture and shade. Then a shower of flower petals, warm pink and creamy white, whirling and dancing, and gaining deeper color as they blurred together. A flower pattern grew from a darker spot of color. It was dainty and clearly marked, recalling some exquisite bit of old china. As it faded I tried hard to call it back again to memory, but succeeded only in repeating its color in many varying pictures.

As the night wore on, the visions grew dimmer. Whirling movements still gave way to glowing colors, and flashing gems, but all in a lower tone. At dawn I rose to my feet, refreshed as from a night of dreamless sleep. The Indians still sat motionless, gazing at the fire with shining eyes.

THE FLOWER'S COMPLAINT

BY DORIS ERNESTINE SLEEPER

I loved a bonny honey-bee
Who knocked upon my door
And pleaded for my treasure ;
I gave him of my store.

He drank the sweetness of my heart,
I think he stayed an hour ;
And then he left me here to weep,
And sought another flower.

I bowed my head with grief and pain ;
But not a bit cared he.
Well, I'll not be disconsolate—
There'll come another bee.

ABOUT COLLEGE

JOB'S COMFORTERS

BY HILDEGARDE HOYT

"Well, well, well, ! *Dolcè a niente* at 10:30 in the morning! Luxury with a vengeance, this!" exclaimed Marion catching a glimpse as she came up the staircase of the intellectual Susan upon the couch. "What's the matter, dear?"—this upon entering the room—"I declare you do look pale. You're not sick?"

"O, no," answered the recumbent figure. "I'm simply lying here for pleasure, in the middle of the morning, when I ought to be a-glimmering in History—and exams not one week off. Under the circumstances I decided that this would be the fitting time to gain power through repose, relaxation without sleep, etc. etc. That's the reason I combined headache and swollen glands and . . ."

"Then you are sick!" said Marion with a mild rising inflection.

"O, no, of course not!" answered Susan, this time with some asperity. "Really Marion the way in which you combine deductive and inductive reasoning is marvelous enough to insure your being excused from logic I should think. If I give you a written testimony, perhaps—"

"Well you needn't be sarcastic." Marion began to realize the satire of her friend's speech when lessons became involved. "You do look very badly now that I glance at you more closely and of course anyone can see that there are handkerchiefs in all directions. If your glands are swollen, you're probably going to have mastoiditis—I shouldn't wonder. What a racket they're making downstairs! O, it's only Effie and Jean

coming up! Nothing like trying to live up to the reputation of being basket ball captain and songleader respectively!"

"I wish they'd occasionally forget their official capacities," murmured the prostrate Susan wearily, "Please don't let them in here," but it was too late, for the boisterous couple were already in the room.

"My dear!" shouted Effe, in the midst of her triumphal entrance, "eyes on the blink? Had the doctor? What'd he say it was? Conjunctivitis? That's what my mother had two years ago and it's perfectly terrible. Your eyes get worse all the time. She couldn't use them for months and sometimes the condition becomes chronic."

"He, He," giggled Jean approaching nearer, "why don't you arrange your hair in a water-fall to carry out the prevailing water motif? I would—and—"

"Really," groaned Sue, "if you wouldn't mind!"

"I dare say it's the result of skating," interrupted Marion, "that's bad for the eyes—the wind and the glare."

"But I haven't been, I don't even know how, I—"

This pathetic explanation was lost in the general hubbub of a remark from Jean who always drowned out everyone with her lusty lung power.

"I think you look measley. You know there's one case on Belmont and I dare say there'll be an epidemic soon. If you have measles you oughtn't to have any light in the room at all, and you mustn't use your eyes even to see with. Why don't you suggest that to the doctor? He'd never think of it himself. If you have measles we ought never to stay in here at all. We'll catch it, sure as sure. Come on Bats and Babies!" With a general bustling the three trooped off.

"O, girls," cried Sue, as they were making their exit, "where is the Bible lesson, by the way,—please."

"Job," returned Jean, "read introduction, learn the date, divisions, purpose, historical background, literary qualities, religious significance, paraphrase chapters 2 and 3, outline 4, summarize attitude of friends in the three cycles. Hope you'll feel better. Want the door shut? All right, good bye."

As the door slammed, Sue sank back wearily on her pillows. "Job," she sighed, "Job and his comforters! Isn't that the irony of Fate?"

IN LINE

BY MARGARET BINGHAM

" 'Tis a bright sunshiny day
And just perfection for a bat."
Thus did I address my roommate.
Tell me, where's the harm in that?
But she eyed me, mute and scornful,
Pointed finally to a sign:
" Draw at two for Rally." Horrors!
I would have to stand in line.
Just at first my soul revolted—but
" Come, hurry!" said my chum.
" You'll not grudge one afternoon,
Why, think of Rally Day to come!"

Long before dessert I left,
A thing I never like to do,
But I figured drawing first
Would mean I could be sooner through.
Oh, alas for luck! I drew—
And it was nothing but a blank!
" At the end of line another
Chance to draw"—my spirit sank.
Give up? Never! So I waited.
Many hours seemed it then
E'er I reached that desk—and only
To select a blank again!
Half the afternoon was wasted,
Cause enough for looking glum,
And somehow I wasn't cheered
By thoughts of Rally Day to come.

Still one ray of hope—the game!
And now I seemed to comprehend
Being first in line was bad luck.
This time best start at the end.
Snail-like looked and moved that line,
And I was on the outer coil.
Although patience be a virtue,
Standing certainly is toil.
Thinking thus, I heard a rumor,
Surely it was nothing more.
Tickets given out! No blanks! yes
It was true—I *think* I swore!
Weary went I from that building
And the ruddy setting sun
Seemed to mock me for believing
Rally Day would be such fun.

Now they wonder I'm a cynic.
What then was there left to be?
Never shall I court a fate that
Has so disappointed me.
Now when lines form every Wednesday
I go off upon a bum ;
And I *smile* when others tell me
"Think of Saturday to come."

THE DREAM OF A WOULD-BE LUNATIC

BY MARJORIE KILPATRICK

Superficial gravity,
A harmless appellation !
But the knowledge of its wonders is
A perfect revelation.

The phrase implies attraction,
(Not personal, you know,)
Between an object on a sphere
And something down below.

It has to do with forces, and
With things of moment great,
And that is what I'm coming to,
It has to do with weight.

For if upon the moon you lived
(It's really *very* queer)
You'd only weigh about one-sixth
Of what you weigh down here.

I've oft been called a Lunatic,
And though, no doubt, I've seemed one
I never thought before that I
Should really like to be one.

But oh, consider what the bliss,
How fashionable 'twould be
To have your hundred forty pounds
Reduced to twenty-three !

No daily runs or anti-fat
Up there would haunt or trouble
And life would literally become
One never-ending bubble.

Just think how light! You'd almost float,
 How gracefully you'd dance,
 And every careless motion
 Would but charmingly enhance.

However, I'll console myself,
 Give up this notion strange,
 For Lunatics may have their trials,
 And even fashions change.

Perhaps some day when weight's the thing,
 And joyous pounds we're adding,
 Perforce the little moon-sprites pale
 Will have to all be padding!

TEN PAIRS OF SHOES

BY MARGARET THOMPSON BURLEIGH

Ten pairs of dry shoes. Just chapel time,
 One trip to choir, then there were nine.

Nine pair of dry shoes, board-walks out of date.
 One fall near Seelye Hall, then there were eight.

Seven pairs of dry shoes—invite from "Trix,"
 Short swim to Even Inn, then there were six.

Six pairs of dry shoes, summons arrive,
 "Meet me at note room," then there were five.

Five pairs of dry shoes, rain begins to pour.
 Down to the plant house, then there were four.

Four pair of low shoes, Faculty tea.
 No one could miss it, and then there were three.

Three pairs of dry pumps—one Alice blue,
 Students' building—Alpha—then there were two.

Two pairs of gilt pumps. "Oh have some fun,
 Come on down to Beckman's," then there was one.

Out to mail a postal, forty after nine,
 Ten pairs of wet shoes waiting for a shine.

IDLE FANCIES OF THE CLASS ROOM

BY OLA S. PALMER

The lecture dragged on and on—as lectures are very liable to do—and I sighed in despair as my eyes returned from a swift and stolen glance at the clock—which showed there were still thirty minutes of the hour left—to a fixed and steady gaze at the arm of my chair where an open note book ought to have been. But the note book could not be found in the last frantic search through my room with the clock pointing to eight minutes past and I had come without it.

I gazed at the arm of my chair and absently ran my pencil through grooves already made on it by other hands. Still absently I noted that the grooves formed the numbers nineteen hundred and eight. Idly I speculated on the person who had made the numbers. Where was she now? Had she found the world into which she had entered as kindly and friendly as her Alma Mater had been? Were the hopes and ideals with which she had left college fulfilled and unchanged?

My eyes travelled over to a corner of the arm where in bold and dashing letters was printed the word “Stung.” I could almost see the merry heedless Freshman who had written this with a shrug of her shoulders and a toss of her pretty head after a flunk in some recitation—*probably in math.*—Was the shrug as jaunty and the tossing as gay when during the midnight cram at “midyears” she remembered that fatal flunk? I wonder.

In another corner I spied a little figure triangular shaped and containing an S. This meant nothing to me until I suddenly remembered having seen a pin of that shape on one of my friends who is in Math Club. I thought of the girl whose secret this told. A little girl with smoothly parted hair, and earnest eyes set in a wide forehead. Had her secret aspirations been realized by now, or was she still waiting and hoping?

Near to this but in a larger, bolder form was the Greek letter Alpha. Here were hopes of a very different order. The owner of this was a tall dashing girl. Her hair was waved and puffed in the latest fashion, no doubt.

Through the middle of the board was printed in large commanding letters the names of four leading boy's colleges and I wondered if because one of these names was printed far deeper and blacker than the others it might mean—

But at this doubtful point the class was dismissed.

ON MY LITERARY METHOD

BY MARION LUCAS

I sat me down
To write some prose,
I had the inclination ;
I thought myself,
Too humbly built
To make a variation
From any style
Already made ;
And so with application,
I plied myself
To great men's work,
Hoping by imitation
Of one and all
To haply get,
Some breadth or limitation :
Long since I took
This great work up,
But, with co-ôperation,
No dozen men,
By years of work,
Could reach my aspiration !

HIS COMING

BY LOUISE NICHOLL

In the fresh morning hours
I wait for thee.
And if my waiting prove in vain,
I would day had not dawned again
For me.

At noon, each sound I long
Thy step to be.
And if it sound not, firm and light,
The glow of noon is gloom of night
To me.

At dusk, I yearn to hear thy voice,
So dear to me.
Let not the silence be unstirred !
Bring me the blessing of thy word !
Ah, Postman, come to me !

COLLEGE NOTES

PHI BETA KAPPA Spontaneous and delighted applause
ELECTIONS broke from the audience in Chapel on
the last morning of the winter term when

Professor Elizabeth Hanscom, the president of the Zeta Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society announced that thirty girls from the Class of Nineteen Ten had been chosen members of that society. The choice, she said in a brief, explanatory introduction, was based entirely upon scholarship.

Then, amid continued applause Professor Hanscom read each name from the longest list that has ever been elected since this chapter was established in Smith College.

In his customary address to the students after the Easter holiday, President Seelye expressed what every Senior cannot help but feel—first of all, that she is proud of her class; that the faculty could not have made a better choice; that the selection of so many girls can but indicate a noticeable advance in scholarship. The list of names is as follows:—

Helen Gertrude Allen, Louise Morse Bailey, Alice Wardell Baker, Bernice Barber, Agnes Ruth Carter, Edith Coleman, Louise Hadley Curtis, Margaret Adams Cushman, Helen Charlotte Denman, Margaret Albertina Dieter, Rachel Eleanor Donnell, Grace Lillian Filer, Elizabeth Woodworth Jameson, Kate Keith, Mary Frank Kimball, Margaret Elizabeth Miller, Mabel Lainhart Parmelee, Jane Holmes Perkins, Laura Keziah Pettingell, Esther Frances Porter, Bessie Knight Roberts, Janet Simon, Elizabeth Allen Smart, Mary Anne Staples, Katherine Stevens, Elsie Irwin Sweeney, Mabel Van Deusen, Anna Lorraine Washburn, Marion Cecile Webster, Elaine Sheffield Whitman.

A. O'M. 1910.

\$25,000 has been given to provide a more convenient lecture room for the art department than
NEW BUILDINGS Chemistry Hall which is now used for that purpose has afforded. Plans are therefore being prepared for an addition to the Hillyer Art Gallery. Two new dwelling houses are also being planned.

M. W. 1912.

On March 12, in the Students' Building, The "MICE AND MEN." Mummers presented Mrs. Madeleine Ryley's delightful play "Mice and Men." When it was first produced by Forbes Robertson, a well-known dramatic critic called it "a fairy story conceived in a sincere spirit," and we are inclined to agree with his verdict. The sentiment, the humor and the pathos in the play are introduced and developed in the various characters with rare delicacy of feeling. This charm was well interpreted by the cast of The Mummers. Elizabeth Wilds, as the middle-aged doctrinaire showed true appreciation of that gentleman's courtesy, unselfishness and sentiment. Her expression of the character in both voice and action was remarkably strong and harmonious for an amateur. As "Peggy," Erminie Rost was delightfully naïve and spontaneous. In the third act Freda Zimmer had her big opportunity as "Joanna Goodlake" and she rose to the occasion with enthusiasm, putting good emotional feeling into her acting. All of the other characters indeed showed enthusiasm for their parts; Marion Tanner as "Capt. Lovell" particularly. In staging and management the production of the play seemed remarkably well handled. For this the President of The Mummers, Mary Anne Staples and the various committees under her direction, deserve sincere congratulations.

J. K. 1910.

Is it too much to expect an audience composed of supposedly intelligent college students to listen quietly and appreciatively to a play which is obviously worthy of serious consideration, if not of deep, intense absorption? If our standard of intelligence is unfortunately not high enough to understand a play of an intellectual depth a little more profound than the usual superficial comedy, can we not, at least, display the tact, refinement and culture which a college education is supposed to instill in a girl, by allowing those around us capable of appreciation, to listen quietly without the disturbing elements of whispering and laughter?

E. H. W. 1910.

A. C. S. 1910.

A few years ago people began to be much disturbed over the quality of the food-stuffs for sale in the market. Laws were passed prohibiting the use of aniline dyes, of harmful adulterates and of various preservatives unless the purchaser were warned of the presence of such ingredients. There were doubtless many people at the time who believed such laws interfered with the inalienable right of every man to eat what he pleased, be it pure or impure. Most people, however, believe that we owe our bodies pure food and give the Pure Food Laws their hearty support.

Pure food for the physical man is a recognized necessity ; why should there not be a similar demand for mental pure food ? Why should people who demand the best quality of flour in their bread meekly accept second-rate novels, plays and music for a mental diet ? A not unusual attitude is expressed when you hear a girl say, " Oh, I like Robert Chambers or the Smart Set. Those things are entertaining and they're good enough for me. Meredith or Emerson ? Oh no ! They're entirely too deep,—not my class at all." But why should any one be content to be second rate ? A steady diet of moving picture shows and of "ten—twenty—thirty's" or of popular music is apt to give one mental indigestion. One's mind becomes incapable of assimilating the best in drama or music and loses the nourishment and growth which good, pure mental food alone can give.

Let us not entirely give up all popular novels, music or "ten—twenty—thirty's." Once in a while one can eat even cheap candy and colored cherries with a feeling of flaunting disrespectability which adds zest to life. But, for the daily nourishment of body and mind, let us have pure food !

MARTHA WASHBURN 1910.

On April 4th., the Smith-Radcliffe game took place in Boston at the St. Bodolph gymnasium. The score was 26—19 in favor of Smith. It is hoped that the enthusiastic audience of Smith girls present, will contribute 25 cents each to meet the expense of hiring the gymnasium. The money may be given to Jean O'Donnel 1910, 16 Arnold Avenue.

SMITH-
RADCLIFF GAME

The Smith College Orchestra gave its annual ORCHESTRA winter concert on Wednesday evening, March CONCERT 16th., under the direction of Miss Rebecca Holmes. The orchestra consists of 35 members and was assisted by Miss Woods, violin, Miss Eldridge, cello, Mr. Kidder, cello, Mr. Rosendahl, oboe, Mr. James Sleeper, bass, and Professor Henry Dike Sleeper, bass and organ. There was an unusually large audience to appreciate the concert which was extremely well rendered. The program opened with Mozart's overture to the "Magic Flute." The orchestra entered immediately into the spirit of the overture and played it with great assurance. This was followed by two solos for violin by Miss Van Wagenen,—the first an Evening Song by Schumann which was accompanied by muted strings and the second a Hungarian Dance by Haesche. Both of these were very well received.

The next number was Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," the longest but the most interesting composition on the program. The Scotch spirit in the symphony was well interpreted, and the orchestra deserves great credit for the handling of such a taxing and difficult composition. Perhaps the most generally appreciated of all the numbers were selections from Grieg's "Peer Gynt,"—Ase's Tod and Anitra's Tanz, which followed the "Scotch Symphony." The program closed with Handel's "Largo," well played by Miss Wells with accompaniment of organ and orchestra. The success of the concert was due to the conscientious work and talent of the members of the orchestra together with the coöperation and great ability of Miss Holmes as conductor.

LAURA LEGATE, 1910.

An unusually large and enthusiastic audience GYMNASTIC watched the Gymnastic Exhibition on Satur- EXHIBITION day, March 19th. The work displayed was of such a high degree of excellence that the spectators had to be reminded several times that no applause was allowed during the action of the classes. The Freshman floor work and the advanced aesthetic dancing were especially good. On the whole however, the work was so well balanced that the classes waited in considerable anxiety until the decision of the judges was returned. The Freshmen won the banner for the best floor work and the sophomores got the cup offered to that one of the three upper classes showing the best apparatus work.

EDITORIAL

OUR modern demand for the practical quality in all
PRACTICAL things. Some pessimists point out that such a
LIVES demand is deadening our appreciation of ideals
and of higher education ; but some of us see in
this demand a spur to our highest endeavors.

“Capable of being put to use” is the definition of “practical.” And why, may well be asked, may not all things be put to use—*especially* ideals and education ? Surely our ideals, if they be true ones, must stand as monitors against false aims and petty purposes and instill into our minds and hearts the courage and perseverance necessary for fine high tasks. No small use this.

And our college education—is it practical ? What does our four years’ training give to us or do for us that we in turn may give back to the world ?

“The practical life is the life of steady, persistent, intelligent, courageous work,” says Prof. Briggs. The college routine of continuous study seems admirably adapted to train the mind for the pursuit of this “practical life” ; but it lies with us to determine whether our college work shall be “intelligent and courageous”—that is, whether it shall count for something, become a part of our inner force, as it were.

This holds true not only for our academic work, but for every act of our daily lives. To achieve success in any line, the strongest weapon we can have is the habit of doing things with all our hearts and minds. Into all our doings—the “good mornings” we speak, our chats with passing friends, the attention we give to lectures in the class room or to committees outside or to our part in our House life, we must pour sincerity and earnestness and gladness, if we would develop those quali-

ties in ourselves. For these qualities, in order to expand in us, must be *used*. The more we give of our true selves, the more we shall have to give and be capable of receiving, and the more we shall receive. The professional self-developer cannot attain the heights, that is done only by "him who devotes himself to what he loves better than himself." The best work is the manifestation of the broadest vision; and it behooves us as practical people to look well to the spirit we bring to our tasks. Perseverance, sincerity of purpose, high hopes and visions, as the source of good work, are the most *practical* things in human experience.

JOSEPHINE KEIZER.

The Editors of the MONTHLY take pleasure in announcing the election of the following editorial board for the ensuing year:

Editor-in-chief: Marjorie Osborne Wesson.

Editors of the Literary Department:

Margary Seabury Cook, Rebecca Elmer Smith.

Editors of the Sketch Department:

Dorothy Weber, Louise Lee Weems.

Editors of About College Department:

Isabel Amélie Guilbert, Mary Livingston Rice.

Editors of College Notes Department:

Lesley Frasher Church, Helen Tucker Lord.

Editor of the Editor's Table Department:

Marjorie Kent Kilpatrick.

Editor of the After College Department:

Jane Jenkinson Swenarton.

Business Manager and Treasurer:

Sally Rodes McEwan.

EDITOR'S TABLE

So much has been said and written from a MISS ADAMS' superficial standpoint, whether in Freshman ARTICLE conclave, Senior editorial or newspaper comment, concerning the college woman, that it is refreshing to read the article on the "Psychological Gains and Losses of the College Woman" in the March *Educational Review* by Elizabeth Kemper Adams, Associate Professor of Philosophy at Smith. For this is an article treating of the problems of the woman's college as a study in social psychology, pursued with a seriousness and thorough insight which, if disseminated, would go far toward the solution of those problems.

We take the liberty of quoting from this article, not hoping to do justice to its exceedingly practical criticisms and suggestions, but hoping rather that many students will read the entire article for themselves.

"Just now many people are asking—and justly asking, it seems to me—whether the college girl's four years' investment of time and money and energy and separation from home should not yield better results in independence, efficiency and social-mindedness." In facing this question Miss Adams takes into consideration first the function of education in controlling stimulations, rather than in merely offering subjects, cultural, disciplinary, or otherwise ticketable; and in recognizing the evils of the present-day large college as increased suggestibility and over-stimulation—"too many scattering, confused and marginal stimulations, too many deferred responses"—she makes this significant discrimination:

"The simple life is largely a pose nowadays. It is like going back to hand-industry. We have to reach our simplifications—mental and material—through organization rather than through elimination. In the course of organization, the waste-

ful and the useless will inevitably be eliminated. But the psychology of the two processes is quite different."

The paper then applies this suggested remedy practically to the comprehensive fields of the academic life, the organized student activities and the spontaneous student recreations. As for the academic life and its curriculum, Miss Adams says "I should not cut down arbitrarily the number of courses offered—I might even suggest new ones; I should not cut down arbitrarily the number of elective courses—I might even increase them, for I do not believe that action under compulsion leads to mental organization. But I should supply more powerful and direct stimulation to an educationally valuable choice of studies by the individual student."

The usual classroom stimulations and responses are criticised as "a closed circle in which the student gives to the teacher and to the class what they already know or are supposed to know."

The writer of this paper also believes that the students should have some part in the conduct of student affairs, making for "the realization that liberty entails responsibility and the growth of a practical community or civic consciousness. Surely there are few things that women need so much to learn in this modern day. I do not care whether you call the machinery by which this training is secured student government or not; the important thing psychologically is to devise an effective means of organizing and educating student public opinion." Such an organization of the entire student body would be a means of gaining greater organization among student activities. As to the relation between them and the academic life, a practical suggestion is made by which academic credit may be given for work along the lines of organization and regulation of non-academic interests; such work, as could for instance be done by a class in sociology.

After pointing out the significance of the college girl's recreation as an index to her real educational status, the writer closes optimistically. "From what I have said, you will gather that I consider the psychological losses of the college woman of today as transient and removable. They arise largely from the fact that the colleges have grown rapidly and from the fact that college life has not been recognized as an unsurpassed field for an applied psychology."

AFTER COLLEGE

THE PINK BIRD: A STUDY IN CRITICAL EMPHASIS

BY LEOLA BAIRD LEONARD, '09

Is *The Vicar of Wakefield* a satire or a pastoral idyl? I confess that I dare not say. Until about three months ago I rested firm in the conviction that it is a satire, and, if pressed, could have defended my position with a good argument. But that was before I knew Miss Tobey. Since the memorable afternoon when she declared *The Vicar* to be entirely idyllic and pastoral, read a lengthy pamphlet as proof, and finished with a pugnacious statement which seemed to dare anybody to differ with her,—well, since that day I have not been sure about anything connected with our Goldsmith class. I am certain, however, that I should have been quite unaffected had it not been for a huge pink bird on Miss Tobey's hat. And now comes the story of how a lifeless object seized upon a wondering imagination, held it spellbound, and in the end made it repudiate one of its own cherished traditions.

The affair occurred in a graduate English class where the only common characteristic possessed by the members was a striking individual difference. Ann and I should never have been there at all if we could have helped ourselves, for at the second meeting we learned to our horror that most of our colleagues were past the age of thirty, experienced pedagogues, and running the last heat for a Ph. D. But the schedule was closed, and the other graduate courses were equally difficult, so we decided to remain and to attempt to "trail" respectably. Although we added very little to the intellectual tone of the class we supplemented our classmates in various other ways. We at least dressed in the costume of the period, enunciated like human beings and possessed a fair knowledge of modern literature—advantages which Professor Manning was by no means inclined to depreciate. Realizing our comparative youth and inexperience, he always gave us the easiest topics for report, rarely troubling us with anything beyond the depth of "The Theme of the Traveller," "The External Facts Concerning the Publication of *The Bee*," or "The History of *She Stoops to Conquer*." After our classmates had exhausted the various authorities on the economic, philosophical and critical topics, we were usually asked for a slight criticism of what had passed. So we gradually developed an attitude of indifference toward the class in general and one of definite contempt for Miss Tobey in particular. For Miss Tobey was a bore. She was encyclopædic in method, profuse in

delivery and lilliputian in achievement. Her reports averaged ten pages of bibliography to one of substance. She would refer lightly to the combined contents of the Public, Newberry and University libraries as if her giant intellect had disposed of them at one sitting. She would lament having found so little material on the interesting topic which been assigned her, and would regret that Brander Matthews or W. P. Eaton had not yet published their valuable contributions to the subject, etc.

The first time we heard such a prelude we were naturally overcome with anticipation. Professor Manning beamed and listened expectantly: our fellow students eagerly produced note books and pens; Ann relinquished the idea of writing her home letter in class, and I reluctantly put aside a volume of Cowper's *Letters*. What do you think we heard? Nothing but a trite summary of what we already knew!

These anti-climaxes became habitual with Miss Tobey, and we learned to pay little or no attention to her, taking our cue from Professor Manning over whose face a patient expression of resignation seemed to creep whenever Miss Tobey had the floor. I shared this general feeling of depression until the day when the lady in question wore the hat with the pink bird on it. Since then all has been changed for me.

The subject of the afternoon was "The Vicar of Wakefield—Idyl or Satire?" and Miss Tobey had the report. As I said before, I had always considered the book a satire, and I had made a memorandum of points to support my theory in case of an appeal from the chair. I was rehearsing these points mentally when I saw Miss Tobey enter. From that moment I seemed to lose control of my consciousness. For on her hat was a huge pink bird which immediately marked me for its own and held me spellbound for two hours with its malicious amber eyes. It towered before me, living, threatening, and awful. It dominated my entire field of vision. Like one in a trance I heard Miss Tobey drone nasally through her report. I remember vaguely that she defended *The Vicar's* idyllic qualities with energy, making capital of his rural surroundings, his rustic neighbors, his homely virtues, and ended with a biblical parallel which made Job's path seem rose-strewn in comparison. But I remember distinctly that as each argument was closed the pink terror waved its wings in awful defiance and established the point beyond refutation as far as I was concerned. I could hardly take my eyes from the horrible thing to read a specimen of the "occasional" verse for which Ann was famous. It ran:

"Breathes there a bird within this land

Who dares to sport a wing like that?

If so, the jury will disband,

But oh, 'Where *did* you get that hat?'"

I dropped the paper as if it were flame, and gave Ann a withering glance. For was not the bird glaring at me as if it would fly forward to revenge itself? Besides, Miss Tobey was summing up her points, and when she finished, the bird seemed to soar in triumph, looking around malignantly to detect any difference of opinion. It had grown quite dark, and the pink horror was the only object which could be plainly seen. I marvelled that everybody else seemed so unaffected while I trembled from head to foot and did

not dare to shift my uncomfortable position. Presently my hypnotic state was slightly interrupted by the sound of my own name.

"Miss Leonard, do you agree with Miss Tobey?"

I rallied my wits somewhat and made a desperate effort to speak the truth. But the amber eyes gleamed threateningly and against my will I answered, "I think that Miss Tobey's proof is quite conclusive."

We filed out. I did not look at Professor Manning, but he told me at a reception afterwards that he had added sarcasm to his list of my temperamental qualities. I did not enlighten him. I could not.

Time has somewhat removed the effect of the spell which held me on that gloomy December afternoon, and I am gradually regaining the courage of my convictions. But I should dislike to be met on a dark night and asked suddenly if *The Vicar of Wakefield* is an idyl or a satire. I should probably answer, "It is a pink bird!"

SMITH COLLEGE MISSIONARY RECORD

ALICE BOOKWALTER WARD 1903

Alice Bookwalter graduated at Leander Clark College, Toledo, Iowa, in 1902, then entered the senior class at Smith College, receiving her second B. A. in 1903. Subsequent to her graduation from Smith, she entered the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, serving as assistant secretary at Indianapolis from August 1903 to October 1904, and as general secretary at Bar Harbor, Maine, from November 1904 to February 1906.

In October of the same year she was married to Mr. Arthur Allen Ward, Yale 1903, and sailed immediately with her husband for India. Mr. Ward was under appointment of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association; Mrs. Ward did not go to the field under personal commission. After three months of service as assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Madras, India, Mr. Ward was transferred to Bongalore, where he became associate general secretary of the Association. Recently (1909) Mr. and Mrs. Ward have removed to Ceylon (for some years the field of service of our Professor Wood of Smith), where they are temporarily stationed at Tellippalai. They are now members of the Jaffna Mission, under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

While not a "missionary" in the limited sense, Mrs. Ward's duties as missionary wife and mother keep her very busy. In Bongalore she not only made a pleasant home in the little bungalow at "Sumpegay," but also, beside her many social duties as wife of the Y. M. C. A. secretary, assisted in the work of the Association by giving lessons in English, teaching classes in Bible study and physical culture, organizing a literary society among the Indian girls, etc. Since the arrival of little Lewis (January 5, 1909), Mrs. Ward's work has necessarily been more closely confined to her own home. She says of the baby, "He is a wonderful boy, we think, so big and strong and so happy."

Concerning their present surroundings in Ceylon, Mrs. Ward writes as follows, under date of July 4, 1909: "This little village of Tellippalai is quite different from the up-to-date English city of Bongalore. Here we live among

the native people, and it is much more fascinating, and more what one expects when coming to a mission land. I am beginning to study Tamil. Until I am able to use it a little, I shall have little opportunity for service.

"When we were at Kodaikonal, the great holiday resort for missionaries of South India and Ceylon, I attended an alumnae tea. There were about sixteen present, representing eight or ten colleges. Wellesley had four; I was the only Smith girl. It was a most interesting occasion, and a little out of the ordinary for India."

Mrs. Ward seems very happy in her work. She writes to fellow alumnae, in the missionary round robin. "I am proud and glad there are so many of us in mission lands. It will be a joy and inspiration to keep in touch with one another. My brief experience in India has made me love it. There is no place in all the world where I would rather be." Mr. and Mrs. Ward expect to return on furlough in 1912. Address, Tellippalai, Ceylon.

LOUISA STOCKWELL NEUMANN 1907

Very little definite information can be given about Louisa Stockwell, for she and her husband have been on the field so short a time that thus far most of their work has been the study of the language. Mr. George B. Neumann is a graduate of Wesleyan University and Hartford Theological. He and Mrs. Neumann sailed for the field in 1908, and are stationed at Chengtu, West China, under the Methodist Episcopal Board. Address Chengtu, West China.

With this number, the Smith College Missionary Record must close for the present. The editors hope that there will be sufficient interest among the alumnae and undergraduates to keep them in close touch with our missionaries, giving them the helpfulness of friendly sympathy with their work, and receiving from them continual inspiration for any form of human service. It is suggested that a file of this Record be kept by the student volunteer band of the college, and that a student secretary be appointed to keep the Record up to date. For the present, notes for the Record should be sent to the editor, at the address below. Anyone who has been interested in the reports of our missionaries as given in these pages may show her appreciation in a very helpful way by sending a voluntary contribution to the editor, from whose pocket the cost of printing must otherwise come.

(Signed), Alumnae Committee,

Clara Winifred Newcomb '06, Editor,

21 Vauxhall Street, New London, Ct.

Alice Peloubet Norton '82,
Abby G. Willard '83,
*Helen Rand Thayer '84,
*Harriet Seelye Rhees '88,
Mabel Seelye Bixler '94,
Emily Huntington Harwood '02

*Mary Van Kleeck '04
*Margaret D. Bridges '06
Clara F. Porter '06,
Ruth Cowing Scott '07,
Sophie R. Lytle '07,
Mildred Towne Powell '08.

*Honorary member.

THE LEND A HAND DRAMATIC CLUB

The Lend a Hand Dramatic Club of Boston, for its sixth season, will give Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "Iolanthe," in Boston, May 6, and at the Academy of Music in Northampton, May 12. The proceeds of the Boston performance will be given to social service hospital work and in Northampton to the Smith Students' Aid Society. The cast will include May Lewis 1901, one of the peers; Marion Clapp 1904, who will play the part of the queen; Julia Colby ex-1905, who will play Lord Mount Ararat; and Margaret Hatfield 1909, who will play the part of Leila. The Club wishes to express its gratitude to the College for its cordial response to the presentation of "Romeo and Juliet" in 1908, and hopes for an extensive patronage this year.

ROOMS FOR COMMENCEMENT, 1910

Campus rooms will, as usual, be assigned only to the classes holding regular five-year reunions, in the order of their graduations: 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895, etc. Applications should be made to the class secretaries.

As a special arrangement for this Commencement a local committee has been formed to assist the general secretary in asking persons who do not usually open their houses to do so this year as a favor to the *alumnæ*. Applications giving full details of accommodations desired should be made at once to the class secretaries.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

The capacity of the theatre has been reached for both the Thursday and Friday performances of Senior Dramatics. *Alumnæ* who have not applied may send their names to the General Secretary, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, to be placed on the waiting list. There is a greater possibility of tickets being given up for Thursday, June 9, than for Friday. Saturday evening is not open to *alumnæ*. Applications if not desired must be cancelled by June 1. Tickets may be claimed and paid for on arrival in Northampton, at the office of the Business Manager in Seelye Hall. Tickets will not be saved after 5.00 on the day of the performance unless notice has been sent to hold them. Neither applications nor tickets are transferable. The Business Manager will hold additional office hours at the Academy of Music on Thursday and Friday, when any tickets which may have been given up will be sold from 6.30 to 7.00 to those whose names are on the waiting list, and from 7.00 to 7.30 to the public.

Through the efforts of the *Alumnæ* Association, reduced rates have been obtained for persons attending Commencement in the New England, Trunk Line and Central Railroad Association districts. A full notice of the way to obtain the reduction will be mailed to *each member* of the *Alumnæ* Association one month before Commencement. For further information apply to the General Secretary, 184 Elm Street, Northampton.

Each *alumna* returning for Commencement is urged to register as soon after arrival as possible in Seelye Hall, Room 1 (instead of in the Registrar's Office). Collation tickets will be given *only to those who have registered*. The room will be open for registration at nine o'clock on Friday, June 10.

The class of 1902 will meet for luncheon at Plymouth Inn, on Monday, June 13. All members expecting to be present, before May 15, will please notify the class secretary, Mary B. Allison, 212 North 6th Street, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

At the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, are a few copies of the photographs of President Seelye's portrait, signed with the President's autograph, which may be obtained before Commencement upon application to the General Secretary. The price is 75 cents, mounted ready for framing.

Applications may now be filed for the 1910 class book. Alumnae will be interested in an article on "Some Things President Seelye has meant to Smith." Price \$2.25. Address Juanita Field, Haven House.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Jane Swenarton, Dickinson House, Northampton.

'05. Mrs. Alger W. Powell (Elsie L. Mason). Address, Orchard Farm, Ghent, New York.

'06. Florence Mann has announced her engagement to Herman Spoehr, of Chicago, Illinois.

'07. Mary E. Campbell has announced her engagement to Everett L. Ford, of Attleboro, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Robert E. Hall (Mabel A. Bathgate). Address, 7 High Street, Dover, Maine.

Helen M. Hills has announced her engagement to James Mandly Hills, Williams '99.

Gretchen Moore has announced her engagement to George Curtis, of Orange, New Jersey.

Miriam Alma Myers has announced her engagement to Bernard Westerman, of Kobe, Japan. Mr. Westerman graduated from Williams in the class of '08. Miss Myers' address is Hotel Carlton, Berkeley, California.

Helena Stone has announced her engagement to Roswell Davis, of Newark, New Jersey.

ex-'08. Mrs. Dana Barry Somes (Clementine Allen). Address, 242 Appleton Avenue, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

'09. Mabel N. Fillmore has announced her engagement to Harry F. Cole, of Newburyport, Massachusetts. Mr. Cole graduated from Yale with the class of '09.

MARRIAGES

- '98. Mabel Knowlton to Robert Henderson Strong. Address, 250 King St., Portland, Oregon.
- '01. Mary Louise Spring to Paul Williams Cleveland. Address, 404 Lee St., Evanston, Illinois.
- '05. Mary Louise Darling to Ernest S. Hethrington. Address, Bradford, Vermont.
- '06. Marian Beye to C. H. Hurlbut. Address, 1311 Wesley Ave. Evanston, Illinois.
- Hazel Cary to Charles H. Kerr. Address, Southbridge, Massachusetts.
- Emilie Victorine Piolett to Ray Spear, on February 22. at Wysox, Pennsylvania.
- Florence Regina Sternberger to Henry Vivian Bisbee, on March 2. Address, 1223 Beacon Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.
- '08. Jeanette Chase Krafft to George Moody Henne, on January 5th. Address, 509 Putnam Street, Marietta, Ohio.
- Mary Watkins to Robert C. Cubbon. Address, 1107 South 15th Street, Birmingham, Alabama.

BIRTHS

98. Mrs. William Smith Miles (Bertha Heidrich), a son, William Smith, Jr., born February 27.
- '01. Mrs. Clarence West Hodges (Anne Lamson DuBois), a son, Clarence West, Jr., born February 19, at Schenectady, New York.
- '02. Mrs. C. Wesley Fryhofer (Ethel Ione Edwardes), a son, Willard Wesley, born March 15.
- '06. Mrs. Sumner F. McCall (Charlotte Gardner), a daughter, Charlotte, born November 21.
- '08. Mrs. Burritt S. Lacy (Kate Bradley), a son, Benjamin Marvin, born February 14.

CALENDAR

- April 15. Concert by the Boston Festival Orchestra.
- “ 16. Baldwin House Group Dance.
Tyler House Reception.
- “ 18. 7.30, Open Meeting of the Mathematical Club.
Lecture by Prof. Royce of Harvard University.
Subject : What Manner of Existence Do Mathematical Entities Possess ?
- “ 20. 3.30, Open Meeting of Telescopium. Lecture by
Prof. Anne Young of Mt. Holyoke College.
Subject : Photometric Work.
- “ 23. Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 27. Open Meeting of the Greek Club. Lecture by
Prof. Tyler. Subject : The Modern Greeks.
- “ 30. Dramatics by Sock and Buskin.
- May 7. Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- “ 11. Junior Promenade.
- “ 14. Dance by Albright House Group.

The
Smith College
Monthly

May - 1910

Conducted by the Senior Class

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THE
SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XVII

MAY, 1910

No. 8

EDITORS:

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A PLEA FOR A LAW COURSE IN SMITH COLLEGE

BY MARJORIE OSBORN WESSON

In discussing the advisability of introducing a law course into Smith College, the first thing to consider is the character and range of the proposed course. It is not intended to train women for the Law as a profession, nor to instruct them in the details of Commercial Law, but "to supplement the courses in History and Economics and to give with them a complete system of political science," to quote the description of the the courses in Elementary Law and Jurisprudence offered at Columbia University.

To accomplish this purpose satisfactorily, the course must be a broad one, similar, perhaps, to that of Williams College. Beginning with the history of the leading legal systems, it would pass naturally to a consideration in outline of Roman Law, Canon Law, and Common Law of England. It should also include an analytical study of various important legal institutions. The course would be conducted partly by lectures,

and partly by recitations based on Blackstone's "Commentaries," and collateral reading. The length of time required would be three hours through the Junior or Senior year. Surely this would be a valuable and interesting course, and a most desirable addition to the curriculum of Smith College. Closer consideration shows that it is essential, if we are to continue the aims for which the college was founded.

The formal statement of these aims is to be found in every Smith College Bulletin. Miss Sophia Smith herself specified as the object of the college, "the establishment and maintainance of an institution for the higher education of young women, with the design to furnish them means and facilities for education equal to those which are afforded in our colleges for young men." The object here designated is supplemented by the official announcement, "the college is not in any sense a technical school, but is intended to give women a broad and liberal culture, and at the same time, to develop the characteristics of a complete womanhood."

These, then, are the aims which the college exists to fulfill. The attainment of these ends is the underlying purpose of every feature of college life, whether academic or social, and every feature that does attain, or aid in attaining these ends, is justified in its existence. If a course or an amusement fails in this purpose, it must of necessity be omitted. If, on the other hand, a new course would be of value in the general design of the college, it should be given a place in the curriculum.

The first question which arises is, How far does the college fulfill its primary aim? that is, How well are we furnished with "means and facilities for education equal to those which are afforded in our colleges for young men?" A comparison of the Smith College course of study with the curricula of the foremost men's colleges shows that in most respects the opportunities for education and culture are equal. There is one marked exception to this; Harvard, Williams, and Princeton, to take one large, one small, and one medium-sized college as representative of its respective type, all have in their departments of History, or Politics, or Economics, courses in Elementary Law and Jurisprudence. If, therefore, there is to be equality of "means and facilities," some similar course must be introduced at Smith.

The fact that the men's colleges have this course indicates that they consider it valuable in the clear understanding of History, Economics, and Politics, as indeed it is. A large part of all three of these branches, and Sociology as well, is bound up with the causes and effects of legislation, and without a knowledge of the broad principles of legislation, many phases of these branches are entirely unintelligible.

Beyond the supplementary value of the proposed course, there is a distinct value in the study of law itself, as a part of a "broad and liberal culture." Charles F. Thwing, in his article on "Better training for Law and Medicine," says, "The law, common and statute, represents more adequately than any other condition the struggles of humanity in its endeavors to lift itself up from an animal to an intellectual level. The law embodies the methods which man has found to be of value in securing and holding the rights of society and person. It represents, also, the results which have followed from the use of these methods. Trivial as many statutes are, temporary as certain laws must be, unworthy as much of our law making is, yet the great body of the common law, and the great body of the statute law are the deposit of the best living of humanity. It bears to humanity in its intellectual conditions a relation similar to that which the cathedral bore to society in the ecclesiastical civilization of the Middle Ages. The law, more than any other resultant, represents the sum and substance of humanity's struggles and attainments." Can a really broad and liberal culture be attained without some knowledge of this field wherein are the "deposits of the best living of humanity"? It would not seem so.

In addition to the general culture it brings, the study of law is important in that it aids the training of the mind and development of the power of independent thought. Burke, in his famous speech on Conciliation with America, gives as one of the six chief reasons for the American Revolution, the very general study of law among the colonists. This study, he declares, "renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources." He goes on to say that, by reason of these qualities, they can judge of the pressure of the grievance which will result from an ill principle, whereas other people differently educated can "judge of an ill principle in government only by actual grievance." While inquisitiveness,

in the general sense of the word, may not seem to be a particularly desirable trait to cultivate in woman, a wholesome curiosity and interest in affairs, which is what Mr. Burke means, is decidedly valuable as a part of a liberal culture. Politics would become of more real interest to the college girl, because the history of law would render present legislation intelligible to her.

This leads to the consideration of the last great point of the argument, would a law course be of use in the achievement of what is really the highest aim of Smith College, namely, the development of the "characteristics of a complete womanhood"? The answer is, "Yes." It has already been shown that this course is worth while from the standpoint of education, and that of culture, both of which are characteristics of a complete womanhood. Equally important is the effect which the study of law would have upon the much discussed question of Woman's Suffrage.

Women wish to vote because they wish to have a hand in the legislation of the country, and they feel that, thus far, they have not been able to influence law-making through their male relatives and friends. It is fairly safe to say that if they could succeed in this last, they would be satisfied, for the majority of women have as much as they can well do in their home duties, and they do not want the burden of the franchise.

Suppose then, that a woman has been educated in such a way that she understands the conditions which have led to a certain situation,—this would be due to her study of law in connection with History and Economics—she sees the prospective evil results from a principle underlying a proposed law,—this is again the effect of her course in law,—her trained mind sees the proper course, and, "dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources," she convinces the men with whom she comes in contact of their duty to vote for the right. Thus, thanks to her course in elementary law at college, she influences legislation, and at the same time preserves her womanhood, and her devotion to the natural aims and pursuits of womanhood.

The objection may be raised that the influence of a single course over the girls of one college will have little effect on the women of the country at large. True, the college educates only a small proportion of American girls, but they are girls from all over the country, and their influence is wider than one would suppose. This, however, is the point. If the law course would

weaken the desire of the Smith girl to vote, it would preserve and aid in the development of "the characteristics of a complete womanhood." That it would do this has been proven, and, consequently it would fulfill the greatest aim of the college.

"But," some one will object, "why teach girls law at all? They do not need to know it." Women, as well as men, are answerable to the law under which they live, and a thorough understanding of at least the underlying principles of that law is, or should be, part of the education of every good citizen.

"The course is unnecessary," says another critic, "For other courses teach all the law anyone need know." Supposing that all the courses in History, Politics and Economics together would give one the equivalent of the proposed law course, is it advisable to force a girl who wishes to take a course in law to elect half-a-dozen miscellaneous courses in order to get it?

"Even if there were such a course," comments the sceptic, "No one would elect it." That can be proved by experiment only. Girls do elect the course at Bryn Mawr, and there are many women taking the woman's law course at the New York University. It is fairly probable that the Smith girls would be as enterprising as their sisters at Bryn Mawr.

"But," comes the last objection, "The law course would take time which might be better employed." This argument is disproved by the facts already established, that law is a valuable study both in itself, and as supplementing other college work.

The experiment of a law course at a woman's college has been successfully tried. Bryn Mawr has a two years' course, the first year of which is very similar to the one proposed for Smith College.

It is not a very strange or unheard of thing—this law course. The objections to be met are those of the people who have continually said with Mrs. Malaprop, "I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman." A hubbub has always arisen when women have taken up any new branch of learning, but it has invariably died away when the good effects have been seen. Opposition to a course so valuable as this one would undoubtedly be, is, to quote Thomas Davidson, "A mere remnant of mediaevalism, of a barbarian view of women, as ridiculous as would be a robber baron's castle in the center of Massachusetts, or New York."

THE LADY OF THE PICTURE

BY ANNABEL HITCHCOCK SHARP

Maxwell Farnham gathered up the little incomplete sketches and tenderly tucked them away in his desk, then turned to the finished picture with a sigh. It was over, now, his pleasant task, and well-accomplished: for there was the beautiful girl just as he had seen her that day in the car. He had not forgotten, had not been able to forget anything about her since that time. Inexpressibly lovely, there she sat, the soft, heavy, black furs contrasting with her pale gold hair, her eyes exactly matching in color the great bunch of violets at her waist.

He was almost sorry he must sell it but perhaps it were better out of his sight. He had thought of the girl so intently and constantly that probably it would be wiser if he sent the thing away. Besides, apart from all inclination, the sale of that or some other picture was a financial necessity and as that was the only piece of work he had to choose—

So he wrapped it up and strode off with it under his arm to a friend who was a well-known art dealer in the city.

"Here I am with my masterpiece, Harry," was his greeting to his friend as he drew off the wrappings, and stood the picture up on the counter.

Harry was loud in his admiration.

"She's a beauty! By George, she's perfect!" he exclaimed, head on one side, and then with increasing excitement, "won't be here a week,—won't be here a day,—bet she goes in an hour!"

And Maxwell Farnham, who had taken off his hat to his own achievement, crammed it back on his head and turned away quickly.

And all the way home he thought how successfully he was forgetting the lovely lady. If he should see her again! But hadn't he hunted through five weeks and had he ever yet seen so much as the shadow of her slender figure, or caught the momentary glint of her gold hair? Well, it was hopeless, he might as well forget—but of course he *had* forgotten, he ought to remember that. When he returned to his rooms, there were the sketches and he took them out and looked at each one again.

A few days later, Maxwell Farnham was on his way home from his tailor's where he had been investing the money he had received from the sale of his picture.

"Who has it now?" he wondered. "Perhaps some awful person, who bought it because it was mine. Does he half appreciate her?"

There was nothing conceited about young Farnham.

And then glancing up, he saw her crossing the street just ahead of him—graceful and dainty as before, in the same long, fur coat and smart, fur hat setting off her shining hair. She went on before him a little distance, then turned sharply in at the gate opening to a grey stone house. Maxwell was right behind and he turned in too. He had been aware of no intention of following her, but she was just found again and it didn't occur to him to walk tamely by and lose track of her. So he kept on up to the very steps of the stone house. She went in and left him coming up alone. He rang the bell and in the long wait before anybody answered it, he *did* wonder just what he expected to do.

Should he pretend he had mistaken the number?—then he wouldn't have seen her. Should he pose as an agent?—what had he to sell? to be sure he might be taking orders for perfume and extracts, but even so, they would expect him to have a scent of the stuff about him somewhere. He might brush in and announce cheerfully,

"I'm the cousin you have never seen!" and beam jovially on them, like one of the playful sort of persons who say over the telephone "Guess who this is."

But she might happen to have seen all her cousins, or possibly she'd never had any cousins at all.

And just then the door opened and a little white-aproned maid stood there waiting. His subconconscious self or some other self equally remote, unaccountable and reliable, acted for him. He handed the maid his card. She stepped aside with an apologetic "For—?"

"For Miss Mm—" mumbled Farnham vaguely hoping her name might have an "M" in it somewhere.

The maid showed him into the reception-room and tripped away. In a few minutes she came back.

"Miss Trescott will see you in the library." And she had understood Trescott; "bright maid that," Maxwell commented to himself and followed her with a light heart.

Across the red carpet of the big library a young girl advanced to meet him—small, fair-haired, and extremely pretty but—it wasn't the girl of his picture! Mr. Farnham cast about in his mind for something, anything to say—he had got beyond the point where he hoped to explain his presence brilliantly and was seeking now only a mere utterance, a bare articulation—the weather, furniture, theatre,—couldn't he think of anything to say about *anything*? But Miss Trescott's face was alight with welcome, and she began at once:

"So they told you Father had bought the picture—Mr. Harry said you'd be interested to know. You want to see if we've hung it right, *I* know. Well, there it is—" (waving toward the opposite wall) "right where the firelight dances over it—could you wish for a better setting, Mr. Maxwell Farnham?"

He looked across at his picture, standing out in its dark frame, glowing in the shifting light of the fire.

"Thank you," he said. "You *did* appreciate her—" and then he caught himself and laughed and Miss Trescott laughed too.

"Father bought it because it reminded him of Helen—that's my sister," she explained.

And Maxwell Farnham had much difficulty to keep from saying,

"It *was* Helen."

Helen, so that was her name, Helen,—how suddenly new and sweet and altogether delightful, that name had become.

"I'd like to see her and compare," he found himself saying, "have you really a sister who looks like that—I mean does that truly look like your sister?"

"I'll call her," said Miss Trescott obligingly, "and Father too—he'll want to tell you how much he likes your work."

And she flitted away, leaving Maxwell alone in the red library, where the crackling fire was throwing its radiance over the beauty of his pictured lady.

There was a soft rustling across the floor, but for a moment he did not look up. He was content to let his gaze linger with the fire-light and the many happy dreams it held for him. She was quite near and he got to his feet and looked full upon her at last. The light shone over her warmly, as she stood before him, slender and fairy-like in dress of clinging white. She smiled and said,

"Margery has gone to find Father,—" her voice was low and sweet.

"You are—?" he asked because he didn't know of anything else to ask.

"Why I—I'm the picture!" Miss Helen Trescott laughed. "I even have a hat like that and a coat and—well, don't you see a resemblance?" And she stepped back beside the painting and smiled across at him.

He compared his work with the original and found it good. And then he said aloud in tones of the utmost astonishment, "By Jove! there is a likeness!"

Helen came and sat in a big armchair.

"Tell me about her," she urged, "who was your model?"

Mr. Farnham looked boldly in her eyes.

"You—" he began and he meant to be very brave, but the intended truth changed in spite of him and, "You ask a very difficult thing," was what he heard himself say inanely. "I never have models, my ideas just—come."

"Oh," remarked Miss Helen, and in the silence, that followed Mr. Trescott and Margery entered.

Mr. Trescott, large and good-looking, came over to Farnham and greeted him cordially.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Farnham," he said, "it was good of you to come. Margery tells me you are satisfied with the way we've treated your picture."

"Indeed, I know it wasn't because of the thing itself that it received such good housing, but by reason of its chance resemblance to your daughter. I've been comparing them," Maxwell returned.

"You couldn't have hit it more exactly if she had been sitting to you for her portrait," Mr. Trescott cried. "It's marvelous. Mr. Farnham, we want very much to keep you to dinner tonight, if you've no other engagement?"

"I shall be very glad," accepted Farnham.

Later in the evening he found occasion to speak to Helen alone again.

"One thing has worried me," he told her abruptly.

"Yes?" she said sympathetically.

"The violets," he explained, "it spoiled half my pleasure in painting that picture because the flowers I must make you wear were somebody else's and not mine."

"*I*—oh, then the hat and coat—and me, myself, weren't the coincident effects of your mind—"

"No, Miss Helen," he confessed, "I deliberately kept you before my mind and tried to reproduce my impression exactly, —I didn't think how wrong I was—for I wasn't sufficiently conceited to think it would come out enough like you to be recognized."

He paused, but the girl said nothing.

"You'll forgive me won't you? and let me paint you sometime again when you're not wearing somebody else's flowers, but just mine?"

A dimple showed in Helen Trescott's chin—and—

"Why do you want to?" she asked.

TO SAPPHO

BY HILDEGARDE HOYT

Like the memory of a smile,
Half forgot nor caught again,
Lingering fragrance of a flower
Or the haunting, sweet refrain
Of some music : like a face
Lost within the crowd's strange maze,
Such thou seemest unto me,
Mystery of long dead days!
What wast thou—saint, sinner, sage?
Thou whose words, poor outer shell
Of thee, still live upon the page
We to fame call consecrate,
Most a woman, well I know,
Apple blooms to thee were dear :
Thy heart whispered of the glow,
Love's warm, pain-sweet ecstasy.
O woman, so long ages dead,
O woman, still alive to-day
Because thou had'st the power to wed
Thy woman's heart, O Sappho, thus
To terms immortal ! Let me find
Thy hand across the ages dim—
We—one—eternal womankind !

THE POETICAL TENDENCIES OF TREMENT

BY HESTER ADAMS HOPKINS

I never understood how Trement got in with our set. He has always seemed to me an utterly conceited ass but many of the men appear to like him. He is the kind of man who deludes you into the belief that he is really an uncommonly clever fellow, and afterwards you find yourself wondering how he did it. He is one of those people, too, who have a gift for getting invited to things. But, as I said, I never liked the man, myself.

He was always a boastful fellow, but he never really grew unendurable till he wrote his great poem. This is how it happened.

One evening, he dropped in at the club, fairly spilling over with something he had to tell.

"Come in, and let us hear all about it," said Bixby sympathetically.

And in he came. "Fellows," he burst out excitedly, "I've written a poem."

We all gasped. You would have, too, had you known Trement. "Let's hear it," said Bixby.

"Ah, that's the rub" admitted Trement, "I can't remember it. You see, I made it up, last night."

"In your sleep?"

"Yes, in my sleep. But I can remember the general style of it, now, though the words have eluded me all day. It was an Epic very, very long,—sort of like *Paradise Lost* or the *Iliad*—only much better. It was beautiful poetry—finer than any thing of Shakespeare's."

We burst into a roar of laughter. "Oh, you needn't believe me," he said, good-humoredly. "I mightn't myself only that it happened to me. I believe" said he, earnestly "that there's hidden in every man the ability to be a poet—temperament and environment prevent his using it. But who knows what we may do in sleep? You know as well as I do how men have waked up in the morning with a problem solved that they went to bed puzzling over. Well then, who can say that gifts haven't been given me that my unconscious self can make use of?"

The next day, he was still on the same subject. "I dreamed it again," was his greeting. "Oh, it's so tantalizing, so elusive! I think I have a line or two of it and then it gets away from me. It was a beautiful thing, though. I can half remember some very unusual similes and metaphors in it—but I can't get them down on paper. This thing is no joke," he finished seriously. "If I could only get hold of it, I'd be able to stand with Virgil and Milton and Homer."

Through the evening he kept it up, growing more and more impressed with himself. He even thought over possible publishers, in case he remembered enough of it to give to the world.

"I hear you're going to sleep at the club tonight," he said to me. "So am I. And I have a theory that by having pencil and paper right beside me, I might be able to jot some of it down, in the night—that is, if I can force myself awake enough to do it."

Trement is always so polite to me that of course I had to tell him that the arrangement would be exceedingly clever.

Well, about half past five the next morning, I heard him call me. His tones were such, that I grunted and growled, but went.

He was standing by his bed, pointing in a most dramatic way to some folded paper on a little table.

"There it is!" he said in a voice of suppressed excitement. "You see, I've done what I said I would. I have a vague remembrance of getting up in the night and writing it down, but I must have gone to sleep immediately afterward. I wanted you to see me open it."

With this, he advanced to the table, took up the paper, and began to look it over. As he read a queer expression came over his face. Finally, without comment he handed the paper to me. I copy below exactly what I saw there, and, like Trement, without comment.

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—
Mercy, how they run!
Luke has a red cap on."

Now wouldn't you have thought that that would take anyone down? I did, too—but no—Trement is an unusual man in this respect—you cannot take him down. You would have thought he would try and hush the story up instead of which he told it the next night at dinner, with great vivacity.

And now he is more conceited than ever and more in demand. And I never go to a dinner, but what I hear him telling at the earnest request of some one or other, the story of how he wrote his great poem.

SUNRISE

BY ALICE ELIZABETH BABCOCK

A flush of rose and a glory of gold
On a mist-woven canvas of clouded gray;
The Master-painter with brush-strokes bold
Paints the soft-lit dawn of a nascent day.

The freshening breeze—the painter's brush
Wakes the leaves to life—the grasses sway
And are outlined clear, as the breezes hush,
And the mists of the morning are painted away.

Then in all the colors his palette will hold
The Master-painter dips each ray,
And the shadowy depths of a night grown old
With the glowing colors, are changed to day.

A SPRING SONG

BY MARGARET HELEN RUSSELL

Whist! away—Whist! away!
The winter now has flown,
The crocus buds are grown,
The leaves of tender green
Form a dainty, lace-like screen
Where the summer birds are seen
On bough and branch—then to-day
Whist! away—Whist! away!

EDUCATING HAROLD

BY HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER

"You never told me you had a brother," said Miss Elton accusingly.

"Surely I must have mentioned him," replied Hoyt easily, "I do sometimes."

"No, you didn't; if you had I should have remembered it."

Mr. Hoyt bowed. "Whether that is a tribute to Harold's charms or to mine, I thank you."

"How old is he?" she asked, ignoring his last remark.

"Let me see; he used to be six years younger than I was. That would make him eighteen. He's a mere child, you see."

"He's a human being," asserted Miss Elton with unexpected warmth.

"You think so?" demanded Hoyt eagerly. "Do you know, there have been moments when I have had doubts."

Miss Elton looked at him severely. "You ought not to talk that way about your own brother," she said as she rose to go into the house.

"What way?" he asked, in honest bewilderment. "Have I said anything except that he's young? He'll get over that. Why Betty—" But she was gone.

It was not because she had never known any men that Miss Elton misunderstood Theodore Hoyt's attitude toward his brother. For some years she had been an earnest, if not an enthusiastic, student of masculine human nature, but owing to an unfortunate policy of concentration, she knew little of the ways of men among themselves. She mistook Theodore's careless good fellowship for indifference; his references to his brother as "only a boy" seemed to her nothing less than cruel. In the fact that the two were rarely together she saw, not a diversity of interests, but rather deliberate avoidance on Theodore's part.

These ideas would probably never have occurred to her, had she not cared for Theodore. She wished so much to think the best of him that it seemed to her merely fate that she should be obliged to believe the contrary. To know a man's true character, she told herself bitterly, one must see him at home. If he

couldn't be decent to his own brother, why of course—. At this point she would stop herself suddenly and devote all her attention to anyone who happened to be near, unless that person was Theodore. But of late the person who was nearest at hand was usually not Theodore, but Harold. He had acquired the habit of sauntering over to his cousin's where Miss Elton was staying, quite frequently—to play tennis, he told his family when they inquired concerning his destination. At first he had seemed to her quite an ordinary boy, only rather startling at times.

"What do you suppose I've found out about Harold?" she asked Theodore one day shortly after her arrival.

"What?"

"He swears," she confided in a hushed whisper.

Mr. Hoyt grinned. "He'll get over that," he said carelessly. "I swore like a trooper when I was his age."

The girl, her faith in him unshaken, had refused to believe him then, but as she looked back, she decided that there must be depths to Theodore's nature of which she knew nothing. And Harold, with the glamour of martyrdom about him, assumed an attractiveness which did credit to Miss Elton's imagination. His less pleasing qualities passed unnoticed in the shadow of his wrongs.

Then there came to Miss Elton a plan whose poetic justice at once commended it to her attention; she would educate Harold. Just how she would go about it was not quite clear to her, but somehow or other she would render him so attractive that even his brother (who must be *blind*, she told herself) would be compelled to be proud of him. She had read in books how an older woman could influence a man to do great things, and then in after years he would come back and thank her. She would *show* Theodore Hoyt.

After this, a change seemed to come over Harold. "I can't expect to change his character in a few weeks," the girl reasoned, "but I *can* fix the things that show the most." She did not stop to consider that, if Harold were already as attractive as she seemed to think him, she was guilty of the lamentable inconsistency of trying to paint the lily. But, had anyone been so unkind as to suggest this, being a young woman of spirit, she would doubtless have replied that at least she was not trying to "add another hue unto the rainbow." In fact, in the matter of colors, Harold's raiment seemed to suffer a sort of

eclipse. His yellow necktie with the broad blue stripes departed and was seen no more. His shirt with the large pink dots now adorned the manly bosom of the gardener. His felt hat, which had been used as an autograph album by his many friends, was kept in the seclusion of his room. If anyone noticed that the clothes he purchased to repair the inroads thus made upon his wardrobe were of the color and make worn by his brother, no one mentioned it. But it was observed that his language also was undergoing a pruning process. "Oh dear" and "Goodness gracious" now took the place of stronger and more satisfying expletives.

It was at the Kenyon's dance that Harold was to make his debut into the great world in which, thanks to Miss Elton, he was so eminently fitted to shine. It was she that, after two weeks of practice, had impressed upon him the difference between the waltz and the two-step. It was she who persuaded him to ask for a dress-suit for his birthday present. It was she who instructed him how to part his hair more becomingly and who, when he did not do it properly, in desperation had told him "you know—more like your brother's." When, on the night of the dance, he came across the room to speak to her, he looked so well that in a glow of pride she gave him all the waltzes.

The evening passed and Theodore had not come. Miss Elton was indignant; was her triumph to be in vain? Her head ached, although she would not acknowledge it, and when, for the ninth time, Harold asked her to walk in the garden she consented and they went out into the cool night air. He had forgotten her shawl and just a little impatiently she had sent him back for it; Theodore never forgot it. Just at this pleasing reflection she turned and saw Theodore.

"Good evening," she said in the voice whose sweetness betrayed her anger.

"Good evening," he responded. "May I speak to you a moment?"

"If you like," indifferently, "but I'm dancing this with Harold."

Mr. Hoyt scowled. "You usually are doing something with Harold. May I ask how long this is to continue?"

"And may I ask what right *you* have to ask me that?" The amount of scorn she put into the word "you" defies description.

"I beg your pardon," he said gently, "I had no right to ask. But really, Betty, I hate to see you make fools of both of us." He laughed rather drearily.

"Well upon my word—," she stared at him, her eyes wide open. He came nearer and leaned over her.

"Betty," he said softly, but very distinctly, "Are you going to marry him?"

Miss Elton sat down very suddenly on the garden bench.

"Marry him?" she repeated, "Why, I don't know what you mean."

"Don't pretend," he said roughly, "Are you going to marry my brother Harold?"

"Going-to-mary-Harold," she repeated vaguely. "Theodore Hoyt, you're crazy!"

"Perhaps I am," he said whimsically, "but I'm not blind. He's with you every hour of the day. You never look at anyone else. Now tell me, are you going to marry him or are you playing with him as you played with me?"

Miss Elton's eyes flashed.

"I don't play with people," she said angrily, "and I'm not going to marry anybody, and I wouldn't marry into your family for anything in this world and besides, nobody wants me—not even Harold," and at this point, to her everlasting chagrin, she began to cry.

Mr. Hoyt, with great self-control, put his hands in his pockets.

"I'm sorry I hurt your feelings," he said, "but I won't stand by and see my little brother's heart broken."

Miss Elton regarded him with very red eyes.

"I'm not hurt," she announced between sobs, "I'm mad."

This frank confession was too much for Mr. Hoyt; his anger vanished.

"Betty, can't you see?" he demanded tenderly as he kissed her. "The boy's in love with you."

The girl sniffed.

"You know that isn't so," she argued tearfully. "Oh, Theodore, I was trying to make him nice like you, so you'd be nicer to him. And how could you think I'd marry him? Why, Theodore, *he's only a little boy*?"

"I know he's only a kid," acknowledged Mr. Hoyt, "But Betty—don't you think you could stand him for a brother-in-law?"

Out of the shadows there emerged a figure with something light over his arm. Harold had found the shawl. He watched his brother and Miss Elton go down the path. He had heard none of the conversation, but he felt that he was really not needed. He watched them until they disappeared and then suddenly he spoke aloud, with a certain lingering emphasis.

"Deah-me!" said Harold.

THE BUILDER

BY HENRIETTA SPERRY

I weary of building blindly!
This laying of stone on stone.
Too long have I wrought in silence
A work that I have not known.

I will go to the Master-Builder,
To him will I straightly say,
"Oh Master! Long have I labored
With the strength of my hands, each day.

"Now your well-wrought walls rise skyward
As far as the eye can see,
And the heart grows weary, asking
'What may the structure be?'

"I come with no petty complainings,
Your wages are life to your men—
But if they grow weary of forming
The measureless fabric,—what then?

"Will you give them no vision for toiling?
No dream for the work of their hands?
Make answer, oh Master-Builder!
To your workman's just demands."

Then answered the Master-Builder,
"The laborer may not know
In what manner or measure he buildeth,
But at last when the workmen go—

"When their hearts are old with asking,
And their hands, with placing the stone,
They shall dwell by the walls they builded,
In the city they have not known."

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

BY CLARA SAVAGE

"Good afternoon, Mr. Freeman. I just want the key to the church. The day of the chicken-pie dinner, I forgot my best pie-plate at the church and I'm awful afraid some one has took it. Oh! I mean by mistake. Of course I don't think that none of the ladies would just set out to take my pie-plate but it's risky leavin' it 'round because it's a dretful nice shape—reel deep and roomy."

Although in possession of the key, Mrs. Newcomb still lingered at the parsonage door as though wishing to say something and yet not knowing how to begin.

"Mr. Freeman," she began timidly, "I can't bear to think of your goin' in the mornin'. I never felt towards no other minister like I do towards you, and me and my children can never forget how you used to come to see Mr. Newcomb when he lay sick and dyin', nor how you helped us that winter when we was left alone and didn't have scarcely no coal nor money to buy it. I don't expect we'll ever have another pastor who'll seem so much like one of us."

.

It was later in the same day that the little, white-haired minister and his youngest daughter were sitting together in the summer twilight; the minister in his great rocker by the bay-window and Charlotte, on a stool at his feet. A breeze blew, swaying the leafy branches of the great elms on the lawn. As the minister gazed out at the expanse of green, reaching to the main street of the bustling, little village, where stood the "First Parish Church" amid a cluster of staunch, old-fashioned houses, he was concious of the friendliness of the scene, of a keen personal interest in matters which seemed all-important to the inhabitants of Boggestow.

"Father," said the girl, as though to break a silence which had become oppressive to her, "we must be up early in the morning."

"Yes, daughter."

"I hope the journey won't tire you. It will be very restful when we reach the farm, you know."

"Yes, very restful." There was a trace of bitterness in his voice and the girl glanced up quickly at the care-worn face silhouetted against the dark red of the chair. It was a noble face. The features were clear-cut, the chin strong and the mouth firm. If a heavy brow gave an impression of sternness, it was mitigated by the kindness of the grey eyes beneath. About the temples waved silvery-white hair darkening to blue-grey behind.

"Father, how old were you when you began to preach?"

"Eighteen, child,—just a mere boy."

"With wavy auburn hair," supplemented the girl,

"Yes, a homely, awkward boy. I didn't preach every Sunday then, but whenever I had a chance and considered it a great honor to be invited."

"Tell me about it, Father."

"I have been in the ministry forty years. At first I preached fiery sermons and expected to reform the world. It was very early in my ministry that I went to preach in a little village among the Adirondack Mountains."

"Oh! that's where you met Mother."

A little smile crept into the minister's eyes and played about the corners of his mouth.

"Did you know, Charlotte, that the first time I saw your Mother she was up on top of the barn?"

"*What!*" gasped his daughter.

"Yes, and she was quite a girl, too, but still a tom-boy. I remember how black her hair was and how brown her eyes. She had cheeks like rosy apples and she was laughing and showing the prettiest, little, white teeth. When she saw me her cheeks grew even rosier because I was the minister and a person to be feared and respected."

"What did Mother wear, the first time you saw her?"

"Why a red dress, I think." (Red was the minister's favorite color).

"Father," said the girl breathlessly, "I don't see how you ever dared ask Mother to marry you."

The little minister leaned forward and took his daughter's hand in both of his. "My dear," he said softly, "I don't, either. I was very young and your Mother still younger when

we started out to make a life together. How hard it was when we were settled in small parishes with very little salary and that slow in payment, God knows. But we worked together and tried to serve the people. Every Sunday I preached in my own church and then rode thirteen miles to preach in another village in the afternoon, and all through the week there were services to attend. It was a hard life and we were poor but we believed in 'plain living and high thinking.' The ministry is not the calling for a young man who wants money. I have found little money in it but something that is far more precious—the chance to love and serve others and by so doing to follow the example of Christ."

There was silence in the room. The minister's lips moved and his daughter's eyes were brimming. None knew better than his own family how well John Freeman had lived up to his ideals. And now his work in the ministry was at an end. The overtaxed eyes had given out, the tired head could no longer prepare sermons. He was forced to give up his calling to which he had devoted his life. Next morning, he and Charlotte would leave Boggestow, where they had lived for fifteen years, and go to live with the minister's married daughter, two hundred miles away.

The clock in the church tower struck nine and Charlotte kissed her father good-night and went up-stairs. Left alone, the minister rose and paced up and down the room, as was his habit when in deep thought.

"Forty years in the ministry," he said half-aloud, "forty years of the work I love, with my wife and children about me. I have made friends, I know of no enemies; I have had the sacred privilege of knowing people's hearts and trying to help and comfort them. My life has been a happy one and I am trying not to regret that I must give up my work now. I am trying to remember that I have had my share of joy in active service. But oh! how soon that boy of eighteen has grown old."

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It was early next morning when Charlotte stepped out into the sunlight of a June morning. Across the lawn stood the church with its colonial pillars and high steeple. Charlotte unlocked the vestry door and went softly up the dark stairs that led to the choir-loft and then to the audience room. She tip-toed down the middle aisle and into one of the back pews. In

her imagination, she pictured a whole congregation, each one in his respective pew, each as a personal friend. Oh! there were so many people to leave—old people whom she had adopted as grandmothers and grandfathers, middle-aged people who had become uncles and aunts, and all the boys and girls with whom she had grown up. The very church building had grown dear to her, and now as the morning sun played upon the walls and bathed the dark pulpit in light, the realization that she was leaving it swept over her with terrible force. With a little cry, the girl slipped to her knees on the floor.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "Oh! this is my father's church. He loves it and all the people. The new minister can't care about the people as we do. They have been so good to us and we have known them so long! O God, please make the new minister kind to the people when Father isn't here to take care of them. Please make the new minister remember to visit the old ladies out in the country. O Lord please be good to the people!"

.

There were many friends at the station and, with tears, Mr. Freeman bid them all good-bye. Then the train started and they were carried farther and farther away from Boggestow and the old life there. Charlotte crouched in the corner of the seat and cried. Yet in the very bitterness of her grief, there mingled an interest and curiosity as to the new life that she was entering upon. There would be new friends, a new school and in a few years, college. In spite of home-sickness the future might be bright.

John Freeman looked with unseeing eyes before him. He was tired. Weariness and sickness had come upon him. The past had brought him joy in active service; the future would bring him rest. To the girl, this change meant the end of childhood, the beginning of life. To the little minister, it meant that his life-work was over. He had reached the land of old age.

WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG

BY MARGARET BENTON CLARK

She was a dainty, little, old lady, this great-aunt Sally who had come to live with us. We cared for her as tenderly as we could. We always saw that she sat in the most comfortable chair, that her eyes were shaded from the light, and that the beautiful shawl was at hand to throw over her slender shoulders in case of a draught. We kept the house quiet, and talked gently at meals. Somehow it seemed to be necessary; she was such a tiny, frail, little lady, and her ways were so gentle and sweet.

Yet with all our watchfulness and constant care Aunt Sally drooped. She sat for long, quiet hours by the sun-lit window, in the arm-chair into which we coaxed her. The "Thank you, dear," as we brought her egg-nog, was listless. We doubled our efforts. We saw to it that some one was always near to wait upon her. Not that she wasn't willing and even eager to do things for herself, but of course we couldn't allow that.

Now we were filled with apprehension, for the next day William was coming. We adored William, but he was big, even for a college Freshman, and he was noisy. Moreover he had a hearty laugh and a large vocabulary of words of strange and horrible origin. He had not met Aunt Sally and we lived in dread, for we did not see how we could bottle him for the three weeks' vacation. We would, of course, caution and advise him, but it is hard to control William. He has ideas of his own.

After our first loving greetings, before we took William in to where Aunt Sally was sitting silent in the sunshine, we laid the case before him, as tactfully as we could, but dwelling upon the necessity of quiet.

"Is she so sick?" asked William.

"Why—no," we said. "No, she isn't sick,—not especially sick, but she's old, you know, and needs rest."

A queer expression crossed his face.

We all went with him, mother and Jessie and I, to introduce him to Aunt Sally.

"Aunt Sally," said mother, "This is William. Don't get up, Aunt Sally."

He looked absurdly big as he bent over the little lady, and her tiny hand disappeared completely in his. She looked up at him timidly, it seemed to us. Doubtless his very bigness tired her, and his strong hands.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," said William, in his deep voice. "It's great to have an aunt."

We had not intended that he should stay with her, but William drew up a stool and disposed his big self upon it.

"Go get Aunt Sally an egg-nog," whispered mother.

Jessie made off with all speed, and we turned again to William. He was talking as fast and as unconcernedly as though with Jessie or me. We were glad when Jessie came back with the egg-nog.

"Do you take those things?" exclaimed William. "They're vile. Do you like them?"—astonished incredulity in his tone.

"No," said Aunt Sally, softly, with a real blush, "I've always disliked them very much."

"Take it away, Jess," ordered William. Mother prepared to remonstrate, but William went on describing the base ball game, and Jessie, after a brief second of hesitation, slipped away with the rejected glass.

During the next day or two, we almost went wild. William was either blindly unconscious of our hints and suggestions, or else entirely heedless of them. He spent hours with Aunt Sally. He brought her candy—which we promptly hid—he walked with her in the garden, and took her driving behind his favorite horse. In an agony of fear, we waited for a break down, but Aunt Sally kept up wonderfully, on pure nervous excitement. Her eyes were bright, she laughed, and seemed a new being. Once we were scandalized to hear her say, in her sweet voice, "Very well,—I'll bet you a ginger-cooky."

One night at supper Jessie made a remark about the musical comedy at the theatre, and looked suggestively at William.

"I'm going," he volunteered.

"Oh, William!" cried Jessie, "Take me!"

"I've got a girl," said William, coolly.

"Why, I didn't know you were on speaking terms with Dorothy," exclaimed Jessie.

William ignored this, and continued to eat in exasperating silence.

"Whom are you taking, son?" mother asked persuasively.

William looked up with one of his vivid smiles.

"My best girl," he said. "I'm taking Aunt Sally."

We gasped. Mother opened her mouth to speak, and closed it again. Aunt Sally lifted her head proudly, and she and William smiled at each other.

Jessie recovered first.

"Why, that's perfectly lovely," she said, brightly. "You'll have a great time."

After supper, Aunt Sally started upstairs. We heard William in the hall calling gaily after her.

"This is dreadful," began mother. "William mustn't—it will tire her to death, and she'll be sick."

William was in the doorway. There was an odd sternness in his eyes.

"Go up with her and help her get ready," he said. "And don't one of you say anything."

But Jessie laid her hand gently over his lips, and said, "We'll have Aunt Sally ready before you've hopped into your new suit, Billy."

Upstairs there was gay excitement. We helped Aunt Sally do up her beautiful white hair, and put in the precious tortoise-shell comb. Jessie got out a pair of dainty silk stockings, and I brought my ostrich feather fan. As we were hooking the last hook of the soft gray silk gown, mother came in with a big box that had just been left at the door.

Aunt Sally opened it with trembling fingers, and a little cry broke from her at the beauty of the white lilies-of-the-valley and pink rose buds. The card read, "To my best girl."

"Bless his dear heart!" said Aunt Sally.

Her eyes were bright and her cheeks were pink as she descended the stairs to where William, resplendent in his dress-suit and white gloves, waited in the hall below.

We followed after, smiling, but with a sweet pain tugging at our hearts. William looked up at Aunt Sally as she came down to him, and cried out with pleasure, "Bully for you! Aren't you a peach!"

We stood for a moment after the gay goodbyes, and listened to the carriage rumbling down the avenue. Then we looked at each other, and smiling, we dried our eyes.

"Wasn't she beautiful!" breathed Jessie.

Mother crossed the room to where a white shawl lay in a tumbled heap on the floor.

"I'll just lay this in the dress-box," she said,—and then added, half in apology—

"The days are getting so warm I don't believe she needs it, and anyway, it's easy to get it out again if she does."

EROS

BY HILDEGARDE HOYT

Eros, they say, is a baby boy.

With blinded eyes and tiny wings ;

Quiver and bow his only toy

And the smart that his wanton arrow brings

The smart of Love—which burns and stings !

But Love I say is no arrow's smart.

'Tis a hunger vast and wide and deep.

Wide as my heart and deep as my heart—

The heart that once in peace could sleep

'Till the hand of a Giant touched my heart.

And bade it endless vigil keep.

So great is this giant's mighty power.

So subtle and cunning his every device.

That before his might I helpless cower,

And long in vain for some sacrifice

To win his favor ; yet none can I make

Unless he all myself will take !

TO MY LADY

BY LOUISE LEE WEEMS

Oh deep brown eyes that sometimes sparkle bright

With mirth, like sun-flecked pools in summer-time ;

That sometimes chill and harden with sublime

Indifference, 'till your glances wound and blight :

That sometimes glow all tender with the might

Of love so pure mere words for it seem crime :

That sometimes widen darkening, and shine

With delicate reproach : How you delight

And torture with your moods ! always allure

And yet withhold ! How shall I trust my heart

To your caprice, to feel it throb or thrill ?—

Perhaps you do not even know the poor

Fond thing is, and will be till life depart.

Entirely yours, to do with as you will.

SKETCHES

SLIVVER'S STRATEGY

BY JANE SWENARTON

A cloudless day with considerable wind in the trees ;—and behold Mr. Slivver walking at a smart pace down the street—at such a smart pace, indeed, that his shoes brought up little, metallic ringings from the pavement as he tapped along. If Mr. Slivver had not been in such perfect good humor, he would have found his pace somewhat of an effort ; for he was of that age and corpulency which do not take kindly to smartness in any activity. But, as it was, you could wager from the expression on Mr. Slivver's face and even from the expression of his clothes that today if occasion demanded, he would not stop short even of running a race.

Each separate feature of Mr. Slivver's face seemed to radiate cheerfulness. His nose was especially expressive. In making an inventory of Mr. Slivver's features, it would be nothing short of injustice to leave out his nose ; for the sad fact exists that it was too decidedly vermilion in hue for beauty. But if Thomas Slivver had the misfortune to possess a tell-tale nose, he did have a good eye,—a very good, kind blue eye ; and how *could* he have had a kind eye, if he had not a kind heart ?

His clothes were almost as expressive as his face. His coat-collar was turned up in his most approved style and he gazed upon his expanse of greasy waist-coat as if he loved it for its very greasiness. Altogether the most assuming and at the same time most noticeable thing about Mr. Slivver, at the present moment, was his hat. It was a high, silk hat and we must do it the justice of saying that it had once been glossy. You may be sure that his pride in it was none the less certain, on that account. He bore it on his head with the same air that he would have worn, had it been a crown and he, the king. That was it ! Mr. Slivver was regal today !

His cheerfulness was of such a stamp that it was not in the least disturbed, even when a spiteful gust of wind, that had been hovering aloft, swooped down and carried off his hat, only to land it shabbily in the gutter, where the dirty water effaced what little gloss it was still guilty of. Mr. Slivver merely made several little quick taps forward, stooped cautiously and picked up the hat, rubbing it solicitously on his coat-sleeve to remove the water.

After the hat was carefully readjusted, Mr. Slivver stepped along for some five minutes without interruption. Then one came in the form of a hail from a tall, unkempt man who was lounging against a lamp-post on the other side of the street. "Oh Slivver!" he called, "Going to the 'Directors' meeting'?" Mr. Slivver straightened and nodded with dignity. "I knowed it by the lid!" called the tall man, with a chuckle, at which Mr. Slivver's face flushed slightly and his nose took on an added tinge. But there was a look of determination and of mild triumph in his eyes as he walked on.

Just as he neared a certain corner and was about to sail serenely across, something happened. Mr. Slivver was seen to stop abruptly and then to stare wildly about him, as if for some possible avenue of escape. At last he resigned himself to the inevitable and stood, a pathetic figure, gazing passively and a little sheepishly at the woman who approached him determinedly up the side street.

It was Mrs. Slivver in gingham wrapper, turned up at the sleeves and in at the neck and in her floury right hand she carried a wooden rolling pin.

"Well Mary!" said Mr. Slivver with a look of helplessness and with a nervous attempt at jocularly. Mrs. Slivver said never a word but advanced more determinedly than ever. When she had come quite close to him, she spoke. "Slivver!" she said and dramatically pointed her rolling pin in the direction from which Mr. Slivver had emerged so cheerfully a few minutes before. He, be it said to his credit, spoke not at all, but turned a square corner, like a good soldier, and retreated slowly, in admirable order, and with great dignity, with his valiant commander at his heels!

On the way back, they passed the crony who, from his lamp-post, leered at Slivver and, apparently, was only checked in his desire to jeer by the thought of the trouble it would be to take

his pipe from his mouth. In due time Mrs. Slivver and her husband entered their small front yard. Once inside Mr. Slivver resorted dutifully to the task of inducing his young heir to return to his slumbers from which he had been hastily recalled on the departure of his paternal parent shortly before.

Mr. Slivver, as he sat rocking the cradle, was as calm and collected as if the "Director's Meeting" were not, at that very minute, lacking his presence. His eyes had a curiously reminiscent look; one might have supposed that he had just returned from a particularly satisfactory meeting of the "Directors."

It took a remarkably short time to soothe the child, perhaps because he partook of Mr. Slivver's own cheerful temperament. On accomplishing this, Mr. Slivver's first act was to tip-toe to the kitchen door from which he caught the business-like clinking of pans and other sounds which could result only from the manipulation of the various parts of a stove. Having ascertained the exact state of his wife's operations, Mr. Slivver resorted cautiously to the window, where his eyes were gladdened by the sight of his daughter engaged in childish games. He called her to him and gave a few whispered instructions. Then he very deliberately and still very cautiously settled himself in the most comfortable chair in the room. Presently he heard words which caused him to smile. Mr. Slivver's smile was a delightful performance; it began unostentatiously, with a slight pursing of the lips. Then his moist eyes began to twinkle; finally something happened to his whole face which transformed him into a genial god. Mr. Slivver had smiled!

What he heard came from his daughter's lips and, from the manner in which the words seemed to alight on the window-sill and then dip into the room, Mr. Slivver judged that she was balanced on the top-most rail of the fence which separated the Slivver estate from the one adjoining it. Miss Slivver's words had an irritating, taunting tone that conveyed a firm conviction of superiority. She addressed herself to the family next door in general, and sowed broadcast into their garden many skillfully worded remarks about her ma's present occupation. That "her ma was making gooseberry pies," was her most prized piece of information. Finally the one-sided conversation ceased and Mr. Slivver heard his daughter scrape down the fence.

Mr. Slivver's smile died almost away and remained in that precarious condition for several minutes. Presently he heard a knock at a door in the rear of the house, followed by the sound of women's voices engaged in lively conversation. He stepped softly across the room, picked up his hat from the table and vanished through the open window as gracefully as was possible for so short and so stout a gentleman.

A cloudless day still, with less wind in the trees ; and behold Mr. Slivver walking at a *very* smart pace down the street. Such a very smart pace, indeed, that his short arms swung back and forth at a terrific rate. In three minutes from the time he emerged from the window of his home he was approaching the fatal corner. Mr. Slivver did not slacken his pace in the least. He merely straightened his shoulders and took a deep breath ; then he walked triumphantly across.

Five minutes more of furious pumping of his arms brought Mr. Slivver to a corner, at which he stopped, took out his watch, and scrutinized it deliberately, then turned down the side street. Before a groggy little shop he stopped again, this time to extract a howling child from the gutter, and set it upon its feet. Then did Mr. Slivver, with a lordly air, enter the shop, whence came the faint clinking of glasses and the sound of manly voices raised in song. The "Directors' Meeting" was in session !

THE NARROW GATE

BY ELSA SCHUH

Two travellers had come a weary way ;
One still was strong, the other, pale and spent,
Leaned on his arm. And now they neared a gate :
'Twas straight and narrow as the road beyond,
And offered access of a shoulder's breadth
That but one man could enter at a time.
"I dare not pass in first," the strong man said,
"Lest, lacking help, thou come not thro' alone."
The weak man answered, "Here thy help must cease ;
Pass on, and I will follow when I can."

“THE HEART KNOWETH”

BY FLORENCE H. WEEKS

Sarah Coulton came down the steps of the library, and walked slowly down the street, which was bright with the golden sunlight of late afternoon. The day was perfect; spring was fast gliding into summer, and the air was soft and warm. Mothers and nurses were out with their little ones; children loitered and played, men hastened on their way home from business. Several people bowed respectfully to Miss Coulton, as she passed on alone down the sunny street, clad in her grey tailored suit, a book in one well-gloved hand, and she returned their salutations with perfect courtesy, but with a touch of formality and distance which seemed to forbid any nearer approach.

“Why, how do you do, Miss Coulton,” said a fresh, clear voice, and a young woman, pushing an empty perambulator, stopped at Sarah’s side. The erstwhile occupant of the perambulator rode in state on the arm of a tall man, who stood beside the little woman, raising his hat courteously to Sarah. “It’s been such a long time since we’ve seen you, and now we want to offer our congratulations. How did you ever do it? To write any book at all seems wonderful to me, but such a book as that, that the first-class magazines praise so, and the wise people all think so fine—oh, George is quite wild about it, he understands it lots better than I do, *don’t* you, George?”

“Indeed, Miss Coulton,” said her husband, with a genial smile, “you well deserve to be congratulated. That book is a wonder. It’s by far the best thing of the kind I have ever seen, and everyone else says the same. Hayesville is proud of you, Miss Coulton.”

“You are very good to say so,” returned Sarah soberly. She was apparently paying small attention to the efforts of the little mother to make her son show off to advantage. “This is our youngest, Clarence,” she said. “Kiss your hand pretty to the lady, love; that’s a good boy. *Won’t* he kiss his hand for the nice lady? Just once, won’t you, baby? *Isn’t* he cunning?” turning again to Sarah.

“Very,” answered Sarah, gravely.

"He's just getting so he can walk a few steps alone, but we don't like to have him try too often, he's so heavy, we're afraid of bowlegs. Want to go back in the carriage, Clarence? No? Guess papa's arm is getting tired by this time. He's the boss of the house," ran on the brisk little mother. "He makes his proud papa toe the mark, as well as the rest of us; eh, father?"

"That's right, he does," responded proud papa, endeavoring to tuck his rebellious son into the carriage. "We must be moving on towards home. We're very glad to have met you, Miss Coulton. Hope you will do us the honour to come up and see us sometime soon. I should like very much to talk over some points in your book with you, if you would be so kind as to let me."

"Thank you, I should be very glad, though I have really little time at my disposal," answered Sarah. She watched the two go down a side-street, Clarence standing bolt upright in his carriage, firmly clutched by the paternal hand; his mother close beside him, chattering gaily, looking up now and again at her husband. Then Sarah went on, at a quicker pace. Everywhere, it seemed, she saw children running out to greet father, mothers with babies in their arms, wives watching for their husbands' return. Every house seemed to be the home of a family, of people who loved one another. Sarah went on still more quickly.

"George," said little Janet Dennison, as they sat at the supper-table, after Clarence had been disposed of, and the carriage bumped up the steps, to the little vine-covered piazza, "don't you think Sarah Coulton is the most unfeeling, cold-hearted person you ever saw? Just see to-night how she hardly looked at Clarence, although he was just as sweet as he could be, and she scarcely spoke three words to you, when you were so interested in her book. She's always just so, too. The other day when they were all congratulating Maisie Bayley on her engagement, they say Sarah said everything that was polite, but she said it in such a cold, stiff way that the poor girl was quite frozen up. Oh, I know she's awfully, terribly intellectual, and learned, and all that, but what's the use of being able to read Sanskrit and write great books, if you're perfectly incapable of any feeling or affection whatever?"

"You don't know she is that," said the kind-hearted George, taking a cup of tea which his wife handed him. "She's a

genius, my dear, and geniuses are not expected to be like other people."

"Well, I've always felt as if she despised me for being all taken up with you and the children, that she thought it was small and narrow-minded, and so on. She's perfectly satisfied with herself, her life, and her work, nobody else matters a bit to her."

"Well, it's a good thing she's happy in her life," said George, smiling at the flushed cheeks behind the tea-urn. "She's missed a great deal, hasn't she, little woman? And if she doesn't know she has missed it, why, so much the better for her, I suppose."

Sarah Coulton, on reaching home, went slowly upstairs to her own room, and closed and locked the door. Taking up a manuscript which lay on her desk, she sat down and read it through, from beginning to end. Then she laid it down, and sat gazing fixedly before her, her hands closing tighter and tighter on the arms of the chair, while the papers slipped unheeded to the floor.

"Oh," she said at last, half aloud, in a tone full of pain and passionate longing, "what does it all amount to, after all? What does it amount to, when this—this that other women have—I want it so—O God, I want it so!"

And she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed.

An hour later, Miss Coulton appeared at dinner, in her trailing grey gown, calm, well-poised, self-controlled, and dignified, as ever.

GRETCHEN SLEEPS

BY JANE GAREY

While Gretchen sleeps, o'er dreamy eyes
Each silken long lashed eyelid lies,
Cupid himself the vigil keeps
While Gretchen sleeps.

While Gretchen sleeps, I strive in vain
With witty talk to entertain,
And cold despair o'er my being creeps
While Gretchen—sleeps.

THE PENCIL AND THE PEN

BY JANET RUTH RANKIN

The Pen is an aristocrat. His sleek roundness and shining countenance are becoming anyone's desk. The Pencil's looks are defaced by wear and a thousand scratches. He is a poor relation ; one to be kept from prominence on occasions of any importance. The Pen has a family tree ; he traces his descent from several mentions in Holy Writ through the hands of the Greek and Roman writers, by the signing of Magna Charta, past the Declaration of Independence, down to the glorious present. The Pencil is of the "nouveaux," and not of the rich at that. He is found frequenting five-and-ten-cent stores. His family tree, if he has any, is of the variety described by Mark Twain. As for the Pen, Socrates relied upon one of his ancestors in his last earthly need ; he has been preferred to the sword, who has otherwise attained such signal honors in history. He has appeared in almost every great and epoch-making change in the record of the world's events. The scratches of his progenitors are treasured in museums. He is above plebian homes. His accolade, the finger blot, is a gracious token, and a sign of honor on the hand of a young scribbler. "Adversary" is too equalizing a term to use of the relation between Pen and Pencil ; say rather the sort of "rivalry" existing between one endowed with at once the highest nobility and the greatest wealth, and the street-sweeper,—the scavenger.

This is the state of affairs between the Pencil and the Pen ; no one can dispute it. Yet we Americans are often rather lacking in our sense of the respect due great families. We even venture to hold the pernicious principle that the laborer may be as fine as the millionaire. Aristocratic lines pass into decay ; other families with a destiny as high as their past relegate them in their turn to obscurity. We demand that something more than exterior things be shown ; we look for the character and soul of the object. The very depreciation of anyone moves us to stand up for him ; this may be our innate combativeness, and it may be a love of fair play. There may be small-seeming points which nevertheless prick the weight of the argument to

the other side. At any rate, let us look into the Pencil's side of the case.

In "*Virginibus Puerisque*," it is stated that writing is purely mental. There are no joys of mechanical ability in it at all. But might it not give to the racked brain of the writer rest and refreshment to resharpen his Pencil, taking delight in the symmetry of the finished product? The uncertain outlines of the mark of the Pencil give a charm to handwriting, and soften and modify otherwise glaring blemishes. The idea of the lead, the creative thought, encased in the wood, and gradually appearing to view from out its surrounding prison, seems an epitome of the progress of inspiration from the brain to the passive paper, to be transformed into life again by its readers. The spirit of life lies in there dormant, yet ready to leap into form and feeling at the touch of the knife of emotion, and under the guiding influence of the hand of reason. Who can weave such fancies as this around the cold, hard Pen? It has merely a history, impressive to be sure, but hardly sufficient in itself, and its better half, the ink, brings up unpleasant suggestions of water on the brain. The Pencil calls back memories of little unruly hands striving to form the tricky letters, of hands a little older scrawling "notes" shyly momentous; or of still older hands hurriedly scribbling the last sentences of the theme that had to be in to-morrow, and was to be such a masterpiece. Who would think of transacting business with a Pencil? That is one of its greatest charms. With it are never connected deeds, taxes, bills, and such horrors, but the intimate, kindly recollections of the follies and strivings of one's youthful self.

We have shown that the Pedigree of the Pen is worth less without the tenderer qualities, but certainly conventionality counts for something. The Pen is accepted; its traces are, at least comparatively permanent; it is proper and polite. It has a place, and a very large one, in the world of writing. But for the little notes and scribbles the charitable, kindly Pencil is to be preferred. Its markings may be erased at will; we may try again and again for a phrase, without having to rub or scratch hard, till at last comes Inspiration.

THE SONG OF THE BAT

BY MARGARET SEABURY COOK

Upside down all day I hang,
High in the belfry tower,
And hear the brazen bell-tongue clang
Hour and half hour.
And the Angelus ring out morn and night,
And noon 'neath the sun's blaze, hot and white.

When twilight soft steals over the land
Down the belfry stairs I flit
To the river, whose dark, tree-shadowed strand
By faint, far stars is lit,
And over its waters I swoop and skim.
My wings half brushing their surface dim.

Then into the garden I float so light
With the great, dark moths to play,
'Round the heavy vines which the airs of night
Sweetly, noiselessly sway,
The honeysuckle laden with dew
Wafting its fragrance the garden through.

Then away, away to the church yard cold
To rollic with spirits free,
Who dragging them clear of the clinging mould
Arise to dance with me—
Will-o'-the wisp and wraith-o'-the-dark
In mad, still mirth till the call of the lark.

THE MAGICIAN

BY ISABEL GUILBERT

Brown meadows, peaceful as a sleeping doe,
Bare woodlands, carpeted with lingering snow,
Hills melting far in opalescent mist
Of cool snow-colors, rose and amethyst—
The hush of winter, peaceful revery.
But hark ! on yonder maple tree
Bold doth a robin sing,
'Tis Spring !

EDUCATION REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE

BY FRANCES CARPENTER

"A gentleman to see you, Miss," said the tidy little maid, holding out the tray.

Ellen Brandis languidly stretched out her hand, and took up the neat bit of white pasteboard. She gazed at it for a moment without speaking and then lines of determination began to show about her mouth.

"Tell Mr. Doolittle that I am not in, Mary!"

"Wait, Mary!—Ellen you must remember that he is the son of your father's partner and you simply must be nice to him, if only on your father's account," interposed her mother from the other side of the big library table.

"I know all that mother, but he *is* such a bore and then I object on principle. He has been coming here now about once a week, using our home and me for his inexpensive recreation, and never once has he reciprocated in any way; not a flower, not a book and not even candy for the children. I believe it even hurts him to waste the gasoline in his car, to ride up here.

"That is all true, dear, he is an exceedingly, might I say, thrifty young man, but I hardly see that one can do anything about it."

"Well, I believe I can. Tell the gentleman that I shall be down in a minute, Mary. Mother, I really believe that I am going to enjoy this evening with our friend downstairs. What he lacks is education, and I am going to volunteer to start him on the royal road to learning. He is going to spend some of his rapidly increasing fortune tonight—and on me."

A look of joy and excitement came over Ellen's pretty face, and as hers grew brighter, that of her mother grew more dubious, for she knew that Ellen, in this mood, was willing to throw aside everything to carry out any mad plan.

"My dear—think what you are doing. Remember that—"

"He is the son of my father's partner, and therefore must be put upon a pedestal and worshipped like a little tin god. My dear mother, how could I forget the motto of our household? We shall merely motor down to the Charity Fair and look at

the pretty things—By the way would you care for orchids or American Beauties—orchids are more expensive, and orchids it shall be.”

Humming a little tune and now and then chuckling as she thought of the joy in store for her, she went slowly down the stairs to the drawing room where Mr. Doolittle was waiting.

He was at that moment, luxuriating in the most comfortable chair in the room, gazing into the roaring fire, and anticipating a cozy evening's entertainment at the hands of “one of society's fairest belles” as the newspapers often called Miss Brandis.

“It's all nonsense,” he mused, “this idea of Jack's that a girl must be pampered with flowers, dinners and candy. My position and assured welcome here proves that it is all unnecessary and that true worth—Oh Miss Ellen, not going out, I trust. I had hoped that you had no other engagement for this evening, and that we could have another of our pleasant talks.” Ellen smiled sweetly.

“No other engagement, I assure you, Mr. Doolittle. But it just occurred to me that it would be good fun to run down to the Charity Fair this evening. So many of the girls are to have booths. I am sure you will enjoy looking at the pretty things. Our evenings here are apt to be a bit quiet, I fear.”

“Indeed no, Miss Ellen, indeed I should really prefer—”

“That is kind of you, but I know that a little change will do us both good.”

“Well, yes—but—but the motor has gone back for more petrol you see and—”

“The telephone is just here in the hall. I will have Mary telephone for it to hurry,” she reassured him.

“Of course—to—be sure,” replied Mr. Doolittle, but he looked worried. While they waited, Ellen noticed him gazing at her covertly with an air of puzzled astonishment, as if his whole evening had been upset and he could not understand her at all. Evidently something was wrong and he wondered what it all meant. Although he talked at length during the drive to the hall, the air of bewilderment had not left his face when they entered the brilliantly lighted room.

A blaze of color greeted them, electric lights of all hues, streamers and flowers galore and many beautifully dressed people moving about in the maze.

“Is it not pretty, Mr. Doolittle? See the flags there—and

the lovely flowers everywhere. Isn't that Nancy in the candy booth? Shall we go over to speak to her?"

Murmuring incoherently, he followed her to the gaily decked booth and her friend.

"Well Nancy! how are your boxes going tonight? You know Mr. Doolittle, I suppose?"

"Yes indeed, and I am so glad you have come. I am sure you will help me along, Mr. Doolittle. This candy is awfully good, but I believe that this is the kind that Ellen likes best. How much do you want, four or five pounds?"

"Oh—er—four, no, five pounds, I suppose," he stammered reluctantly, and then with a sudden light breaking over his gloomy face, "That is, if Miss Brandis cares for any." He looked hopefully at Ellen, only to be disappointed, for—

"Why, how kind of you, Mr. Doolittle, I should love it, of course," were her next words. The twinkle in her eye and the twitching at the corners of her mouth grew more apparent.

"Good bye, Nancy, and good luck to you," she called back, as they were leaving that young lady's domain. "Now where shall we go next?" she asked of her rather subdued attendant, whose steps were inclined to lag.

"If you are too tired to go further, Miss Ellen—"

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed the girl, adding truthfully, "I am just beginning to enjoy myself—ah—here's Louise and her flowers. Greetings, fair lady—how does your garden grow? Miss Carter, may I introduce Mr. Doolittle?"

"I am delighted to meet Mr. Doolittle, especially as I see that he is intending to buy a big bunch of my nicest flowers. What kind shall it be, Mr. Doolittle?"

The young man flushed painfully, and turning to Ellen, said resignedly, "What would you like, Miss Ellen?"

"Well—a few of those orchids, I think. Thank you so much; they will go well with my dress." The corners of her lips twitched even more than before as she watched her unhappy companion extract the crisp bills which were sacrificed on the altar of her desire.

They finally drifted into a tent-like booth where a dark-eyed girl in a red dress told absurd things about the character and future life. As she gazed mysteriously into the hand of Mr. Doolittle, she murmured,

"You are a noble man, sir, so generous and so kind. You are inclined to be docile, and easily led by others, and—"

At these words Mr. Doolittle seemed to wake up, and the look of bewilderment, which had characterized him all evening, changed to one of grim determination.

"That's very nice, thank you, but I fear I have no more time to give you. Here is the payment for your wonderful predictions."

He jumped up from the divan on which he had been sitting and hurried out to find Miss Brandis chatting with some of the young people near the door.

"It is late," he said. "I think we must go now."

"Why—" she exclaimed, and then as she saw the expression in his eyes, "You are quite right. Good night—kind friends," and her eyes twinkled once more. First steps along the path of knowledge are always hard, she thought.

"A delightful evening, don't you think so?" she ventured, breaking the silence of the homeward drive.

"Er—what—I am afraid that I was lost in thought."

"Why—that it was charming at the fair. It was so good of you to take me and I want to thank you for it all—the candy—the flowers. A girl does so love little attentions—especially from such dear little booths."

"Yes," he sighed, "the little booths were certainly dear, but you are quite welcome, I assure you."

As Ellen Brandis, her arms full of flowers and candy, went up the stairs, and heard the honk-honk of the car growing fainter and fainter, she laughed aloud, for when her pupil had left her at the door, she had held out her hand and said,

"Good night Mr. Doolittle, do come again."

But her father's partner's son merely answered, "Good bye."

QUERIES

BY ELIZABETH BABCOCK

Are thy eyes love-lit, or do I see
But mirrored in their depths, my love for thee?

Do thy lips speak love, or do I hear
But echoed back, my love-words to thee, dear?

Ah! teach me how to hear and how to see,
So that I may believe thou lovest me!

ABOUT COLLEGE

WHAT EVERY LADY KNOWS

BY EDITH B. ROGERS

Every lady knows how hard
It is for anyone to bear
The sound and feeling of those feet
Which scrape along a class room chair.

They push and jerk, they scrape and scratch,
Until one's heart with anger burns ;
They take no heed of tactful jerks,
Of angry twists and wrathful turns.

O, for some way to let them know
What every lady surely knows :
It's not polite and not good taste
To place up on a chair one's toes.

A JUNIOR TRAGEDY

BY DOROTHY L. HAWKINS

Beneath the swaying apple trees
They chat and wander to and fro ;
They laugh, or eat, or flirt, or tease,
Beneath the swaying apple trees
'Tis Junior Prom. If some one sees
You manless are, why smile ! although
Beneath the swaying apple-trees
They chat and wander to and fro.

Under the lantern's mellow light
To "prom" in triumph with a man !
Your man declined to "prom" tonight
Under the lantern's mellow light.
You did all that a maiden might,
You did all that a maiden can,
Under the lanterns' mellow light
To "prom" in triumph with a man.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY ELIZABETH NOAKES

The girl opened the door carefully, looked around timidly, and then seeming to gather courage, walked boldly up to the paying teller's window.

"I want to cash a check," she announced, in a confidential whisper.

The clerk watched her with interest as she looked through her handsome hand-bag for the important bit of paper. When she had gone through her purse the fourth time, she extricated it triumphantly, and shoved it toward him. He looked at it critically, and turned it over as he went toward the cash-drawer. Then he stopped short and brought the check back.

"You haven't indorsed it," he informed her.

"Haven't I?" she asked, in some confusion. "How stupid of me!"

The clerk looked a trifle startled when she presented the check to him again, for while it was made out to "Winona Jackson," she had indorsed it "Billy Jackson."

"She doesn't look like a man," mused the clerk. "It's a mighty good make-up—and the voice—" he glanced back at the check. Then he said, "You'll have to be identified, you know."

"Good gracious!" came the answer in evident alarm. "Do I have to have someone say I'm—me?"

The clerk nodded. "Someone we know!" he added, significantly.

"But I don't know a soul in town," she protested, "and I must have the money! What shall I do?"

The clerk didn't want to help her, but—she was decidedly attractive and seemed really to want the money,—

"Perhaps you have some letters you could identify yourself by," he ventured.

Her face brightened. "Oh yes," she said, "loads of them!" and again fishing into the bag she brought out five or six letters. However, although there were many different names on the letters, not one of them was addressed to Winona Jackson. The clerk became more serious, pushed the letters back to her and

shook his head. She glanced at them, and then, to his astonishment, began to laugh. "My, but that's funny!" she exclaimed. "Won't I get it though?"

It was the clerk's private opinion that she would, yet he couldn't help feeling sorry for her when she suddenly became sober. "I must have that money," she said. "What shall I do?"

"The initials on your purse?" suggested the man unwillingly, and glanced at it. There, in very plain letters, was E. H. T. By this time both had become nervous.

"Your handkerchief?" he asked. She produced it. In one corner was written "Jane Aldridge."

"Your glove?" Inside it was written "Janet Wright."

"Your seal-ring?" But she wouldn't show him that. She was near tears. He saw it, left the window, and a moment later returned with a white-haired gentleman.

"This lady wants to cash a check," said the clerk gruffly, "and can't identify herself."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman cheerily, "come in here and we'll fix it up." He opened a door and showed the girl into a small room. "I'll leave you to yourself a minute." The girl thought that was very nice of him. He took the paying teller aside and conversed with him for a brief space. Then, turning to the girl, he said, "Now, my dear, you'd better tell me all about it;—just who you are, and whose letters you have, and so on?" he ended with a rising inflection.

"Certainly," replied the girl, with an evident effort to explain. "You see, I'm a college girl. I received an invitation to spend the week-end near here with a girl I met this summer. She was to have met me but didn't. It was just a short time ago, and I had some friends visiting me at college and had to get ready in a hurry. Some one had borrowed my purse, so Edna Talbert gave me hers. I had packed all my handkerchiefs, so another girl gave me one. I hadn't any decent gloves, so Janet got me a pair of hers. They're too big," she added critically,—and then went on, "The ring—I'm wearing for someone—" She blushed.

The old man was smiling. He apparently believed every word she said. Now he suggested quietly—"The letters—?"

"Oh, I was going right from a class and was taking some of the girls their mail," she replied. "One letter was from one of

the girl's Prom. men, and she was crazy to know whether he could come—she'll be awfully mad," this last almost gleefully.

"Yes, yes," said the old man, "college girls do act queerly sometimes, but you get a lot of fun out of life, don't you?"

"Indeed we do," laughed the girl, "and—"

"What about the 'Billy' you put on the check?" interrupted the old man, suddenly.

"Oh, as for that," she replied, "why, my name is Winona Marion—W. M. W. M. stands for William, short for William is Billy—"

The old man was laughing now.

"Well, well," he said. "It's a funny story! What college is it?"

"Why, Smith, of course," returned the girl, surprised.

"Really? I had a niece who went to Smith. Have you any way of proving you are from there?"

"Oh yes, I have my Senior pin. Do you know it?"

He nodded, and looked satisfied as she showed it to him.

"And please, I *must* have the money," she said. "I haven't a cent."

"Well, well, it will be all right. Come with me. Give the young lady her money, Dudley."

She was all smiles now. She thanked them both effusively, and then hurried out.

It wasn't until about an hour afterward that the old man had a sudden idea. "Now how," he thought to himself, "how do I know that the pin was hers?"

"WITHIN THE PALACE WALLS"

(The Moving Picture Theater)

BY FLORENCE THORNBURG

Out of the dull and glaring crowded street,
Into a dark mysterious retreat,
Blindly we fall into the nearest seat,
Within the Palace Walls.

Sights that tell tales of horror meet our eyes,
Sights that bring smiles of joy and sometimes sighs,
Sights that arouse our fears and give surprise—
Within the Palace Walls.

Hero of raven locks and stature tall,
Maiden of downcast smiles and stature small,
Love at first sight is followed by a call
 Within the Palace Walls.

Sometimes the scene in Arizona lies,
Sometimes we meet beneath Italian skies,
Sometimes an English castle greets our eyes,
 Within the Palace Walls.

Far down the aisle a tenor sings with zest—
To join the chorus we all do our best.
“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.”
 Within the Palace Walls.

And now we rise, for it is nearing ten,
We join our yawning chaperone, and then,
What lure can ever bring us all again
 Within the Palace Walls?

THE CALL OF THE NICKEL

BY HELEN C. KING

“Nickels, nickels, nickels, nickels!”
Hear the nickel cry.
“Who has got a nickel?
Will pay you by and by.”

“Nickels, nickels, nickels, nickels!”
Hear the pleading tone—
“Please hunt for a nickel
Have really got to 'phone.”

“Nickels, nickels, nickels, nickels!”
Please, just for today.
I'll be grateful always—
Will pay you right away.”

“Nickels, nickels, nickels, nickels!”
Hustle up and see!
Rummage through your purses
Just to favor me.”

Shall I hustle, shall I hurry?
Sociology
Says to give to beggars
Is not wise, you see.

PITIFUL TALE OF A PROM MAN

BY VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN

Promptings to Prom in the beautiful Printemps,
Prominent Peaches or Pitiful Pills
Claimed from an agency—snatched from the cradle,
(All of them subject to 'leventh hour ills).
Pride of our nation, the youngest, the fairest,
All are impressed in the bloom of their youth ;
Lightly, yes lightly, the young Junior's fancy
Turns to the one she would honor in truth.

All are but mortal—and some are in business
Hoarding their pennies that some day they may
Make some appeal to the heart of the father
Of this same maiden who asks them to play.
How can they leave in the mid-week to gambol
(Stiffly encased in the newest of fogs)
Blithe on the green of the fair maiden's campus
Kodaked and followed by freshmen and dogs?

" Billy," she writes and her plea pulls his heart strings,
" You and no other shall walk at my side ;
Susy Jones' man is a peanut and homely,
You and your six feet will give me such pride."
Shutting his books and requesting an absence,
White from the toil of an office-bound man,
Billy set out for a day in the country
Hoping to add to his charms a fine tan.

Prom time arrived and so, too, the six-footer ;
Both Mary's dresses were fluffy and pink,
Red were his cheeks as the roses he sent her.
Hard was the luck of our Billy we think.
Gone are his chances of love of fair Mary ;
Gone are his hopes with her father to speak ;
Gone is his place in the bank of his boyhood
But still he retains the bright hue of his cheek.

COLLEGE NOTES

At the last chapel exercises of the winter term, President Seelye made the very pleasing announcement that twenty-five thousand dollars had been presented to the college, to be used for the benefit of the Art Department. The name of the donor is at present withheld, but the gift is certainly well-placed, and the sum will be used to the best advantage. The new building is to be a wing of the present Art Gallery, built on directly at the back. Its main feature will be a lecture-room seating about three hundred, so that the classes in theoretical and historical art may be easily accommodated; this room will occupy the whole of the second floor of the wing. The first floor will contain studios for work in designing, and for the new art courses which are soon to be introduced.

The ground for the new wing is to be broken at once, and it is hoped that the building may be ready for occupancy at the opening of college next fall. The architect is Mr. Rich, of New York City, who designed the Assembly Hall.

H. T. L. 1911.

The Boston Festival Orchestra, under the direction of Emil Mollenhauer, gave the last concert in the college course, April 15th. Although the program was rather long, and contained only one number written by a classic composer, it was interesting, as it contained the music of the modern German, French and Russian schools.

The performance of the Beethoven overture, "Leonore No. 3," was artistic and was followed by the Andante from a string quartette, Op. 11, by Tschaiakowsky, which was played a little faster than usual. A minuet by Bolzoni was the encore to this

number. A suite by Charpentier, "Impressions of Italy," was especially interesting because of its orchestral color. It was very descriptive, like the prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," by Debussy, one of the most delightful numbers. The "Kom-arinskaja," by Glinka, was a combination of Russian folk songs. The Overture Fantasia of "Romeo and Juliet" was superb because of its dramatic tendency, but was not well chosen as a closing number.

The soloists were Mme. Alice Lakin, contralto, and Mr. Carl Webster, violoncellist. Mme. Lakin sang the Arioso from "The Death of Joan of Arc." She was enthusiastically received, and sang Somerville's "Slumber Song" as an encore. Mr. Webster played the Concerto in A minor, by Volkmann. His encore was a Tarantelle by Popper. Both pieces emphasized the brilliancy of his technique, rather than the round, rich tonal qualities, which were heard, when the 'cello played with the orchestra.

E. S. 1910.

PROFESSOR ROYCE'S LECTURE
 Professor Royce of Harvard University, delivered the concluding lecture of his series on the "Modern Philosophy of Life," in Assembly Hall, April 18th, at five o'clock. His subject was the "Sources of Religious Insight." Part of the hour was devoted to a brief summing up of the theories and problems which had been discussed in the previous lectures, and then Professor Royce showed how these doctrines applied to the ideal religion, whose key-note is loyalty. Those who have attended this series of lectures have been enjoying an unusual opportunity to become more familiar with the problems and beliefs which are now of intense interest in philosophical circles.

H. T. L. 1911.

REPORT OF THE SMITH COLLEGE COUNCIL
 The first regular meeting of the Council was held October 5th, 1909, Miss Perry, the president, presiding. The following officers were elected for the year : Secretary, Florence A. Angell, 1911 ; Treasurer, Isabel Dwight, 1912. At a conference meeting of the faculty and Council on November 3rd, 1910, it was voted that the election of officers of the first class should be postponed until after Thanksgiving. The class to be organized meanwhile

by the president of the Council. A meeting with the Social Regulations Committee was held in the fall, to discuss the interpretation of the printed rules, that there might be no misunderstanding of them.

As the number of persons allowed in the gymnasium was extremely limited by the fire regulations, special permission was obtained for Rally Day and the two basketball games for the presence of 1200. Tickets were issued for this number to the four classes in proportion to the number in each class, for the Rally, as well as for the basketball game in the afternoon.

For the division dramatics, a property closet was built in the basement of the Students' Building, the properties to be solely for the division plays. It was voted that each division elect a preliminary committee in the spring, to have a list of plays ready for the next year, that there might be less hurried work in the choice of plays.

During the year there have been meetings with the House Presidents for the discussion of matters relating to the social life of the college, and the general feeling has seemed to be that by increasing the responsibility of the office of house president, more individual responsibility and interest is felt by the student body at large. It has been voted to have a report of the work of the Council read in the spring class-meetings at the election of council members, and again in the fall, that the whole student body may better understand the government and work of the Council.

FLORENCE A. ANGELL,
Secretary.

On Wednesday evening, April 30th, "KING ALFRED'S "Sock and Buskin" presented "King JEWEL." Alfred's Jewel," a poetic drama written by Katrina Trask. This is the first time that one of the dramatic divisions has attempted this type of play and the undertaking was watched with considerable interest. On the whole, it must be confessed that the performance aroused less enthusiasm than the other plays that have been given this year.

The parts, however, were very well taken. Gladys Drummond made an impressive King Alfred. Josephine Keizer, as Elswitha the queen was especially successful. She found in

the delicate modulations of her voice, a powerful medium of expression and interpreted the character with great sympathy. The part of Numanera, the jealous hand-maiden, was well taken by Hester Hopkins, while Helen Houghton, as the court jester was enthusiastically received.

L. F. C. 1911.

On the afternoon of April 20th Miss Laura GILL, Smith 1881 gave a short talk on the Vocational Opportunities for the College Trained Woman. The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston has organized an Appointment Bureau which is now undertaking to find out the "actual conditions under which trained women are working in occupations other than traditional forms of teaching." This bureau stands ready to supply information on this subject. Miss Gill mentioned some of the fields of work now open to the college woman, giving some idea of the money to be earned in each. Such a practical subject can not but be of great interest to many of us in college and it is to be regretted that the hour for the talk prevented many from attending. Any one desiring further information should address Miss Gill, care of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 264 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

L. F. C. 1911.

The annual meeting of the Christian Association was held Wednesday, April 20th, in the Students' Building. It was voted to adopt the Constitution as recast by a committee from the Cabinet and the Faculty Advisory Committee.

Beside minor changes in phraseology, two important changes have been made in the Constitution: 1st the secretary is to be chosen from the Second Class, the treasurer from the Junior Class and the head of the Finance Committee from the Senior Class. Thus the finances are to be in the hands of the upper class-men instead of under the management of members of the Second Class as here-to-fore. 2nd: The General Secretary, instead of a member of the Junior Class, is to be Chairman of the Students' Exchange. The following people were elected members of the Advisory Committee; Mrs. Bradshaw, from the

faculty and Miss Van Kleek, and Miss Mary Byers Smith from the alumnæ. The following officers were elected; President, Helen Earle, 1911, Vice-President, Ethel Cox, 1911, Secretary, Ruth Cooper, 1912, Treasurer, Eleanor Cory, 1913.

MARGARET SEABURY COOK, 1911.

CABINET The Cabinet of the Smith College Association for Christian Work for the year nineteen hundred ten and eleven is as follows: Chairman of the Religious Service Committee, Margaret Seabury Cook, Chairman of the Social Service Committee, Fredrica Mead, Chairman of the Mission Study Committee, Else Kohlberg, Chairman of the Bible Study Committee, Annah Butler, Chairman of the Finance Committee, Marion Moore, Chairman of the People's Institute Committee, Louise Davis.

R. C. 1912.

THE BUHLER The Buhler Chamber Music Club, assisted by Mrs. Marie Churchill, CHAMBER MUSIC CLUB gave a recital in College Hall, April 28th. Most of the members of this organization are not professional musicians, but their work was far superior to that usually expected of amateurs. The program consisted of a number of compositions, which we seldom have the opportunity of hearing. The Mozart Quintet in A major, combining a clarinet with a string quartet, was especially interesting. It was a great pleasure to hear Mrs. Churchill again. She is a singer of fine musical appreciation.

ELSIE SWEENEY, 1910.

EDITORIAL

FOLK WAYS We have often heard, with a pleasant
IN THE MAKING glow of self-satisfaction of the adaptability
 of the Smith girl. In work and in play, she
 is equal to any emergency that may arise.

Whatever the demand made upon her, she answers it to the satisfaction of all concerned. We are proud of our power in this direction and cultivate it assiduously, whether in entertaining out-of-town guests on well-nigh-vanished allowances, or in meeting and defeating unforeseen written lessons. There is, however, a far greater opportunity open to us than either of these crises afford. Perhaps we have not seen it because we are too far-sighted, for this opportunity is very, very close to us. What better chance to practice adapting one's self could be found than at our daily Chapel exercises?

We go to Chapel with our friends. For five or ten minutes Assembly Hall is the meeting-place of a big, happy, healthy, sociable group of people. The music begins, and Assembly Hall becomes the church which should shelter a band of earnest worshippers. Should, but does not, for a large proportion of the college, both students and faculty, does not recognize the change, and we continue to be social when the situation requires us to be religious. Nor does our attitude change throughout the service. We transact business and make important communications during readings of the Bible; we find amusement in hymns, and some of us even study hair-dressing during prayers. Also, where is our boasted power of adaptation? We have mistaken the church for the drawing-room, a stupid mistake, truly, and one unworthy of a Smith College girl.

The cause of this error is at once serious and absurd. It is nothing more nor less than our clothes. So strong is the force of association that we find it difficult to be religious without the

aid of our "best-Sunday-go-to-meeting bonnets." We wear ordinary pink gingham frocks to chapel and our conduct follows ordinary pink gingham lines. That is natural enough, but consider how inconvenient this association would become if it were allowed to develop fully. Every time you put on your blue serge travelling suit you would be forced to kiss all your friends good-bye and catch a train! Our clothes, it would seem, must be made to fit not only our outward forms, but our inner shapes as well. They must be taught to adapt themselves to our moods, not to mould our spirits to their fixed patterns. The best method of accomplishing this cannot be pointed out, but doubtless our renowned ingenuity will soon find us a way. When our clothes have become true Smith clothes, our guests at Vespers will have no reason for saying that it appears to be "a social function rather than a religious service."

We cannot, of course, expect a great deal from outsiders, and for that reason, we must make allowances for them, especially for our male visitors at Chapel. A Smith girl, if suddenly called upon to walk down the aisle arm-in-arm with a stranger, can rise to the occasion and perform the act with ease and grace, but other mortals are not so gifted. Therefore, it is wiser and kinder to seat our guests along the side aisles; it not only saves them embarrassment, but preserves the beautiful uniformity of the Senior-Junior procession. Although we may adapt ourselves and our clothes, we can hardly hope to change our guests. They seldom stay long enough to render treatment efficacious.

Our customs, on the other hand, come to stay, and must be modified every now and then. As the Phi Beta Kappa list grows longer and longer with succeeding years, and the applause for the individual names consequently requires more and more time, the faculty may find it necessary for the completion of the term's work to make up the hours spent in clapping by not closing college until Wednesday night! It might be wise to alter the custom a trifle, applauding only the announcement of elections and reserving the congratulations for the individual until the time when they may be delivered in the form best adapted to the personality and feelings of those whom we would honor.

MARJORIE OSBORN WESSON.

EDITOR'S TABLE

"I belave annything at all," said Mr. Dooley, "if ye only tell it to me often enough." O, Mr. Dooley, thou art a prophet indeed! So does everybody else apparently. A number of us, of late, have been sorely chagrined,—chagrined and mortified to receive communications somewhat after this fashion,—

"MY DEAR SARA,

It is really true after all. You won't be able to get your A. B. when you've worked for it so hard." (Our emotions at this point are mixed). "Of course I always said that a college where so much attention was paid to social life and parties—but then, my dear, you doubtless knew best," etc. etc.

We gasp and drop the missive in horror. What *can* Aunt Jane be thinking of? It is evident that Aunt Jane and Elizabeth Ann, and all the other dear people must be thinking of the same thing. Terrified we search for the source of such information, but it cannot be found. As far as we can observe assignments are as "adequate" as ever, and written lessons are in no sense diminishing—quite the contrary. We are at length soothed to find that from the state comes the right to grant degrees, and apparently the state is affable and friendly.

We have, after careful thought, come to this conclusion about the matter. Some well meaning persons have decided that knowledge and a certain surplus of joy cannot belong in one and the same individual. Understanding that we of Smith have the joy they conclude that we cannot have the knowledge, and being strictly logical persons they decide that if we don't know anything we cannot get a degree. There you have it in a nutshell, and it is quite simple.

A hungry press gets hold of the idea, reiterates it a sufficient number of times, and our good friends, meek and exhausted, at length surrender and—"belave."

If we appear to treat a serious rumor with over much flippancy it is because the rumor is so airy and unfounded a thing, were we to touch it with heavy fingers it might take another shape of its own and leave us embarrassed, in attempting to explain away a nothingness, or to account for new creations of the imagination.

In glancing over a vast collection of college literature we—being a very new and inexperienced we and alive to first impressions—have been struck by the large amount of extremely clever writing and the small amount of subject matter. We write well, surprisingly well, some of us, but what for? Chesterton brands the amateur as the artist who cannot get rid of his art. We, alas, seem to be stylists who cannot get rid of our style. Perhaps some day when we return to a Sarah Jane simplicity we shall surprise the world with masterpieces. The *Yale Literary* quotes the following from "The Saint in the Cloister" in somewhat the same connection; "The crowning speech is simplicity. The prosaist commonly offends simplicity by multiplying epithets and adjectives needlessly, dealing in words without knowledge of them. His words become as it were, unwinged."

That is a telling sentence, that last. The words are there, but they become "unwinged." The motor power is absent, the inspiration lacking.

Either we are saying too well what we have to say or we are not saying it at all.

One of the most vital current articles which we have read is an article in the *Tuftonian* entitled "Confessions of a Wordsmith." The author is quite evidently a "wordsmith," it is true, but his words in this case are something more than a mere trick. He had something to say and he said it. We finished the article not because we thought we ought to, but because we couldn't help it.

To the following motto the author confesses to having once subscribed.

"Say the thing which the reader does not expect, and say it with all the impudence of which your soul is capable." Style,

he believed, was not the man but "a little willow whistle which I am whittling. It is not done yet, but it will make a nice noise. Hear me blow!"

"My name is still Saul," he says. "I have attained an incomplete realization of my sins, but that realization is deepening. I will forget many false things which I arrogantly taught myself, and I will learn things to which heretofore I have closed my ears. If, occasionally, I disport myself with language, it is but the reflex of a habit very tenacious of life. And when I have studied humbly and found a measure of the Truth and have asked men to call me Paul—what then? I do not know. Perhaps I shall go forth and preach unto the Athenians!"

Sauls as most of us are, the question is "What will conversion make of us?"

AFTER COLLEGE

UNFAILING

BY ANNE COE MITCHELL

I find thee in the pleasant grass
That lies about my pilgrim feet
And thine the voice whose pulses beat
Within the wind. The door-yard mass
Of fragrant flowers that I pass
Enfolds thee, sweet.

The silver moon has calm like thine,
The evening stars thy wistfulness,
And when at dawn the soft caress
Of wood winds blow I see thee shine
In sun-rise splendour,—strong, divine,
And limitless.

So when I take the star-strewn way
That leads beyond the farthest sphere
That shines upon our darkness here
I'll find, perhaps, though all else may
Be strange and new, as yesterday,
Thou wilt be near.

SMITH COLLEGE MISSIONARY RECORD

TUNGCHON, PEKING,
NORTH CHINA,
MARCH 23, 1910.

DEAR SMITH GIRLS :

When the girls in Miss Browne's school write letters home, they write on the envelope, "A peaceful home letter from Mary Jane," or whatever the name happens to be,—certainly not Mary Jane! I am not going to tell the world about it on my envelope but that is exactly what this letter is going to be.

No one ever told me, before I came, what fun it was to study Chinese,—they only said it was hard. It taxes one's ingenuity to invent ways to remember the characters. Sometimes their meaning is obvious, as in the case of "to sit," made up of two men over the earth, or "book," from a pen and to speak. Again, they are humorous, as "home," a pig under a roof, or "equal to," a woman and mouth. Often there is no reason visible to the Western mind. Why should a "piece" be represented by the earth and a ghost, or "to die" by one evening and a spoon? Recognizing the characters is not the whole game. They must be put together in the proper order,—in general, just the opposite of our order,—with enough exceptions to throw you completely off the track. Do you want to say, "He ate all there was," you must change it to, "He took which have of all ate." The Chinese are not as stingy with their words as we are, and instead of saying, "wait," they say "wait one wait," or instead of "quick," "quick, quick." One of the hardest things for me has been to unlearn the habit, or rather not to apply it in Chinese, of using the rising inflection at the end of a question. Woe be to you if you do, unless the last word has the rising tone! By the use of these same tones a few sounds are made to convey many meanings. The other day I learned how to say, "Thank you for your trouble"—or, "lao chiao." Of course I was just waiting for a chance to air it before my teacher, so when he said, "Your pen is dirty. I will take it to my home and clean it," I responded, "Lao chiao." Thereupon he looked puzzled and said, "My father is dead. I have no lao chiao (old home)." Think of the blow to my pride, all because I forgot to let my voice go up instead of down on the "lao!"

This does not sound like a definite course of study, but on such I am at work. The mission prescribes for the first year, twenty lessons in a textbook to which I have been working up by means of an easy primer and which I hope to start next week, ten chapters of John's Gospel, and a catechism and some local geography. I hope to take my six months' examinations before I go away for the summer. I should quite shake in my shoes at the thought of an "exam" if it were not for the weekly quiz one of the older missionaries has been giving the four of us who are studying.

I do not spend all of my time in studying. I have begun to play teacher too, and, four days in the week, sandwich in a class at the boys' school, between my own two sessions. Of course there is only one thing I can teach,—English, but though the class had studied a term or two before I took them, they have not yet begun to show the effects in dress and manners, I am glad to say. Behold, eight boys enter the room skirted and pig-tailed, stand in a row and bow politely, bringing the clasped hands up, down, and up again in a most picturesque manner. Then Eternal Happiness, Hereditary Benevolence, Superior Ability, Have-a-Bell, But a Unicorn, and the Second Brother, take their seats and wrinkle their brows over the difficulties of the English language. They are sure to pronounce "read," "red" at the first trial, and "write", "writ," or "wret," even after many struggles. In spelling, they follow no known authority, for one boy volunteered "qe" as the beginning of "learn." One big boy was laboriously reading today, from a chart,—“I am a little girl.” To test his knowledge of English, his pride of manhood, and his sense of humor, I asked him in the measured accents one has to use,

"Are-you-a-little-girl?" A vehement, but smiling, "No, I am boy," proved that he had all three.

I do not know whether the boys are getting anything out of it, but I am, and it is great to feel that I have even a small share in the work of this station. I realize more every day how much there is to do and how small the proportion of men and money to the opportunities. Living in a foreign community as we do, a new-comer does not feel the heathenism all about. As you walk in the city or in the country and see the hideous faces of the gate-gods staring at you; or as you reflect, that crowded as our church is, it can hold only a fraction of the people in Tungchow; and most of all as you begin to understand a little about the results of heathenism, you realize something of the need, and though you do feel remarkably useless, you do feel glad you came.

I hope you will not feel it an insult to the dignity of College courses, if, on the strength of my studies in the Primer, I sign myself,

YOUR FELLOW STUDENT,

DELIA DICKSON LEAVENS.

In preparing the lists for the next biographical catalog of persons connected with the college which should be issued in 1910, the General Secretary finds the following names of non-graduates whose addresses are incorrect or unknown. Information which will help to trace them will be greatly valued, and should be sent to the General Secretary at 184 Elm St., Northampton.

Albert, Mary 79-80	Blanchard, Mary Goddard (Mrs. F. F. Marshall), 80-82
Allen, Etta Adele 81-82	Bodle, Myrtie Lucilla, mus. 95-96
Allen, Mary Bigelow, art 88-89	Bradley, Elizabeth (Mrs. Eugene R. Lewis), 96-98
Anthony, Grace Julia 01-02	Brainard, Florence Atwater 91-92
Bagg, Laura Street (Mrs. C. T. Sewall), mus. 88-90	Brett, Maude Runyon S-D 84
Bagg, Louise, art 87-88	Brigham, Ethel Percy 92-93
Baker, Emma Stewart 88-89	Briggs, Lena Walker (Mrs. John E. Porter), 99-F91, Ja94-Je95
Baker, Mabel Anne 96-97	Brown, Katharine Louise 98-99
Baldwin Louise, mus. 99-00	Burnham, Mary Elizabeth Lyon, art 84-86
Barker, Mary Saxton (Mrs. Ralph Hartzell), 95-97	Burton, Alice Calbraith 89-90
Barrett, Lefe Gertrude, art 88-90	Bush, Eugenia 84-86
Barton, Mary Catharine 87-D 89	Butler, Frances Louise, mus. 85-86
Bartow, Grace, S-D 89	Butler, Katherine James 01-02
Bates, Clara Louise, mus. 92-93	Byxbee, Edith Sumner 92-93
Bates, Lou Rena 96-97	Calhoun, Flora Jane 89-90
Battin, Nancy Maus 95-F96	Callahan, Lillian Jeannette 04-06
Beck, Mayme Ethel 98-99	Campbell, Mary Burton 80-81
Benson, Sarah Lorella 89-90	Carleton, Alice Bowker 94-95
Benton, Mary 87-88	Carlisle, Alice Lucretia, art 00-01
Bigham, Lilian Marion 93-95	Carpenter, Alice Maude, mus. 91-94
Blake, Anna Reeder 85-87	
Blanchard, Florence Adelia 87-88	

- Carpenter, Elizabeth Louise 98-99
 Case, Myra Wilcox 95-99
 Chandler, Abbie Belle 84-86
 Chapman, Mrs. H. C., mus. 90-91
 Chase, Mary, mus. 87-88
 Clancy, Laura Elizabeth 96-98
 Clark, Clara Elizabeth 96-98
 Clark, Julia B., mus. 95-96
 Clark, Lavinia R., 94-96
 Clark, Mary Sophia, mus. 90-91
 Clough, Alta Louise 79-81, 82-83
 Coatsworth, Jane Electa 86-87
 Collins, Mary Gould, art 83-84
 Comstock, Elizabeth 00-01
 Cooley, Clara White, mus. 87-92
 Coonley, Laura Amelia, S-D 83
 Coonley, Lura Sally, S-D 83
 Cooper, Mary Louise, mus. 86-87
 Cotter, Lucia Hosmer 77-68
 Cottrell, Cora Mabel 80-82
 Crofoot, Sara Elizabeth 88-91
 Currier, Mary Mehetabel, S-D 93
 Curtis, Cora Belle, mus. 81-82
 Cutler, Emily Pomeroy, mus. 95-96
 Cutler, Ermina Augusta, art 96-99
 Danielson, Clara Maud 95-98
 Davis, Lizzie Mabel 86-87
 Davison, Mary Lucinda, mus. 91-92
 Denison, Eunice Dunbar, mus. 94-96
 Denman, Martha Luella (Mrs. Albert S. Hanna), 89-91
 DeRidder, Belle (Mrs. George H. Ames), 90-91
 Dickinson, Bessie Marsh 00-02
 Dodge, Louise Varnum 92-93
 Dunn, Katherine, art 93-94
 Eastman, Lucy Hayes 01-03
 Eaton, Alberta Louise, mus. 99-01
 Eaton, Helen Maria 80-81
 Eaton, Mary Laurette 89-90
 Eddy, Jessica Louise 92-92
 Edgerly, Marion Cooper (Mrs. Alexander H. Bill), Mus. 96-97
 Edgerton, Lillian, mus. 82-83
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ROOMS FOR COMMENCEMENT, 1910

Campus rooms will, as usual, be assigned only to the classes holding regular five-year reunions, in the order of their graduations: 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895, etc. Applications should be made to the class secretaries.

As a special arrangement for this Commencement a local committee has been formed to assist the general secretary in asking persons who do not usually open their houses to do so this year as a favor to the alumnæ. Applications giving full details of accommodations desired should be made at once to the class secretaries.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

The capacity of the theatre has been reached for both the Thursday and Friday performances of Senior Dramatics. Alumnæ who have not applied may send their names to the General Secretary, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, to be placed on the waiting list. There is a greater possibility of tickets being given up for Thursday, June 9, than for Friday. Saturday evening is not open to alumnæ. Applications if not desired must be cancelled by June 1. Tickets may be claimed and paid for on arrival in Northampton, at the office of the Business Manager in Seelye Hall. Tickets will not be saved after 5.00 on the day of the performance unless notice has been sent to hold them. Neither applications nor tickets are transferable. The Business Manager will hold additional office hours at the Academy of Music on Thursday and Friday, when any tickets which may have been given up will be sold from 6.30 to 7.00 to those whose names are on the waiting list, and from 7.00 to 7.30 to the public.

SPECIAL RATES FOR ALUMNAE

Through the efforts of the Alumnae Association, reduced rates have been obtained for persons attending Commencement in the New England, Trunk Line and Central Railroad Association districts. A full notice of the way to obtain the reduction will be mailed to *each member* of the Alumnae Association one month before Commencement. For further information apply to the General Secretary, 184 Elm Street, Northampton.

Each alumna returning for Commencement is urged to register as soon after arrival as possible in Seelye Hall, Room 1 (instead of in the Registrar's Office). Collation tickets will be given *only to those who have registered*. The room will be open for registration at nine o'clock on Friday, June 10.

The class of 1902 will meet for luncheon at Plymouth Inn, on Monday, June 13. All members expecting to be present, before May 15, will please notify the class secretary, Mary B. Allison, 212 North 6th Street, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

At the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, are a few copies of the photographs of President Seelye's portrait, signed with the President's autograph, which may be obtained before Commencement upon application to the General Secretary. The price is 75 cents, mounted ready for framing.

Applications may now be filed for the 1910 class book. Alumnae will be interested in an article on "Some Things President Seelye has meant to Smith." Price \$2.25. Address Juanita Field, Haven House.

The annual meeting of the Alumnae Association will be held in College Hall, at 2 p. m., on Saturday, June 11, 1910.

In view of the large number of guests expected, the Collation Committee asks that each alumna notify the class secretary at once if she intends to be present at the collation Tuesday noon, June 14.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Jane Swenarton, Dickinson House, Northampton.

'97. Mrs. John B. Arnold (Ruth Hill) has changed her address to 615 Oak wood Blvd., Chicago, Illinois.

Lucy O. Hunt. After May 8, address 185 Beacon Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

Mrs. Frank Parker (Katharine Lahm) is now at 43 Williams Street, Burlington, Vermont.

Mrs. Ernest Wales (Franc Hale). Address 1224 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

- '99. Agnes Mynter sails the ninth of June to spend the summer in Norway and Denmark. Her address for July and August is Thunes Hotel, Houedvagtogade 2, Copenhagen, Denmark.
- '04. Bertha Augusta Robe will be married to William Eltinge Conklin on May 19, at St. Paul's Church, Albany, New York.
- '05. Mrs. Robert L. Barrows (Genevieve Scofield). Address, Bayside, Long Island.
- Ella K. Burnham has been spending the winter at Bretton Hall, New York City and is studying Art.
- Elizabeth Hale Creevy is studying Art with Irving R. Miles in New York.
- Helen H. Norwell has given up teaching and is living at her home in Nashua, New Hampshire.
- '06. Marguerite Dixon has returned from an automobile trip through France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy.
- Barbara Kauffmann has been traveling through the South and has just returned to Washington from a visit to a Georgia plantation.
- Elsie Kearns, who has been playing at the New Theatre this winter, is now on the road with her company.
- Cassandra Kinsman is living with her mother at 10 Cross Street, Montclair, New Jersey, and is teaching in Miss Waring's School. She spent last summer travelling in Europe.
- Helen Jackson Pomeroy has returned from a trip through the West. She visited Florence Mann in Chicago.
- Clara Porter has been spending the winter at the Deaconess' House of St. George's Parish, New York City, where she is engaged in church work.
- Esther Porter has announced her engagement to Rey Brooke, Princeton '05, of Montclair, New Jersey.
- Margaret Stone has returned from an extended stay in Tours and in Paris, where she has been studying French.
- '08. Helen Appleton has been studying in the Mora life class and in the Dumond portrait class at the Art Students' League, New York.
- Florence Dixon, who spent last summer traveling in the West with Helen Appleton and in visiting Bess and Lucile Parker at Seaside, Oregon, is at home engaged in writing. She has published a number of articles on Horticulture and Landscape Gardening.
- Adalene R. Hill has spent the winter with relatives in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. She gave private lessons in Elocution, directed plays in the State Normal School, gave recitals and had charge of the oratorical work in Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin. She will give a reading at Chautauqua, New York, in August.
- Sophie Oppen, who took the degree of M. A. in history, at Columbia University last June, is studying French and singing in New York.
- Ella and Madge Topping have moved to Peoria, Illinois. Address 240 Randolph Avenue.

MARRIAGES

- '98. Rejoyce Ballance Collins to Charles Maclay Booth, at Peoria, April 4.
Address, 510 Alameda Street, Vallejo, California.
- '00. Leslie Mitchell to Otto Arthur Poirier, at St. Cloud, Minnesota, April
20. Address, after June 15, Virginia, Minnesota.
- '01. Dora Louise Clifford to Charles E. Monroe. Address, 43 Winthrop
Avenue, Wollaston, Massachusetts.
- '04. Harriet L. Wemple to M. C. Smetters. Address, Butte, Montana.
- '05. Mary Paddock Clark to Samuel Bass Elbert, on April 14, 1910, at Des
Moines, Iowa.
- Katharine De La Vergne to Archibald Erving Stevenson, on April 27, at
St. Thomas' Church, New York City.
- '06. Eloise Gately Beers to Frank Cheeney Farley, in Paris, on November
30, 1909. Address, 550 Park Avenue, New York City.
- '08. Katharine Woods to Edward Norman Lacey, on May 7, 1910, at Hat-
field, Massachusetts.
- '08. Margaret Bright to Edwin H. Parkhurst, on April 30, at Trinity Cathe-
dral, Cleveland.
- '09. Sarah Edith Scott to Russell William Magna.

CALENDAR

- May 21. Group Dance.
- " 25. Open Meeting of the Clef Club.
- " 28. Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
- " 30. Memorial Day.
- " 31. Final Examinations.
- June 8. Schumann Centennial Recital.
- " 9. Dress Rehearsal of Dramatics.
- " 10. Dramatics.
- " 11. Dramatics.
- " 12. 4 P. M. Baccalaureate Service.
- " 13. Ivy Exercises.
- " 14. Commencement.

The
Smith College
Monthly

June - 1910

Conducted by the Senior Class

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L. Clark Seelye

THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

VOL. XVII

JUNE, 1910

No. 9

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L. CLARK SEELYE

Dominus vineae, spiritus agricola

BY MARY A. JORDAN

It is a far cry from 1819, when Mrs. Emma Willard brought before the New York legislature her "Address to the Public," asking for state aid in founding permanent seminaries for girls which should be at once adequately equipped and "secured against adventurers of fortune," from 1825, when there was introduced into the legislature of Georgia, "An act to establish a public seat of learning in this state for the education of females," from Joseph Emerson's "enrapturing hope" that institutions embodying the equal importance of women's education with men's might be developed by the hand of Providence somewhere in the United States, to the charter of Mount Holyoke in 1836.

These are events in the ancient history of the higher education of women. Earlier there had been a vaguely primitive condition where a few of the better sort had been intellectual tramps, beating their way through the republic of letters, and the baser sort had allowed themselves to be "finished" off by

courses in "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." By 1861 the "novelty, grandeur, and benignity of the idea" of founding and endowing a college for the education of young women had arrested the attention of Matthew Vassar. Four years later Vassar Female College was actively carrying out the wish of the founder "to give one sex all the advantages too long monopolized by the other." Ten years more saw closed the first period of heroic adventure, of breathless experiment in women's education. The opening of Smith College and of Wellesley College in 1865, marks the Middle Age of women's education in this country. Aims and principles had by this time been shown to be practicable; there remained the determination of methods, and the working out of details. The will of Sophia Smith and the early circulars of the Smith College trustees and president show a curious spiritual kinship to the famous Capitulary of Charles the Great in 787—the aims are admittedly ideal, the means are avowedly practical and tentative. The ideal was by force of circumstance almost appallingly deterrent. Not to have a preparatory department, not to be hampered by the traditions of men's education, not to encroach on the original endowment of the College—these all seem to us now natural, familiar and easy statements of the obviously best way of doing things. But Mount Holyoke and Vassar had not found some of them easy or possible, and some of them, nay, all of them, are not yet thoroughly appreciated in their far-sighted wisdom and their call for hourly vigilance by the most adept critics of President Seelye's work.

Naturally the early years of such a policy were marked by the open mindedness that might easily appear indifference; the devotion to immediate ends might be mistaken for carelessness of ultimate purposes. The determination to save time and means for steady growth and the acceptance of new forms of progress did not in those days always defend our president from the suspicion of lukewarm sympathy with alleged reforms and importunate improvements. It might be said of him at this stage of his career, as of another great teacher:

"It may be overmuch
He shunned the common stain and smutch.
From soilure of ignoble touch
Too grandly free,
Too loftily secure in such
Cold purity.

But he preserved from chance control
The fortress of his stablised soul,
In all things sought to see the whole ;
 Brooked no disguise,
And set his heart upon the goal,
 Not on the prize."

The term of his service has coincided with the changes that lead up to the modern period of women's training, and every change has found him alert and ready. Departments of college teaching have been developed, created, and revolutionized, but the ideal of the College under his guidance has never grown old. From time to time popular emphasis has moved from one to another among our intellectual interests, but the change has never embarrassed his College government, for his eyes have been as quick, and his aim as true as his hand has been light and firm. Smith College is big, but it is also great, and its greatness, too often confused with its size, is President Seelye's memorial. If it be true that an institution is always the lengthened shadow of one man, it is important to inquire in what light the one man lived and worked. No student of Smith College can doubt that it is to the chapel service and to prayer that the stream of Smith College energy is to be traced for its origin. There is the pulse of the machine, because there is expressed, and there only, the whole man in his patient waiting and indomitable search. Outside are the financial puzzles of the College budget, the bowing walls of indifferent builders of College dormitories, whose errors transform the President's walking stick into the scepter or far-darting thunder bolt of Jove as it relentlessly points out the first stage of depravity. Outside are the policies of ambitious teachers with their conflicting egotism, outside is the illusion of Time and Space and Things, for a brief season the reality of the Great Soul imparts its liberating influence and the feeblest hearer takes courage. The College has prospered without advertising its aims and purposes, without a written constitution, without code or regulations for its faculty or students. It has kept on in its way in despite of impatient criticism, it has endured contradiction when its carefully considered changes have been contemptuously referred to as a mess of pottage. And the changes have been neither few nor slight. Until 1886 certain studies, of which Greek was one, were required of all students for the bachelor's degree. Special students who could meet the entrance requirements were

accepted from 1877 to 1892. Three separate courses leading to degrees in Arts, Science and Letters were practically organized in 1886. After the year 1904 these courses were consolidated, only one degree was given, and the announced acceptance of special students ceased. In 1902 the separate administration of the schools of art and music was discontinued. There resulted an increasingly closer incorporation of the courses in the arts with studies once ranked exclusively academic. All this has been accomplished without striving or crying in the market place. It has come about so naturally that the changes themselves are more startling in their printed statement than they were in their actual occurrence.

So also in the social and disciplinary life of the College. There have been no ructions. There has been freedom in learning, in teaching, in acceptance and in rejection—as long as the College prospered—when it did not, something happened, to the advantage of all concerned, and in the most evolutionary way possible—known to our ancestors as Providential. In some spots and at some times the college conscience seems vegetable, but at others it well deserves the term seraphic. With the faults and the shortcomings peculiar to organisms, it is always alive. Growth for it has been, for the most part, without self consciousness, remarkably free from hysteria, and spared the disturbance attending the use of one of the sexes as a yard stick to measure off the attainments of the other. Our Smith College world regards its President as the brief and abstract of social excellence, whether he brings the cause of nations before the Lord of all the earth in priestly intercession, or whether at an afternoon tea he calls undergraduates by name, and sheds upon them the smile of an “affable archangel.”

The organic unity of his long and unique administration may be indicated best by recapitulating the features of the College course as they were first published in 1872.

“The study of the Latin and Greek languages will be pursued as extensively as in any other college, and with especial aim to improve the taste of the pupil, to facilitate her acquisition of other languages, and particularly to promote a thorough understanding of her mother-tongue.

Probably more attention will be paid in this than in other colleges to the English language and literature, to criticism on the standard English authors, and to the writing of original essays.

Not less attention than in other colleges will be given to the modern languages, as in themselves important branches of liberal culture, but particularly as opening the treasures of modern literature, science and art.

More time will be devoted than in other colleges to aesthetical study, to the principles on which the fine arts are founded, to the art of drawing and the science of perspective, to the examination of the great models of painting and statuary, to a familiar acquaintance with the works of the great musical composers, and to the acquisition of musical skill. Especial attention will be given to elocution, and the elocutionary exercises will be pursued as a means of promoting the health of the pupils, and also of improving their style of reading, singing, and conversation.

While all the physical sciences will be taught so as to keep pace with the scientific and material progress of the age, particular regard will be paid to those branches (for example, chemistry, botany, anatomy and physiology), which, although much neglected by woman hitherto, are peculiarly fitted to her nature, and indispensable for her work.

Probably less attention will be given to the higher mathematics than in our existing universities, but more to the science of mind and of ethics.

All those arts and sciences which tend directly or indirectly to qualify woman for the mission particularly appropriate to her sex, all study and training, whether physical, ethical, or social, which will fit her to exert wisely and effectively her proper influence in forming manners and morals, moulding society, and shaping public sentiment, will receive such attention as their relative importance demands."

To this roll-call of attainment the College can answer "here," for all its poverty of endowment and brief span of life. This is the result of the leadership of a man who has always kept open worldward and Godward the five windows of the soul.

ANDY RAY

BY JOSEPHINE KEIZER

Standing on the dam, above the shadowed waters of the pool, Andy Ray was fishing. The sunset light that quivered among the pond lilies and watercress up stream and flecked with silver the swift current below, threw the man's tall thin figure into dark relief. The face beneath the drooping hat was lean and tanned; its expression would have been passive were it not for the eyes. In their gray depths shone points of light which gave intensity to the man's gaze. He was looking now down into the water; so still did he stand that he seemed as much a part of the scene as the trees along the banks.

Faint through the murmuring quiet a sound impressed itself upon his consciousness. He lifted his eyes to a bit of road discernible among the trees on the hillside. The sound grew more distinct until there beat through the air the unmistakable thud, thud of a galloping horse. With a sudden twist of his arm, Andy swung his fishing line about the pole, picked up his basket and waded ashore. A narrow path through the underbrush led him up a little rise of ground, past the old mill wheel in its tumbling shanty, to the rear door of a log cabin. In the first room Andy deposited his basket on a table in the middle of the floor. A large bed stood in one corner, a stove in another. The room was bare and cheerless enough, despite the green vines that blew in at the window. The farther room, into which Andy passed, was fitted up as a general store. Bags of flour lay under the wooden counter; canned commodities, making bright spots of color on the wall shelves, stood side by side with bottles of soda pop, and the glass show-case covered several bolts of calico and an odd assortment of marshmallow eggs and licorice drops. On one end of the counter stood an iron safe with "U. S. Mail" printed large upon it; this Andy opened and took out two letters. Holding these in his hand he stepped out on to the narrow porch.

The "main-plain" road was only a stone's throw distant; along it, from the east came the galloping horseman. He pulled up at the porch.

"Howdy, Andy," he said. "I've got five letters for you to-

day—one's yourn. Got some for me, too, eh?" The men exchanged letters. "Still writin' love epistles for the boys down here?" The horseman laughed at his own good humor, but sobered as he perceived Andy looking at the tired horse. "Kind of het up, ain't she? But we've got to reach Versailles before dark. There's a fine show on to-night at the Opery House; that Miss Kittie O'Dell is the tiptoppest actress ever's struck Morgon County. She didn't play last night—'sick,' the boss said; but Miss Timpson over to the City Hotel, *she* said Kittie had an all-fired row with the old man and *wouldn't* play. She'll have to to-night to hold her job. Well—get up, Sarah!"

Andy Ray did not watch them out of sight. He opened and read his letter.

"VERSAILLES, June 14.

"DEAR SIR :—The license is all O. K. but the preacher hasn't shown up yet; he ought to be here now. He'll be with you before this letter is if he comes this morning. Sorry, but the happy day may have to be to-morrow.

Yours, JOHN SPRAGUE."

Andy read it again, slowly and carefully. Then he went into the cabin but presently came out with the basket of fish on his arm. The door he pulled to behind him, then strode off down the "main-plain."

The sun had set behind the western hills and the twilight filtering through the trees lay cool and green along the road. Three miles farther on, half-way up the hill, Andy met a man coming down and halted. The two could just distinguish each other in the dusk.

"Well, I vow! Mamie 'lowed you'd forgot about us," the man exclaimed.

"No," said Andy.

"Well—you might of. We don't want him."

Andy waited.

"The preacher, I mean. Mamie and Tim's had a row. Folks all thar an' everything fer the weddin' two days ago; but Mamie, she says *she* don't keer none—we kin call it a party. Ain't that like a cantankerous female anyhow! After you've done wrote fer the preacher an' made out the license, too. Whar is he?"

"He couldn't come," Andy said. Then he held out the basket of fish to the man. "Thought you-all could use 'em; so many of you thar," he said gruffly.

The gift was received as awkwardly as it was proffered. "I vow!" the other man exclaimed. "Well—maybe we kin. Evenin' to you." Simultaneously the two turned about face and began to retrace their steps.

It was quite dark when Andy reached the hill above the mill stream. He could hear the faint tinkle of the water falling over the dam. Suddenly a man's loud laugh rang out below. From the open space on the hillside Andy beheld light streaming through the darkness from the windows and doors of his cabin. He quickened his descent.

To the porch posts three horses were tethered; they moved a little as Andy mounted the steps and stood in the doorway. Three men were leaning upon the counter. Andy knew them all—Jake Lumpee, the sheriff of the county, and two daredevil fellows from Versailles, Peter and Dick Lloyd. Before them was an array of empty soda pop bottles. They had not heard Andy's step, they were too absorbed in the person behind the counter. Andy's gaze passed to her and rested there. She had drawn herself up on a high box, one knee clasped in her locked hands. Leaning forward, her black hair hanging about her face, her cheeks flushed, her eyes dancing, daring, defiant, she seemed as full of quivering life as a bird.

"O you-all!" she drawled mockingly. "You-all talk too much. That soda pop was too strong for you city folks. Go home, go home."

Peter Lloyd leered at her. "Yep—we're goin', but you're comin' along, ain't she, Jake? You can't fool us with your 'Mrs. Andy Ray.' You ain't a hill girl for all your bare feet and your calico and your talk. And if you ain't Mrs. Andy Ray, who are you? I'll bet you're Miss Kittie O'Dell!"

The young woman rocked her knee and laughed. "Ain't you never been down Zebra way?" she asked pityingly.

"Zebra or no Zebra," the sheriff broke in, "you're a-goin' back to Versailles right off and see whether you're Kittie O'Dell. Folks can't break contracts and slide out of town this easy—no siree!"

Dick Lloyd leaned over the counter and pulled her hair. "Did you dye it?" he grinned. Like a flash the girl struck away his arm, fierce anger in her eyes.

"You!" she choked. "Don't you touch me! Andy Ray'll kill you." She slipped from the box and stood erect behind the counter.

"Will he?" sneered Lloyd. "Do you know Andy Ray when you see him?"

The girl's glance wavered for an instant, then steadied itself on some point behind the three men. Her eyes opened wide, her breath came unevenly between her parted lips, her whispered words cost her an effort. "Yes," she said low, "I know—Andy Ray—when—I see him."

As if released from a spell by her words she half turned away and the three men faced sharply about.

"Andy Ray!" Peter Lloyd exclaimed.

Andy looked at the sheriff. Presently Jake spoke. "Why, you see, Andy, we think this here woman—you ain't married—sure you ain't; but this woman she says she's your wife. Kittie O'Dell, the actress, ran away from her manager yesterday; we think she came down into the hills. An' when we found *her* here," with a jerk of his thumb, "Pete says she looks like Kittie. An' we all know you ain't married."

"Hullo, in there," called a cheery voice outside. "Party all ready for me, I reckon. All right, I'm here, I'm here!"

Everyone turned towards the door just as a big fat man with twinkling eyes and a jovial smile appeared on the threshold. The stranger took in the scene at a glance. "Gave me up, did you? No, no, no. A wedding's a wedding, says I, if it is a little late in the evening."

There was a breathless silence in the room. The sheriff broke it. "You're the preacher," he said stupidly.

"Who else should I be?" chuckled the fat man. "Which one of you is Mr. Andrew Ray?" Instantly every eye in the room turned on Andy. "Ah—pleased to meet you, pleased to meet you, sir. And is this lady the bride?"

The attention of the men shifted to the girl. Her face was white but she held her head well up. Before she could speak Peter Lloyd laughed harshly. "No, she ain't," he began, but stopped short.

Andy Ray took a step forward and the girl's eyes looked full into his for a long moment. Suddenly she drew a deep breath and then smiled at the preacher. "Yes, sir," she said, "I'm her. We were waitin' for you."

"Now looky here!" the sheriff strode forward to the counter. "You said you *was* married."

The girl looked at him coolly. "Well, you all scairt me most to death about carryin' me up to Versailles."

"Aw, this here don't—"

Andy's hand fell heavily on Jake's shoulder and wheeled him about. "Ask him," said Andy, pointing at the preacher.

The sheriff stared at the still smiling fat man. "Did you come to marry Andy Ray?" he demanded abruptly.

"So I believe," replied the preacher.

"When did he ask you to come? to-day?"

"No, two weeks ago. Mr. John Sprague asked me for him.

Jake made one more attempt with Andy. "I don't believe you're meaning it. Where's your license?"

"You can sign it in just a minute," said Andy quietly. From the mail safe he took a printed form, filled it in and placed it before the girl. "Sign there," he said.

The sheriff snatched the paper from him when she had written her name and scanned it. "Well I'll be!" burst from him.

"Are you all ready?" put in the preacher mildly. "I have to go back to Versailles to-night."

The girl came slowly around to where Andy stood and put her arm through his.

"We're ready," Andy said.

When it was all over and the four men had jogged away into the darkness, Andy Ray found himself alone with his wife. All the defiance and animation had left her face. Her great dark eyes were tremulous with unshed tears; her voice shook as she spoke.

"I couldn't go back—I couldn't! You don't know how awful it is—honest, I wanted to die. I worked hard but they never let me rest, two plays a day and mostly Sundays. Such hot rooms, and so many smells. I was wild to get down into the woods again, when we came to Versailles. But he wouldn't let me; he'd made me sign a paper and he thought he owned me. But he didn't know me!" She uttered the last words fiercely. Then with a sudden gesture she took off the coarse black wig she wore and shook down a tangled mass of auburn hair. "Don't you remember ever seeing me?" she asked eagerly.

"No," Andy replied.

"I used to see you here on my way to town, with Paw, Sam Meredith down Zebra way."

"Martin Meredith—you ran away," said Andy at last. "They called you 'Merry.'"

"Because I laughed," the girl spoke bitterly. "I've stopped laughing except when I have to."

"You're wore out." Andy's gentle remark had a strange effect on Martin Meredith. She began to laugh and kept it up until she was trembling and weak.

"Dead tired," she gasped. "Yesterday Brant was—drunk." She passed her hand before her eyes as if trying to shut out some terrible vision. "And finally he hit me," she went on wearily. "I couldn't stand it, with the woods so near. I—got this dress—and started to walk—home. But it was so far and dark; last night—I was afraid. Brant was after me—it was so far. Paw won't have me home—nohow—but I walked—and walked." With a blind step forward she half fell upon the counter, her head sunk upon her arms, her slender body shaken by deep sobs.

"Don't cry," said Andy helplessly. "You can stay hyar. Go to bed in thar and sleep. Call me if you're afeared. I'll be out yonder in the mill. Don't cry."

A little later Andy, lying in the mill house, looked out through the old wheel at the stars, but he did not see them; he saw a woman's face, and in his sleep the sound of a woman's voice now gay with laughter, now soft with weeping, mingled with the murmur of the stream.

Beyond the hills the sun rose hot and red into a cloudless sky. The mists along the banks began to steam and the sultry air pressed heavily upon the valley. Andy Ray wiped the beads of moisture from his forehead, while he stared across the garden patch towards the cabin. He could, however, distinguish no sign of movement there; the trees were too thick. Presently he bent to his hoeing again. When the sun was high overhead and the heat wellnigh unbearable, Andy shouldered his hoe and climbed the little hill to the cabin.

Martin was sitting in the rear doorway. Her hands lay loosely in her lap. She did not heed Andy's approach until he was quite near, and even then it seemed to be her eyes rather than her attention which was drawn to him. A moment passed, the two looking at each other; then the girl's gaze quickened slightly.

"I've been asleep," she said.

"Did you eat anything?" the man asked.

"No," she shook her head. "No."

Andy moved abruptly about his preparations. He built a fire on the rocks, and into the iron pot that hung over it dropped some potatoes to boil. Then he caught two fish in a shaded pool below the dam, and broiled them in a skillet on the hot stones. When he turned from the fire with the pan of fish in his hand he found Martin still regarding him from the doorway.

"Can you find some plates an' knives in thar—an' the salt?" he indicated the room behind her.

She brought out the things he had asked for, and seating themselves in the shadow, they partook of their first meal.

At last she turned to him. "It's hard to think, somehow," she faltered. "I can't just remember—but I can't stay here, can I?"

"Yes, you can," Andy returned quietly. "Don't you bother."

"Then I think I'll go over into those woods; up to the big spring."

"All right," said Andy.

The long afternoon dragged on. Andy Ray, out on the porch, painstakingly read the Fifth Reader he was to teach next month. Near sunset the postman, who had galloped the day before, jogged up to the cabin. "Hullo, Andy," he grinned. "I reckon you surprised us some. You married! That beats all. People along the way wouldn't believe it when I told 'em, to-day. It *is* so, ain't it?"

Andy looked him up and down.

"Well, if *she* ain't around I might as well be movin'. No mail to-day." He trotted down the road, then turned in his saddle and shouted tauntingly, "O Andy, they ain't found Miss Kittie O'Dell yet!"

While Andy was cooking bacon and potatoes on the stones, a little later, Martin waded across the stream on the dam. Her hands were filled with trailing vines and delicate ferns. "I'd forgotten how pretty they were," she said to Andy. She began to yawn after supper like a little child who is weary of play. And when Andy told her to go in and go to sleep she went obediently.

All next day the store did a thriving business. People came in wagons, on foot and on horseback to buy a can of tomatoes or three yards of calico. It was noticeable that none stopped

merely to pass the time of day. Andy handed out hot soda pop and made the change with inscrutable face. Several essayed jocose congratulations. The attempts fell quite flat. One by one the customers came and went disappointed. "The woman," as they called her, was not in sight.

When the place was deserted Andy went out to fish from the dam. Martin came out upon it from the opposite bank. "It is so cool at the big spring," she said as she passed him. "I sat on a big rock in the water."

In ten minules or so he went up to the cabin. Voices sounded within. "I *knowed* it," he heard the postman exclaim. "I told 'em I bet you was here, Miss Kittie O'Dell! No you don't!" The fellow caught Martin roughly by the arms as she tried to get past him. "Here now—give me a kiss."

Andy's hand closed around the man's neck like a vice and dragged him backward. "Listen," he said thickly, "she was Martin Meredith, down Zebra way—*now* she's Mrs. Andy Ray—an' don't you dast forget it! You're a-goin' back to Versailles an' *swear* that she ain't Kittie O'Dell. If you don't—"

The postman was livid with fear. "I will, Andy—le'me go! I will—so help me!" He slunk out when Andy released him.

The two left alone looked at each other half afraid. The girl faltered back into the farther room. Andy picked up some letters the postman had dropped and carried them to the safe. But he could not unlock it because his hands were trembling so. "What is it?" he muttered. "What is it?"

Next morning, upon emerging from the mill, Andy discovered Martin busily employed over a fire on the rocks. "The coffee's fine," she called to him, "but I've most forgot how to make pone."

Andy smiled slowly. "I reckon you've stood my messin' as long as you can."

"No," denied the girl; "I just felt like it, an' besides it ain't fair for you to do all the work."

"Mighty good pone," he remarked.

"I'll make some light biscuits sometime. I learned in Sedalia." She began to speak with an eagerness that died away on her last word. "I joined the company at Sedalia," she went on with averted face. "Pretty soon I'll be all strong again an'—if it weren't for Paw I could go home; Maw would let me."

"Don't bother," Andy said.

Martin shook her head but changed the subject. "I'll tend store this mornin', you can hoe. Don't look so scared, mister, I won't let 'em run off with your licorice drops."

All morning she puttered about the store. She rearranged the shelves and at the western window hung up a green calico curtain of her own making, to keep out the afternoon sunlight. Not a customer appeared. In the evening Andy told her he had to go to Versailles with a load of vegetables, next day.

After he had gone, the following morning, she locked the store and crossed the stream to the deep woods. She ran a little on the soft moss, stopping now and then to gather ferns and vines. A storm cloud in the west at noon sent her home, but she was singing as she went. A breeze sprang up, and the air cooled. She sewed out on the porch. By and by a horseman came down the hill and straight up to the woman on the porch.

"It is you!" ejaculated the man.

"Yes—well?"

"I came to tell you," he returned.

Perhaps it was an hour later that he rode away; he left Martin staring fixedly after him. But she went resolutely about her supper preparations. It began to rain, so she built her fire in the shelter of the old mill. The rain increased and it grew dark. Martin cooked by lantern light. At last she heard Andy coming and held the lamp above her head in the door. "Did you get lost?" she called.

The sound of his quiet laugh reached her. "Well—no," he said. He drove up to the porch and lifted out from under a rubber covering in the wagon several packages. "I reckon they ain't so *very* wet."

The lamp's glow filled the room with a pleasant light; Andy paused on the threshold to look in. Martin had draped her ferns and vines everywhere; a delicate mass of them lay on the table. The cool breeze stirred among them. Martin had just placed a plate of light biscuits on the table when she noticed Andy. "O, come in, supper's ready."

"I didn't sell even a marshmallow egg," she announced dolefully as she poured the coffee.

Andy was watching the play of the lamplight on her hair as she moved and made no reply. The girl was not hungry herself; she seemed quite content to see Andy eat her light biscuit.

"They're a heap sight better'n the Sedalia ones, I reckon," he said with sincere conviction.

There fell a little silence when they had finished. The girl played with her spoon, keeping her eyes upon it. "There was a man here to-day," said she suddenly. "My brother Tom." She looked up quickly at the man across the table. "Did you know Paw died six months ago?"

Andy's voice sounded far away, "Yes."

"An' you weren't a-goin' to tell me?"

"I don't know," Andy said.

At this the girl arose and went over to the window. "They'd heard I was here. Maw wants me; they're comin' for me Saturday." She did not look at him again but turned suddenly out onto the porch.

The man standing by the table looked at his hand on the chair-back and saw that it was trembling. He walked slowly but evenly across the room to the porch.

"Martin," he entreated.

Only the sound of the soft rain and of the little stream on its rocks came to him for a moment. Then he heard a smothered sob.

"Martin," he said again.

His groping arms touched her, enfolded her, drew her close. Bending his head he put his face against the girl's. Hers was wet with tears.

"Don't go," the man said. "Stay hyar with me. Don't go." She was trembling in his arms and he kissed her. "Will you stay?" he whispered. "Will you?"

But his answer, when it came, was only his own name, repeated softly over and over.

"Andy Ray—Andy Ray—Andy Ray."

THE MENDICANT

BY MARY ELIZABETH LUCE

O Love came over the hills one day,
Over the hills in the month of May,
And he pleaded so hard that I let him stay,
For who can find heart to send Love away
When he comes o'er the hills in the month of May?

HELLIA SAVAGE, IDEALIST

BY CLAIRE WILLAIMS

Hellia Savage was a young lady who set for herself standards that towered above Parnassus, and the unhappy mortals she measured by these standards were all too likely to fall short. And yet—and yet—Hellia Savage so far forgot herself as to fall in love, and the defective vision common to this malady rendered her unable to perceive that the object of her affections was merely an ordinary man. She made of her favorite ideal, that paragon *The Only Man She Could Love*, a very Procrustean bed to which she ruthlessly fitted her conception of Jimmy McCayo and the poor man was much bewildered.

It was of course inevitable that sooner or later she should realize that this perfect being she had fashioned in her mind had no counterpart in reality.

The idol's clay feet croppped out in this way. They went driving through a heaven-sent August afternoon. Hellia had been talking to Jimmy of this Ideal Man of hers, and Jimmy utterly mystified at the things he heard attributed to himself, but rapt with the fascination of her lovely voice, answered, "Yes—yes—yes, dear" and watched the color flicker and fade over her eager face. And then, most inconsiderately, the horse balked; and Jimmy, after a long and weary hour of persuasion, prayer and urgent entreaty, lost his temper. He swore firmly and decidedly and Hellia Savage's ideals came crashing down from Parnassus. As far as the horse was concerned the treatment was mysteriously efficacious; perhaps he too had easily shocked sensibilities—at any rate he started off in a great hurry. Hellia Savage, though she knew that her heart was broken did not cry—crying was inconsistent with her ideals—but she shuddered with incredulity and disappointment. And when, near home, Jimmy turned to speak to her, she answered in a small, cold voice, "Kindly do not address me again, Mr. McCayo."

Then she saw by his bewildered stare that he had not even sensibility enough to see wherein he had offended—and for her life she could not tell him. "If—you—cannot—see—what is the matter—I—I—cannot tell you. Only, you must know that—after—what has happened, there can be nothing more be-

tween us. We can meet now only—as strangers—and—it would be easier not to do that. No, don't speak to me at all! It—it hurts too much!” and she turned her little face away from him to hide the tears that would come, while poor Jimmy drove on in silence, deeply mystified at the curious ways of women.

Of course he called later in the hope of an explanation, and none was vouchsafed him,—of course he wrote; and his letters were returned unopened as is eminently proper in cases of this nature. And so, finally, he took his automobile and went away.

He must be a person of no sensibility at all, Hellia decided if, at a crisis, like this, he could go off—horrible to romantic ideals—in a touring car, to have the finest kind of a time! Her heart was broken, her faith had been disappointed, her highest ideal was shattered, but she was determined not to show it. She would fill her life with other interests, so she packed her belongings and the broken heart, and went away to college.

The fact that her uncle was a trustee of the school to which she went smoothed away many of the difficulties of an eleventh hour entrance, and so, a month after she had tasted the bitterness of life, Hellia Savage found herself in a house with fifteen other freshmen. They were about her own age, so far as years went, but mere infants in Experience and Knowledge of the World. A person of her experience and suffering could hardly have been expected to take interest in fudge and fussers and kindred petty details of college life—but those infants! It seemed to her that they had been providentially entrusted to her hands, and she watched them and guarded them and cared for their proper instruction in the ways and mysteries of life till they almost went wild; and she partook of the fudge to meet them on common ground and gain their confidence, so that her chances for influencing them might be greater. It was in this guardian angel guise that she decided to grace their Great House Bat.

She really disliked bats as much as she thought she did. In her eyes, a bat was a hideous occasion on which one transported food that could have been far more conveniently disposed of at home, to some remote spot, the more inaccessible the better, sat on the hardest root one could find and despairingly watched the ants crawling over the sandwiches. But she stifled her prejudices and started on this bat with predetermined jousness. ²

In its inception it was as all bats. They found a proper spot, with the requisite woods, water, roots and ants. The luncheon was disposed of as per schedule, and the bat was just comfortably settling itself with cushions and books, when Hellia's altruism got into play.

"We must water these poor horses," said she. "They must be nearly dead with thirst, and here we've been selfishly feasting away, never giving them a thought."

She took an unsuspecting horse and led him to the water's edge; as they neared it, he began to sink; he started to back, feeling instinctively the danger of the treacherous mud. Hellia, being a creature of reason, gently urged him nearer, and suddenly, how she could not tell, the unfortunate horse was struggling in the water before her, and she herself was sinking, sinking in the mud that clutched and sucked hideously at her ankles. She screamed in terror and struck wildly at the horse—he floundered and imbedded himself more firmly. Still holding to the rein she pulled herself loose and made for firm ground.

Her gallant steed was in sorry plight. He seemed to have been reduced to three islands, his head, one hind leg and his tail projecting above the water. Hellia gazed on the ruin she had wrought; the horse transfixed her with a mournful eye, and groaned gently; and she sat down on the ground and wept. The rest of the bat, roused from its repose by her screams of terror dashed down to find out the trouble. It saw the horse in the water, and it screamed and demanded futile explanations. Then it set about doing things. Hellia watched it hopelessly. There wasn't a house with English-speaking inhabitants any where within miles.

The girls stood for a moment and gazed helplessly at one another; then suddenly one of them noticed a party of men far off on the mountain-side. She and her room-mate set off on a run to summon them to the rescue; two more girls patrolled the road to stop any one who might pass, and another party started for the nearest village. Hellia wept on. One of the girls, ordinarily the gentlest of creatures, marched up and down the water's edge, brandishing a carving knife, and remarking, "When the water gets to his nose, so that he starts to drown, I will kill him with this, so he won't have to suffer."

Presently help began to arrive. First came a touring car, bearing people on their way to Hilton. It was stopped with

great difficulty, for, it was explained, three or four miles back it had been beset by college girls who attempted to sell it bags of popcorn for the benefit of the heathen in India. But it yielded to the despair of the girls' piteous faces, as it passed by, and stopped and disgorged its inmates. These were two ladies who stood far off from the scene of trouble, and two men who ran to where the horse lay, then stopped short and pulled their mustaches, and said "Hm!" To these Hellia lifted her tear-stained face. "Oh can you save him, *will* you save him, *please*?"

Then said the elder of them, "I hate to discourage you, but that horse can never be got out of there, alive or dead! If we just had a rope, and some shovels—"

"Dead" said Hellia, "he will die then—"

"I'm afraid so."

Hellia looked at the horse, helpless in the awful clutch of the mud, and he took up the chorus with a subdued moan. She stared, fascinated by his reproachful gaze, and the men watched her in silent wonder. Then she began to laugh wildly. "Poor beast! How he is enjoying the water! I'm so glad I remembered to be kind! Good afternoon, gentlemen," and she walked off toward a tree far down the bank, and sat down.

The men prodded and poked and pried, while the ladies talked in chill tones of the probabilities of their catching that Hilton train; finally the better disciplinarian of the two announced crisply, "Well, George! we can't spend the whole afternoon here! We'd better be getting on toward Hilton!" and, with discouraging expressions of sympathy, that party vanished.

In the meantime, the girls who had gone toward the mountain had acquired reinforcements in the shape of eight young college students. They were very coy youths indeed, having the horror of being "picked up" peculiar to well-trained freshmen, and they discreetly ignored the girls' frantic beckoning, until the latter, breathless and almost exhausted, got within hearing distance. "A horse! a horse!" Wiggles was shouting, while Marjorie appended, "Mired in the mud! mired in the mud!"

"Is there really any serious danger?" said the most responsible of the callow youths. "Boy," said Wiggles, clasping her hands tragically, "if you *ever* ran before in your life, run now, before our horse drowns! He's stuck in the inlet behind the grove!" Then the youths cast aside their discretion and ran;

and shortly after the departure of the automobile, they arrived where the horse lay gasping. He merely blinked his mournful orb at them, being now too exhausted even to sigh; and they said, "My, this is a bad business, a *very* bad business! I'm afraid there's nothing we can do. If we just had a rope and some shovels, now—but I don't believe we can save him." They built a platform of logs around the horse, to what end it would be hard to say; and one of them pried up his head with a pole, and held it; and Hellia, far away under her tree, with her chin in her hands, saw herself for the first time truly, and thought very hard.

The third party, meanwhile, had fallen in with a Good Samaritan; a big young man in a big, black car, who stopped, in answer to their wild gesticulations with a cheery "What's the matter? Can I be of assistance?" Breathlessly, they told the story of their sad mishap.

"Well," said the young man, "We'll want a rope and some shovels, and three stout men to pull. You say there's another horse? All right,—we'll save him! You wait here till I come back. I won't be long!"—and almost before they realized what was happening, the car was lost from sight in the dust. Then very wisely, they sat down to await developments, and presently, a loud and cheerful tooting of the horn announced the car's return. Its personnel had been increased by three Italians; and beside the big young man lay an enormous coil of rope and four shovels. He waved his hand triumphantly toward them—"You see we're ready for him! And if you'll please just jump in, you can show me where to go, and get there quicker yourselves, too."

The girls hesitated for a moment, for all the world like hens trying to decide to go up a ladder, then, turning their backs on propriety, jumped; and they were off.

The college youths were taking turns at holding the horse's head when they arrived. The big young man ran down to the beach taking off his coat as he ran, followed by the Italians with the rope and shovels. At sight of them, the youths gave three cheers and a tiger for the shovels, and would undoubtedly have followed with their Alma Mater song, but the big young man brushed them aside.

"Clear out," he said. "What's all this nonsense?"

"Why we—we tried to help," said the college youths.

"Doesn't that platform do any good? We thought it would sort of buoy him up. We wanted to help!"

"You may in a minute," said the big young man gently. "Just keep out from under foot now." He waded into the mud with his shovel, and the Italians under his direction stationed themselves variously and began to dig. Soon they had a tunnel made under the horse. They slipped the rope through this and made it fast around his body. Then they dug around his fore-legs, which were buried to the shoulders. They fastened a rope about the horse's neck, and another to the projecting leg. Then they hitched the other horse to one rope, the college youths were assigned to the one at his head, and the big young man and the Italians took the third. All pulled together, a long, strong pull, and with a curious "Schl-o-o-ck!" the wretched beast came free, and was safely landed. Once on dry ground, he fainted gracefully away, but was revived on the administration of brandy supplied by the resourceful young man.

The girls crowded around him, some calm and dignified, some with inarticulate gasps and gurglings, trying to express their thanks. But he motioned them toward the Italians. "Thank them. They did more than I."

The Italians, after being properly thanked, took themselves off. Then the entire party except Hellia assembled and told the story over in all its details, each one impressing on the others the importance of his peculiar services—all but the big young man. He looked the group over, and a curious group it was—mud-stained, dishevelled beyond belief, but with radiant faces. "Where's the girl that did it?" said he. "Who's the Jonah?"

"Over there," said they, and they pointed to the disconsolate heap under the far-off tree. The big young man strolled over toward the tree. Hellia, hearing footsteps, sprang up and faced him.

"Has he died? Has he died? Jim McCayo, tell me, is that horse dead?"

"No," said Jim, "we've saved him, so you might as well cheer up."

"Oh!" said Hellia. "Oh—oh—" Then, unmindful of the fact that she was making a public display of emotion—a thing which Hellia Savage, idealist, had never tolerated—she began to cry.

Jimmy stood and stared at her helplessly, cast a comprehensive glance down at himself, unspeakably mud-spattered and grimy, then back at Hellia crying as if she would never stop. Then something told him to go to her, to let her cry on his shoulder, regardless of the spectators. He did so, and to his amazement Hellia's sobs stopped.

"I—Jimmy—I've been *such* a fool," said she softly, "but I sha'n't be any more. I've done some thinking this afternoon. I've learned a lesson, too. I—Jimmy! Can you forgive me?"

"Why, I guess so," said Jimmy, more bewildered than ever at the curious ways of women, but very, very happy. "I'm game to try."

THE GOLDEN HIND

BY HENRIETTA SPERRY

The fragile craft with ill-set sails
Go down before the pounding seas,
And when the cloud-dimmed sunlight fails
And sea and dark hide such as these,

There comes a ship of splendid form,
Her canvas huge against the sky,
Serene, triumphant in the storm,
This barque of royal build goes by.

A BOUQUET

BY MARY LUCE

My love is not one flower that blows,
Like Robert Burns's red, red rose.
Nor is it like the daffodils
That Wordsworth's heart with gladness fills.
My love is *every* flower that grows
The daffodil and red, red rose.
The cowslip and the violet,
The heliotrope and mignonette.
My love is rosemary and rue
My love it is the thistle too,
My love is all these flowers—Say!
Was ever such a sweet nosegay?

BLOSSOM

MARY FRANK KIMBALL

It was one of those occasional days in midsummer which unite the freshness and coolness of spring with the mellow dreaminess of autumn. A gentle breeze wandered up from the river, across the corn field and railroad, around the small frame house where Blossom Dean was born and "raised," and having once reached the flower garden behind it, loitered long among the hollyhocks and pansies before it drifted on, to the "main street" of that particular little Ohio River town. Meanwhile Blossom herself moved slowly across the garden, cutting sweet peas.

The chance observer, who saw only a small, neat figure in a big, blue sunbonnet and fresh, percale dress, cutting sweet peas with a certain, listless daintiness, would have supposed her to be some pretty, village girl, but anyone who looked under that blue sunbonnet must have stood appalled at the deep melancholy stamped in those dull, brown eyes. On features, already marked by continued ill-health and much suffering, was the impress of a spirit that had absolutely ceased to care, that no longer struggled against the gloom which was daily deepening over it and soon must grow so black as to exclude every ray of wholesome sunshine.

Yet so gradual had been the growth of this despondency during many months that Blossom herself had scarcely been conscious of its awful power, until one morning at breakfast the sudden fear in her husband's voice startled her into realization. "But, Blossom, I'm a-goin' to take you home, I'm a-goin' to take you home," was all he said.

Since early summer she had been in her old home, and her mother and father and her friends did their best to arouse her interest and to drive away the shadows between her and them. But each failed and was forced to acknowledge with her mother, "I can't reach her no more."

Yet these good friends of hers would not give up. When no one came in of an evening, her father laid aside his newspaper and talked in his clumsy way. On an especially hot night he would slip out conspicuously, go to the ice cream parlor and

hurry home with a pasteboard box. Time was when the little girl, Blossom would have danced up and down at the prospect of such a treat.

Mrs. Dean had long enjoyed the reputation of having the finest flower garden in the community. It was the pride of her heart. Blossom, too, had always loved the flowers dearly, and when she came home her mother surrendered the care of them to her, but many a backward, little plant would have died that summer had not Mrs. Dean kept a watchful eye.

Belle, one of Blossom's old friends, was married and had two roly-poly babies. She often brought them over of an afternoon. As there were two, Blossom of course had to "mind" one. It was certainly a diverting occupation. If she took the older he insisted on playing with "Aunt Bwee's" button box, and he had to be watched every minute lest he should inadvertently choke himself. If, however, Belle put the younger one in her arms, he was sure to wrinkle up his little face and break into a most heart-rendering wail.

Before she went Belle would always say, "What's the matter, Blossom dear? What makes you so low?" But Blossom had nothing in particular to complain of. Yes, she seemed to be feeling stronger these days. Belle could not understand it. Those who enjoy even a moderate degree of health can scarcely realize the weary struggle of one who is nearly always dogged by some dull pain.

However great the odds or hopeless the effort required, Blossom had elected to give it up and this knowledge lay, the blackest shadow of all, across her heart and seemed continually to deepen the lines of melancholy in her face. A deed like that upon which she had determined must be performed either on the spur of the moment, or only after one has so long accustomed himself to the very thought and the particular means employed, that it seems inevitable. That day Blossom cut sweet peas, knowing well it would be her last.

Jim was coming that afternoon. Something, possibly the peculiar dreaminess in the air, kept suggesting old scenes and memories. Surely it was years and years ago that she and Jim had planned their little home and had sat on the front steps under the purple-starred clematis and watched the moon rise over the shadowy hills and mirror itself in the river. A great flood of happiness had overflowed her heart, not rioting, exult-

ant emotion, but happiness, serene, quiet, secure. It had seemed to her great enough to last a lifetime, but somehow it had all ebbed away. Still she knew that Jim's devotion had never wavered, that he was always planning little surprises and pleasures for her.

She had made a struggle when this apathy first crept over her. She had said, "I will be glad." She had kept up the little customs. She was always at the door to open it when Jim came home from work. Yet all the while she had been drifting farther and farther away from home and friends and God, and then her heart hardened.

She stretched her arms slowly toward the flowers. Could anything, even tears, have brightened those dull eyes, perhaps even then she might have been saved. She reached out on all sides as if she expected a sign from the flowers. They, beautiful, dumb things, only swayed and murmured and moved gently in the breeze.

"Blossom," called her mother from the kitchen door, "Blossom."

A slight tremor passed through the girl's frame. Then with a sudden impulse she turned around and held up the great bunch of sweet peas. There was only the faintest shadow of her old gayety in her manner, but her mother instantly perceived it and went back into the house greatly encouraged.

It was as near a farewell as Blossom dared give, for she knew her family suspected her intention. They thought of the river, but they did not dream of this. She was nerving herself to act quickly, yet, with the old instinct to put it off, she arranged the sweet peas very, very slowly and carefully, and tied them neatly with a green cord. Then she reached inside her waist and drew out the carbolic acid vial. There was nothing further to detain her, but still she hesitated. She made one great effort, and the vial brushed her lips.

If individuals lived unto themselves, the life of Blossom had been blotted out of the world at that moment, but such is not the case. A broken-hearted group gathered together that night in the Dean home.

"She wasn't well," said Jim brokenly. "Blossom done her best. Blossom—" but he could not go on; he knew that he lied.

SKETCHES

THE ANSWER

BY HELENA FRANKLIN MILLER

"Are you going to marry Dick?" demanded Mrs. Brandon. Kate Underwood looked at her sister with wide, innocent eyes.

"I really don't know," she answered.

"You don't know?" repeated Mrs. Brandon, "Well, for goodness' sake—"

"You see," Kate explained, "He asked me if I'd marry him, and I said I'd think about it. I'm still thinking."

"It would be more to the point if you would stop thinking and *do* something."

"You think that the surest way to matrimony is to stop thinking?" asked Miss Underwood gently, "I don't know but what you are right. Now, what method would you suggest? Shall I go to Dick and say, 'Pardon me, Mr. Bradford, but can you tell me whether or not we are engaged?'"

"Don't be silly," said her sister crossly, "Write him a note and say that you have decided to marry him."

"But I haven't. I suppose, if it would relieve your mind, I could tell him that I would be engaged to him."

"I wish you would," responded Mrs. Brandon in a mollified tone, "Once let me see you safely married and I will be *so* relieved."

"Oh, I didn't say anything about getting married; I said I might be engaged to him."

"How you do trip me up," her sister said impatiently, "What does being engaged mean but being engaged to be married?"

"It might mean, among other things, being engaged not to marry anyone else. That would be such a protection against a matchmaking sister."

Mrs. Brandon flushed. "I do think you ought not to jest on such serious subjects," she said tearfully. "It isn't d—decent. If you don't look out, he'll g—go and marry s—somebody else."

"Which would save me the trouble of refusing him," finished Kate promptly.

Her sister shrugged her shoulders. "Kate," she said seriously, "*What* are you waiting for?"

"Waiting for?"

"I said 'waiting for,'" replied Mrs. Brandon impatiently, "Why is it you won't marry Dick? You like him better than any other man you know and he's been crazy about you for years. I'm not trying to make you marry against your will, dear, but I don't understand."

"It's very simple," said Kate defiantly, "You may laugh if you want to. I don't love him, that's all."

Mrs. Brandon did not laugh. She seemed to look suddenly older.

"I thought as you do, once," she said at last. "I thought that some day there would come a man whom I would love and who would love me better than anyone else in the world. I'm not sure but that I expected to have him ushered in by a brass band playing 'Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes'. Well, he never came; I guess they don't, nowadays."

Kate twisted uneasily in her chair. She felt an overwhelming sense of embarrassment.

"But, if you have made up your mind not to marry him—though how you can be so foolish I don't see—" Mrs. Brandon's tone had resumed its wonted crispness, "why don't you tell him so?"

"Because I haven't the courage. Just now he imagines that he's in love with me and if I refuse him we can never be friends again. But he'll get over it and until then, why have any needless unpleasantness?"

"Of course it isn't my affair," Mrs. Brandon said as she rose to go, "but I do think you are making a mistake. It's a bother to be definite, but it's safer. Good-bye, dear."

It was several days before Kate saw her sister again. One morning Mrs. Brandon, very red in the face, rustled into the library.

"You've heard, of course. Have you seen the papers?"

"Yes," answered Kate.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing."

Mrs. Brandon sank into a chair. "Kate Underwood," she announced, "you are absolutely the most exasperating person I ever met. Dick is ruined and you're not going to do anything."

"Not Dick; his father."

Mrs. Brandon waved her hand airily. "It's all the same. He'll have to take care of his father and mother as long as they live. Of course he has his position, but that's not very much. Has he been here?" She looked at the girl keenly.

"No. As soon as I heard, I wrote him a note. I really consider it quite a masterpiece. I told him that he need not try to release me, for I was just as much engaged to him as I ever was." She paused, but her sister did not speak. "Judging from his answer, he thinks we're engaged."

"A nice time to be finding it out," was Mrs. Brandon's comment. "Of course it was very fair of you to do it, especially as you weren't bound to him in any way. But at the same time, I'm not so sure that it wasn't rather unkind, too. What's the use of prolonging the agony?"

"Well, really—," began Miss Underwood stiffly, "if you look at it *that way*—"

"You're touchy today," her sister said easily, "Not that I blame you, though," she added, "You *are* in a predicament and I don't just see how you are going to get out of it."

Miss Underwood grinned cheerfully. "I'm not going to get out," she said, "I'm going to stay in."

Her sister looked at her for a moment, a puzzled expression in her eyes. Her jaw dropped slowly.

"Kate," she almost shrieked, "you're not going to marry him?"

"I shouldn't wonder," responded Miss Underwood pleasantly.

"But you said you weren't going to."

"Did I? Well, that was last week."

Mrs. Brandon was thinking hard. What was it Kate had said? Then she remembered. "But you don't love him; you told me so yourself."

"Well, what if I did?" said Kate impatiently, "Don't you see that it's too late to back out now? I'd lose his respect and my own, too. I didn't have the courage to refuse him; I let things drift rather than run the risk of any unpleasantness. I acknowledge that I was a coward, but I'm willing to pay for it."

Over her sister's worried face there stole a smile. She chuckled. "I've heard of marrying a man to reform him and any 'Woman's Page' will tell you it is no longer considered the thing, but to marry a man for the sake of disciplining yourself—that's really quite new. Don't do it; it isn't fair to either of you."

"I've read a few novels myself," replied Miss Underwood rudely, "I've heard all that and it's nonsense. He never needed me before but he needs me now and I'm not going to desert him when everybody else will."

"That's right, be contrary," advised Mrs. Brandon as she rose to go, "Be sentimental if you want, but don't blame me if you are unhappy," she walked to the door but when she reached it she turned, "and if I were you I'd make sure first that I wasn't making an unnecessary sacrifice." Then she went out and closed the door gently after her, and on her face there was no look of chagrin or disappointment but one of satisfaction and secret amusement.

After her sister had gone, Miss Underwood sat very still for a long time. Was she mistaken after all? Was she really not necessary to his happiness? This idea was so new that it gave her a sense of shock. Other men might be fickle—but not Dick; other men might change but it had never occurred to her that he might come to care less for her. She told herself that his love had been a sort of axiom in her life—a first principle, as it were. She did not know just what a first principle was but it sounded very big and very dependable, and Dick was all that.

"May I come in?" She turned and saw him standing in the doorway.

"Oh Dick!" Something made her hurry to meet him and put both her hands in his. "Why didn't you come sooner? It's been so long," for she suddenly realized that it had seemed a long time.

"I came as soon as I could. You got my letter?"

She blushed and nodded.

"And I got yours. Do you know how I felt when I read it?"

There was no answer. "You wouldn't ask for the world, either, would you?"

"Nope," responded Miss Underwood, inelegantly.

"Then I'll tell you. Perhaps you don't know what it is to

discover that someone you love has faith in you and is ready to stand by you. Of course I couldn't have taken the money even if things were as bad as the papers said. Perhaps we couldn't have married for years ; but you believed in me and you cared enough to wait—sweetheart—”

“ I passed your sister in the hall,” he said irrelevantly some minutes later.

A sudden fear seized her. “ Did she—say anything to you ? ”

He smiled down at her. “ How frightened you look. She didn't say much—let me see, what was it ? Oh yes, she only said ‘ Good luck ’.”

The girl stared at him a moment, then her eyes filled with tears. “ She knew—she knew all the time,” she sobbed, but she could not have told why she cried.

“ What did she know ? ” demanded Mr. Bradford wildly, “ Why Kate, Kate, don't.”

A tear ran down Miss Underwood's nose. “ Nothing,” she said, “ It was nothing at all. But Dick, I do love you ; I do ! ”

THE GREY OF HEART

BY KATHERINE DUNCAN MORSE

Ah ! pity ye, the Grey of Heart,
Who in love's joyance have no part ;
Dull dwellers in the shadow, they
Whose hearts are grey.

They know no thrill of winged desire,
Grey hearts that ne'er were red with fire !
But cold, unkindled ever stay
Sad hearts of grey.

Ah ! pity them, the Grey of Heart !
Oh thou, if of Love's blest thou art,
I beg thee, for those poor souls pray
Whose hearts are grey.

THROUGH THE GATE

BY ANNABEL HITCHCOCK SHARP

An old woman sat in her window and looked out at the sunlit world with tired eyes.

She was here in the same place day after day living on memories awakened by the rolling meadows where she had played as a child; by the old grape arbor where she went to dream her dreams of romance when she was sixteen; and most of all by the long lilac-bordered lane that led to the river. Down this sweetly scented path she had walked with her lover and had opened for him the little iron gate at the end and then leaning on it, had watched him go out of sight along the road at the very edge of the river-bank. She did not know that the encroaching river had eaten away the road and that the little iron gate, no longer used, had rusted open. They had never thought to tell her.

She had married. How sweet had been her life then, even after the fall that had made her an invalid. He had always been so gentle with her and so tender.

"Your poor helpless wife," she had once called herself, and, "My beloved helpful wife," he had answered softly.

When he died, for a long time she had no desire in life save to follow him, but at length she began to take an interest in the people about her and found ways of doing good. She sent a little girl from a neighboring farm to boarding school, and followed her progress; she gave a young man funds to study law and through influential friends she helped him to get a start in practice. Boys and girls and men and women came to her with their joys, their sorrows and their sins, and she rejoiced with them or comforted and suffered with them.

And yet always she was waiting for a summons, met each sunrise with the hope, "It will be to-day."

The red glow of evening was on the world outside, and her dim eyes were dazzled by the radiance in the west. A weariness filled her that she should have lived to see the sun set so many times on her disappointment.

Night came slowly, bringing little stars to glint and glimmer at her through the window, and because she found a sort of

companionship in them, she sent away the attendant who came to move her to her bed as usual, saying she would remain there in the chair where she could find something to occupy her thoughts if she were wakeful.

Her eyes closed and she slept long. A great round moon was now shining full on her face and caused strange dreams to flit through her mind. Now she would sigh as a love-sick girl, now shake and shiver as one ill of the palsy. Suddenly she rose and stood upon her feet—the first time in sixty years. She stood swaying and uncertain, then she walked to the low window and stepped out on the dewy lawn.

Slowly, slowly down the lilac lane she went while the silver moonbeams shone upon her snow-white hair and pallid, wrinkled face. Her eyes were open wide and her lips were parted in a happy smile. On one side she saw the lilac shrubs, but between her and the other hedge she saw a figure, a tall man, her sweetheart, and through the whispering of the wind she heard the whispering of his lips and he was saying tender things of long ago.

On, on, she walked with tottering steps and panting breath and pounding heart; on to the little iron gate that had rusted open. Above the roar of the river immediately below her she heard the pleadings of her lover that she go beyond the gate and walk with him. Glad at being urged, she soon consented and smiling sweetly stepped out on the road, that road which the river, had long since destroyed.

And the moon burned to silver the little dancing ripples that sped out and away in widening and ever widening circles.

MY STAR FRIENDS

BY MARION KEEP PATTON

I sometimes think that each great, brilliant star
Must lonely be;
So very high from earth the big ones are,
And each one from the other seems so far.
I only see
Two little, twinkling stars down in the west.
Close, close together prest;
I love them best.

THE TONE-DEAFER: AN APPRECIATION

BY JANET SIMON

This is both a singing and a non-singing world ; by which remarkable statement I mean to imply that some of us can sing and some of us can not. Now since time immemorial much has been said in praise of song and of singers, but who, I ask, has ever, in rash temerity, dared to breathe a simple eulogy on such an unappreciated member of society as the so-called tone-deafer ? Who has ever, in this world of mellow tones and harsh discords, had the perspicacity to perceive that, after all, there is a certain element of the ordinary in being able to carry a tune and a certain element of the unusual in not being able to do so. For, oh ye of little perception, to be tone deaf means that, in this particular respect, at any rate, you are different from the average-common-place-being-able-to-carry-a-tune-and-perhaps-sing-a-bit member of the community.

Yes, to be tone deaf is a positive distinction. Of course there are distinctions and distinctions ; but this one is not of the uncomplimentary variety by virtue of which a fool is "distinct" in a society of wise men. No. The majority of human beings can sing a scale more or less harmoniously, and we find the tone-deafers—and I mean the absolute, bona fide tone-deafers, not those of the merely less harmonious class—a decided minority. Here we have a distinction and a creditable one already. Tone-deafers in this particular respect are the sulphitic members of a bromidically tune-carrying world. They are the Philistines of discord in a land of commonplace song. It is not for this sufficiently worthy consideration, however, that I would boldly defy tradition and say a word of praise and appreciation in behalf of the tone-deafer. Nay, there is a far weightier reason why the person of inharmonious chords and discords merits your attention, your sympathy and your gratitude.

Has it ever occurred to you, ye singing, trilling, whistling public, what it means to be a tone-deafer ? Well, for one thing you have seen that it means to be—different and I have claimed, logically or otherwise, that this difference is of the nature of a real distinction. But to be a tone-deafer means a great deal

more than just this. It means, and I do not exaggerate, a life of constant effort and as constant failing—a life of struggle, of striving and of ultimate defeat. It means a life of sadness lightened by the single faint streak of happiness in the knowledge that one is—different. For—eminent authorities to the contrary—a tone-deafer—the genuinely untainted, tuneless variety—will never be able to sing, and yet, magnificently disregarding the distinctive difference before alluded to, the tone-deafer desires above all else in the world to do just that—to carry a tune. Are there not here elements of true tragedy—a protagonist of distinction, placed in a situation where, no matter how he struggles, failure is inevitable?

Some of you, perhaps in your wide field of observation, have gone so far as to grasp the external facts of this tragic situation. But no one, I venture to say, has ever probed deeply into the melancholy life of a tone-deafer and found the well of pathos and struggle which there exists. No; when an ambitious but indiscreet tone-deafer of your acquaintance bursts into would-be song and brazenly drowns the melody of your own vocal organs, you feel irritated, piqued, even slightly angry, perchance. Do you not? Surely, for after all, you are but human. If your disposition is uncommonly sweet and jolly you laugh at the inharmonious, ear-grating sounds and consider it all a joke and very, very funny.

"She can't carry a tune, just imagine it! Can't even sing a scale, my!"

It never occurred to you that in the discordant wail of a tone-deafer there lies a mighty tragedy—a fight against odds too great to be overcome, a struggle on a bridge that is sure to fall, a combat against an enemy that can't be downed. The next time you hear a discordant effort stop your sensitive ears if you must, but at the same time, I pray you, remember that that offending tone-deafer is fighting a losing fight and that she's not giving in! When a tone-deafer tries to sing, it does not mean that she thinks she can—it signifies that she defiantly refuses to succumb to heavy odds—until she must.

The tone-deafer is a sport. Perhaps in this hurly-burly age of ours we need more quiet harmony than true sports; but along with the absence of quiet and tranquillity is there not also a dearth of really true sports? In this light let us honor the tone-deafer.

LOSING REPUTATIONS

BY ESTHER CRANE

We are very busy here in college, too busy to have time to change our minds. The minute a girl arrives at college she is labelled and pigeon-holed, and never is she allowed to change either label or pigeon-hole. One perfect recitation makes her a shark; one clever story makes her a genius; one good joke makes her a scream; one neat basket makes her a wonder. But alas, these reputations are hard to lose!

Consider the reputation for being good-natured. If a girl is so afflicted her friends cut their dates with her and then excuse themselves by saying, "You see I had a date with Alice, dear, and she would have been furious. You know how touchy she is, and of course I knew you wouldn't mind, you are so good-natured." Righteous indignation has no effect; her friends cannot understand that she is really angry. She sulks and they suggest a tonic; she assumes an air of offended dignity and they inquire if her head aches. She rises at last in rage and reviles them and they look at her in blank surprise, then lead her quietly to her couch, tell her she is all tired out, put a feather puff over her, lower the shade, and leave her to the pangs of remorse. They simply can't believe she is angry, so they think she must be ill.

But the worst reputation of all is the one you acquire from the people who live in your house Freshman year. No matter how clever or how popular a girl may become, there will always be some one who will turn up her nose and say, "Oh you can't tell me anything about that girl. I lived in the house with her Freshman year." The tone implies that nothing good could ever be true of her after that. They never forget her, these people who lived in her house Freshman year. Though her clothes may fit to perfection they never forget that Freshman year she could not manage junctions; though she may grow stately and impressive they never forget how red her eyes were that first week; though she may become most democratic they never forget that Freshman year she was a conceited snob. No, these things they never forget.

A CHRONICLE OF SENIOR DRAMATICS

BY ALICE STEPHANIE O'MEARA

A well-known critical student of Shakespeare, Professor Stoddard of New York University said, not long ago, that to hear the best interpretation and recital of Shakespeare's immortal lines, one must listen to the annual dramatic productions of the Smith College Seniors. With but two exceptions, Shakespearean dramas have been played at Commencement time for the last fifteen years. We may well feel proud of our record when we read the criticisms of the performances. It shows the "result of honest effort to interpret Shakespeare's plays in a sincere, consistent and intelligent manner, and to invest the performance with a true Shakespearean atmosphere."

In the early eighties, when all the students lived on campus, there was a lively interest shown in dramatics, in a purely informal way. The class of '84 produced an operetta, in which local hits were adapted to popular music. At that time, the elective system had not been adopted. All the girls took the same courses; so that everyone in College could appreciate all the jokes.

A Composite-Picture was presented by the class of '85, the scene of which was laid in Hades. Queen Persephone held a reception to which all were invited. Some good-natured thrusts at the Faculty lent spice to the occasion.

The class of '87 was the first one to produce a regular Senior play as a part of the Commencement festivities. This class was deemed incompetent because it could not write its own play and most audacious because it enjoyed the services of a trainer—a *real* actress. There were only forty girls in the class, so that trials were not considered necessary for the discovery of latent talent. The committee merely chose those girls who had been prominent in house theatricals. The play was given in the old gymnasium.

In 1889, Dean Tyler and Mr. Franklin H. Sargent, the director of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, supervised the production of Sophocles's tragedy of "Electra." It was given in the original Greek, with most elaborate costumes and scenery. It is interesting to note that this was only the second Greek

play up to that time that had been given in this country. The gymnasium, it was found, was not large enough for an adequate presentation, so the precedent was established for the giving of Senior plays in the old Opera House, the predecessor of the present Academy of Music.

In spite of some serious objections on the part of the Faculty, because of the time and the labor which they entailed, Senior Dramatics had come to stay, and within the next few years divers plays were worked over with varying success. The class of '90 gave a musical presentation of the Book of Job, the music for which was composed by Professor Blodgett, then the head of the Music Department. In '91, George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy" caused some unfavorable comment and the permanent discontinuance of Senior plays and especially of their presentation in the town theatre was threatened.

The next year, however, Browning's "Colombe's Birthday" was attempted, with Mr. Alfred Young, Mr. Sargent's colleague, as coach. In his kindly and clever manner he has continued to direct Senior Dramatics up to the present time, except in one instance, when Mr. Short took his place as coach for Ibsen's "Pretenders" in nineteen-eight.

Racine's "Athalie," or rather parts of it, were given by the class of '93 with fair success. Mr. George Riddle, who was then a most popular entertainer, read, to a musical accompaniment, scenes from this tragedy, which were illustrated by tableaux. The old gymnasium was again the scene of activity, brave in the glory of a graded floor, built especially for the occasion. Even then it was hard for everyone to see; so the following year, the dramatization of Hardy's "Passe Rose" was played in the Opera House.

In '95 the first of the long series of Shakespearean plays was enacted--the "Midsummer Night's Dream." It made a very favorable impression not only upon those who were particularly interested in the college, but upon the general public. Of this, the contemporary criticisms bear witness. An editorial in the New York Tribune read, "Such an undertaking, amid such surroundings, must surely excite renewed enthusiasm and reverence for the great master-mind in literature, and must exert an influence that will be felt in all the future lives of the participants." During the following winter, the play was given in New York and also before a Boston audience, with equal success.

In the years that followed, only two classes attempted plays other than Shakespearean. After nine years of Shakespearean comedy and tragedy, the class of '04 brought before the public a translation of the drama "Sakuntala," written by the poet Kalidasa, who has been called the Shakespeare of India. It seems to have given genuine delight to the audience; but critics agreed that the Hindu atmosphere necessary to the success of the production was not all-pervasive.

The class of '08 presented an expurgated version of Ibsen's "Pretenders." The average kindly, indulgent criticism, one which has been applied to almost all of the Senior plays, might well be cited here; "This play, which has many difficulties for a college performance, by girls, was given a very creditable rendering."

Last year, the success of '95's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was repeated by the class of '09. Everyone heralded the return to Shakespeare with enthusiasm. This year the "Winter's Tale" is to be given. A rumor has gained some ground of late that Senior Dramatics are to be given up in the future. We hope not. Students as well as outsiders recognize the valuable training which the preparation for these plays affords to those who take part in them; but that these performances are of serious advantage to the college in general as well as to those who have a part in them, is shown by a criticism which appeared in the June Outlook for 1900.

"The preparation for these annual dramatic performances fills no small part in the educational work of the senior year; and the excellence with which the plays are put upon the stage, year after year, by a group of amateurs, affords not only the opportunity of judging of the work in literature, English and vocal training in the college, but also of the general spirit of culture which pervades the institution; from this point of view Smith College could hardly desire a better concrete illustration of the educational quality of its work."

DAISIES

BY MARTHA BARKER

The man's tired eyes wandered over the bookcase. Nothing there suggested comfort. He glanced farther. The desk held only pain, for her picture was on it. Nothing to divert his mind and soothe his sorrow! Everything was as her magic feminine hand had arranged and the thought came to his weary brain that no one knew how to arrange chairs as she did. And now she was gone.

He dared not trust himself with that thought, for the temptation to enter the other life with her at once was strong, and he must live, live for the mite of humanity she had left him. Yes, he must live for the child. In the three months that the little one had made so unhappy for the house, he had not thought of their daughter; the mother had been the focus of his care and anxiety, and the mother had told him to live for the little one and had left him even while he promised.

But could he? He glanced around the library again. He could not endure the place. With a desperate gesture he strode to the open window and gazed out, hoping to find something to fix his mind on and to help him forget his grief. His glance passed over a beautiful country scene, little hills swelling here and there amid the plains, patches of woodland standing out dark green against the fainter hue of the fields, for it was spring and grain was growing. Suddenly his eyes were fixed on a large white field in the distance. So it was daisy-time. She had died in daisy-time. His mind went back to the daisy-time of all others, and the picture of pictures which his grief had chased away came back to him.

She was in the daisy field, her mother had told him, and there he would look for her. He was to sail the next day for Germany to study medicine, and even to this minute he was undecided whether merely to say good-bye, and to wait until he came back and could better ask her to marry him, or to tell her at parting what was in his heart. The lane turned a sharp corner at the pine wood and he stopped short, as yet unseen, and the picture he saw he never forgot.

The daisy field! She came down the lane laden with the flowers. On one side of her was the dark pine grove scenting the air with its fragrance. Behind it the sun was setting amid a glory of gold. Across the lane was the daisy field, with the long shadows of the pines across it. Overhead the sky was clear and blue, with only a tiny bevy of clouds in the far west. There was no breeze; the daisies were as motionless as if painted on canvas. All was quiet except the girl swinging down the lane, singing blithely, "Bobby Shafto's gone to sea!"

She was like a daisy herself, fresh and pure. Her dress was white as the blossoms she held in her arms, her hair as gold as the hearts of the daisies, her eyes as blue as the sky above her, and her cheeks the soft pink of the western sky. A daisy she seemed, a daisy in the sunset, with the shadows of the pines flickering on her as on the daisies in her arms and at her side.

Soon they were sitting on a stump by the lane-side, with the pines and the sunset behind them and the stretch of daisies in front, and he was telling her how like a daisy she was, and saying a great many things out of his very heart that he really hadn't meant to say. And the girl finished her song cheerfully,

"He'll come back and marry me!

Pretty Bobby Shafto!"

The picture of her, a very daisy among the daisies, never left him. The sight of the blossoms brought it to him vividly. He always liked to see her in white, for then she looked most like the flower he held sacred to her. They had not been sentimental lovers, and how much the memory of her in that sunset scene had meant to him in the lonely years abroad, he could not have expressed, and she never knew his passion for the flowers she had in her arms at the happiest moment in his life.

And so she had died in daisy-time. That season had seen the bitterest as well as the happiest moment of his life. She had left him in daisy-time and he could not go to her because he must live. He turned away from his contemplation of the daisy field, as a knock was heard on the library door. It was the nurse, thinking to comfort him by bringing the child. For the first time, he took his daughter in his strong arms. This was his Duty, his Future. The nurse looked on approvingly.

"It's a good thing the little baby is given him in his sorrow," she thought, with kindly sympathy, and she risked a dangerous sort of consolation. "She will have hair like her mother."

The man seemed unmoved for some time, and then, as he understood what the nurse had told him, he said suddenly, "She has not been named."

"No, sir," replied the nurse, unable to keep the reproach out of her voice. The man put the child back in her arms with a determined movement.

"Nurse," he said firmly, "we will call my daughter, Daisy."

THE FAIRY MORTAL

BY MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

If you're walking all alone,
Through a place that's overgrown
With moss and fern and evergreen, where fairies like to stay,
Or upon a hillside light
When the moon is shining bright,
And the fairy rings of white are growing where the fairies play.

If a cobweb shuts your eyelids, and you're on a fairy quest,
Don't touch it, oh, don't touch it, you'll be sorry if you do !
For it's telling you they've chosen you to be a fairy's guest,
In the times when first they did it, t'was the only way they knew.

So with eyes shut go straight forward, you needn't be afraid,
For the fairy thread will guide you o'er the path the elves have made,
And you'll follow, follow, follow, over fairy hill and hollow,
Till you reach the queen's own revels, held far down an eerie glade.

And oh, the things you'll do there, and oh, the the things you'll see !
It's not possible to tell them, but they happened once to me,
And if you join the dancing, you'll be lucky through and through,
For a fairy dance will make a fairy mortal out of you.

And you'll always have the fairies after that, where'er you go,
For they give the fairy mortals all the joy the fairies know.

So when you're all alone,
In a place that's overgrown,
With moss and fern and evergreen, where fairies like to stay,
Or upon a hillside light,
When the moon is shining bright,
And the fairy rings of white are growing where the fairies play,

If a cobweb shuts your eyelids and you're on a fairy quest,
Don't touch it, oh, don't touch it, you'll be sorry if you do !
For it's telling you they've chosen you to be a fairy's guest,
And perhaps they'll even make a fairy mortal out of you !

ABOUT COLLEGE

SONNET ON DEMANDING APPLICATION FEE

BY VIRGINIA CORYELL CRAVEN

Ten dollars did I seek when I was poor
And there were all the last sad bills to pay ;
Kind Mr. Clark enquired if I were sure
I would not need it more some other day.
"No," said I sadly, and the slow tears dripped,
"I thought last fall to spend this sum on art.
Buy pictures when my roommate's home were shipped,
On gilded Cambridge poets feed my heart.
But stamps for invitations by the dozens
Eat up this sum, and gloves and belts and hose,
Dramatics seats for all my second cousins,
And extra college laundry. This for those !
Oh Mr. Clark quick and unflinching be ;
'Tis gone before thou handst it out to me."

ALUMNÆ

BY MILDRED SIDNEY BALDWIN

The Freshman

Lots of the alumnæ are at our house to stay,
Some of them I cannot stand, I wish they'd go away.
They're very, very haughty, and they're very, very tall,
So they never even see us when they pass us in the hall.

The Sophomore

Three alums in our room—roommate isn't here—
Four of them across the hall, one is really dear.
They're all grown up and married, and one's famous, some one said,
But they gossip just like freshmen when they're all of them in bed.

The Junior

"Oh nineteen (something) we sing to you !"
"Eighteen hundred (every class) to you we're ever true !"
This being junior usher needs strong lungs—I'm nearly dead,
My feet won't go another step. Come on, let's go to bed !

The Senior

Alums ! Why yes, I like them here,
We'll be alumnæ too, next year !

A SENIOR'S PLEA

BY HELEN C. KING

Ask me not, benignant reader,
Ask me not, I humbly pray,
"Do I love my Alma Mater?
Do I hate to go away?"

"Can I realize I'm a senior,
That I've been four years up here?
Do I feel a great deal older
Than I did my freshman year?"

"Will I feel sad next September
When the girls flock back once more?
Still of course my class won't be here,
'Twould not be the same as yore.

"Am I going to teach next winter?
Shall I travel far away?
Will my mother want to have me
Come back home and really stay?"

"Have I lived four years on fudge-cake?
Are those stories only myths?
Really, would I send my daughter,
If I had one, up to Smith's?"

A KINDLY OFFER

BY ALICE M. COMSTOCK

One day I saw this thoughtful sign,
First, "M. H. Keach," it said,
And under that in finer print
These strange remarks I read.

"All seniors who do not yet know
Next year where they're to be,
And would like storage for a while,
Can just apply to me."

I do not know where I'm to be;
Somewhere I mean to teach,
But I don't think I'd like it much
If stored by Mr. Keach.

GENIUS OR ENVIRONMENT?

BY SALLY SWALLOW

One morn I woke and strangely felt
My muse was hovering nigh.
So forth I jumped and seized my pen
To catch it on the fly.

I sat me down to put in words
What e'er she should reveal,
But at that point the breakfast bell
Gave forth a loud appeal.

I always was a hungry soul,
(Tis fitting one should eat).
And so with haste I donned my clothes,
And hurried to my seat.

But even while my mortal frame
Thus basely spent the time,
My mind was seeking far and near
For the immortal rhyme.

At eight-fifteen I heartened up ;
" Here's time," I thought with glee,
But then a girl cried out, " Have you
A chapel date with me? "

I always was an honest soul,
(But this of course you know)
And then, the girl was a celeb ;
I simply had to go.

The day sped on, I had no time
Until 'twas almost four.
And then I filled my fountain-pen,
And placed upon my door

A no-admittance sign quite new.
I thought, " What e'er may hap,
Alone I shall my muse invoke.— "
But then there came a rap.

And next I heard a pleading voice
Say, " Won't you come with me ?
'Twould be so nice to take a walk
And then to have some tea."

I always was a docile soul,
I follow where I'm led,—
Besides I'm very fond of tea,
With cream and ginger-bread.

We walked so long 'twas dinner time;
Alas, I must confess
I had no time to do my hair,
And barely time to dress.

That night I had a lot to do,
I worked 'till nearly ten,
But still I had a little while
Before "lights" even then.

For three whole minutes quiet reigned,
And then a shrill voice said,
"My dear, you'll really have to come
And join my birthday spread."

I always was a social soul,
So I could not resist;
And then, a gorgeous birthday spread—
It never could be missed.

At twelve o'clock I bade adieu,
And hied me to my room.
A horrid fear grew in my mind,
And filled my heart with gloom.

E'en as I feared, my muse had fled
And never would return.
In sorrow then I told myself
Thus sadly must I learn

That, though the novelist goes forth
To see and study men,
The poet needs must bolt his door
When he would wield his pen;

That, if you would invoke the muse,
'Tis really worth your while
To spend some time in searching for
A quiet desert isle:

And that, though Shakespeare genius had
And glibly wrote therewith,
Yet *He'd* have had no time to write
If he had gone to Smith.

A PLEA FOR PAIRS

BY OLIVE B. WATSON

Since Nature has bestowed on us
Two hands, two feet, two eyes,
Why will the literary folk
Slight one, and tantalize?

They choose but one, personify
It, give it all attention,
While th' other one does not receive
An honorable mention.

And so our busy minds run on
To seek the others out,
It is so interesting to know
What each one is about.

"His careless eye ran down the page,"
Did the other run up the wall?
No wonder authors tell us not,
That wouldn't do at all.

"He had an ear for music,"
Now wouldn't it be queer
If he were perfectly tone-deaf
In that unmentioned ear?

"Her ruthless hand destroyed the flower,"
Why ignore the other so
But for the Biblical command
Not to "let the right hand know"?

Does the strong arm of the righteous
Put the weak one in a sling?
Can the wandering foot of a wayward boy
Meet the other by hurrying?

That's the way we wonder, as we read,
And think of the time we lose,
Since writers will not be sensible
And speak of such things in twos!

COLLEGE NOTES

The Junior Promenade festivities were
JUNIOR PROMENADE celebrated this year on the eleventh and twelfth of May—for most of us!—with great success and enjoyment for everybody. If the juniors looked blue in their nine o'clock recitations on Wednesday, when the rain descended, they had no further cause for complaint against the weather, save that the dampness so early in the day was not good for the straight-haired sisters who had indulged in marcel. The beautiful weather that favored the garden party in the orchard continued through "the day after," until the moment of the Amherst game, when some more rains descended.

All praise and gratitude is due the sophomore and junior committees, for their efficient work at the orchard party and the Prom itself. The decorations, the "eats," the music, the dressing-rooms,—everything was done better than it ever has been before. The dancing was satisfactorily conducted in alphabetic sections. The promenade was a beautiful sight, and all juniors are grateful to those who were willing to regard its ensemble, at a distance. The thanks of the class are also due to our charming patronesses, not only for their kindness in acting as chaperones, but for their approving our guests as handsomer, on the average, than ever before.

The next day saw many happy parties going in all directions, in all kinds of conveyances. The weather was glorious, and the country lying around Northampton at its height of spring beauty. Many kodak pictures were taken with greater or less success—as we have seen from the photographers' returns.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" was performed Thursday evening at the Academy to a crowded house, by the Lend a Hand Dramatic Club of Boston. They were deservedly well

received by the audience, for their performance was beautiful to the eye, ear and funny bone. The operetta was a particularly happy one to give, for it is less familiar than "Pinafore" or the "Mikado," yet on a par with them in real worth. A warm reception awaits the Lend a Hand Club whenever they shall give a play in Northampton again.

The only unfortunate thing about Prom is that it is over. Everything conspired, from the weather to the livery stables, to make it a perfect occasion, and one that will live long in the memories of those who took part in its gayeties.

D. N. 1911.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT
MEETING

At the last open meeting of the College Settlement Association held in the Students' Building on May 16 Miss Ernestine Friedemann, of the class of 1907, spoke on the work of a social secretary in the large factories in New Jersey. The purpose of the work is to give "life more abundantly" to the factory girls, to establish a spirit of interest and enthusiasm among them, and to create a common interest between employers and employees. Miss Friedemann explained how such work was started. It is first necessary to obtain the permission of the manager, and then the secretary mingles with the girls at the lunch hour and aims to arouse their interest in starting a Reading or Social Club. During this time she attempts to find the natural leaders among them, and through them she is able to lead the girls on, step by step, to co-operate with the manager and to form new clubs. She cited several illustrations from four factories in Jersey City including the Colgate factory, where she is at present employed. Here conditions have developed so far that the girls are running a self-supporting lunch counter, where a good hot dinner may be obtained for the lowest possible price. The managers and the employees soon realize how much benefit both derive from such co-operation. Miss Friedemann asked that those students desiring to take up social work should interest themselves in this, as the work at present is hampered by lack of assistants.

L. M. 1912.

Our Art Gallery is to be enriched IN THE ART GALLERY in two ways, by purchase and by loan. Mr. D. W. Tryon has lent to the gallery six paintings which he owns: A "Madonna," artist unknown; "Sacrifice of Isaac," later Venetian School; "Landscape," by Canabetto; "The Garland," by T. W. Dewing; "Moonrise," by D. W. Tryon; "Pigs," by Horatio Walker. A copy of Titian's "Entombment" in the Salon Carré of the Louvre has been bought by the college.

L. F. C. 1911.

Wednesday, May 25, did not dawn light and FIELD DAY fair; nevertheless, another postponement of Field Day was impossible, for 1910 would then have been disqualified, the Gymnasium and Field Association allowing no alumnae entries.

So promptly at two o'clock the crowd began to gather at the Field. A little later, and the first two events were under way—croquet, 1911-1912, and basket-ball between the same classes. The matches were closely contested, but 1912 proved more than equal to both occasions. Next came the tennis doubles, 1911-1912, and archery, 1910-1911. The tennis was won by the juniors 6-1, 6-4. In archery 1910 won first place without much trouble. Next on the program came volley-ball and hockey. The juniors defeated the sophomores in the former, and the seniors, after many anxious moments, won from the freshmen by the very close record of 3-2. The last two events were cricket, 1910-1913, and clock golf, 1910-1911. The seniors won both, making the splendid record of four victories and no defeats. The points when added up were: 1913, 9 points; 1912, 20; 1911, 27; 1910, 28, thus giving 1910 the cup by one point.

The Gymnasium and Field Association is to be congratulated for the efficient and—what is even more important—the wholly satisfactory management of Field Day and its events. The gymnasium faculty are to be heartily thanked for the trouble and unselfish interest they have shown. To the seniors a double share of congratulation is due, as they are for the second time in two years the winners of a successful Field Day.

E. G. F. D. 1911.

The evening of Wednesday, May 25, witnessed a new page in college events. For months past the classes have been trying for a song contest, at which three prizes should be awarded, one to the class which should excel in chorus singing, the others to the two students who should write the best Alma Mater song. The "sing" took place on the campus in front of the Students' Building, each class in turn occupying the steps. The judges were Miss Jordan, Mr. Sleeper, Mr. Olmstead, Professor Bigelow, of Amherst, and Mr. Hinckley, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and their united judgement resulted in the awarding of the prize for the words of an Alma Mater song to Nancy Barnhart, 1911; the prize for the music of a similar song to Lillian Jackson, 1913, with honorable mention of Paula Haire, 1911. The victorious class was very deservedly 1910, with honorable mention of 1912. To the song-leaders of the four classes we must offer especial congratulations, upon the satisfying result of their work and enthusiasm.

H. T. L., 1911.

Having in mind the girls who leave VOLUNTEER SERVICE our college this month to enter into activities of the outside world, we feel that it will not be out of place to publish parts of a letter recently received from one of our alumnae. In the words of the writer, "I want to make clear what I would like to have reach the eye, and so enter the mind and heart, of some member of the graduating class of our Alma Mater. . . . In the first place, there are, I am sure, among the seniors, some who will enter social work; and there are probably some who will be so situated that they can give volunteer service, and will desire to do so. Doubtless there are others who *might* give their service, but have no idea how much the best they have to give—time, spirit and ability—is needed in social work, and therefore do not consider giving it. I wish the need of so-called 'volunteer service' might be brought to the attention of the MONTHLY readers.

"Denison House is one of the three college Settlements; it was started by Smith College women and it has always had Smith women on its force. There's a chance for another next year! A Wellesley 1909 girl has been resident at the Denison

House the past year, giving her time to the Italian Department. The experience gained has enabled her to accept a salaried position for the year to come; I want some one to take her place and wish so much it might be a Smith girl.

"The work is among Italians, the eager, impetuous, intelligent, responsive Latins from the 'Sunny South.' Our work with them is both social and educational, and is developing along so many lines that there is sure to be an interest for every possible helper. And in all the ways, whether with children or adults, men or women, we are striving for a better and more understanding citizenship. Our need, therefore, is for a volunteer worker and resident at Denison House next fall. I will gladly answer letters, or see anyone at Commencement who would like to ask about the work."

MARY GORE SMITH 1902,

108 Summer Street, Waltham, Mass.

L. F. C. 1911.

On Friday afternoon, May 27, at half
LIBRARY OPENING after three the formal opening of the
Library took place in Assembly Hall.
Members of the New England Library Association were present, as well as the faculty, students and friends of the college. President Seelye prefaced the dedicatory speech by giving a short history of the growth of our library. When the college was first started \$50,000 from the original \$365,000 left by Miss Smith was spent in buying land, so that the college was not sufficiently wealthy to build a separate library building: the room which is now the registrar's office was used for that purpose. When the Art Gallery was built the former art room was turned into a library room and when Seelye Hall was erected special library rooms were provided, accomodating 75,000 books. During the years when the college library was small, Forbes Library was open to the students, the same freedom being given them as to the regular residents of Northampton. In 1905 however the authorities of that library in their own interests and those of Clark Library, decided to withdraw that freedom from the college and to require a certain sum for the use of the books. It then seemed wiser to the college to start an independent library, over which they should have control, and plans were accordingly drawn. Mr. Carnegie offered

\$62,500 on the condition that an equal sum be raised by the college and its friends. The response was prompt on all sides. President Seelye said that this library could more properly than any other be called a memorial building. We are indebted to many separate individuals, to different associations of the college, and to friends scattered far and wide over this country.

President Seelye then introduced Dr. W. Dawson Johnson, librarian of Columbia University, who spoke on "Ideals in Library Administration." These ideals, Dr. Johnson believed should be considered from two sides—first from the side of the collector of the books, and second from the side of the user of the books. From the first point of view he stated that the ideal should be, to chose the books that are considered best by expert critics, and, realizing that a book good for one generation is not necessarily good for all, to constantly discard and acquire so that at all times the collection might represent the best. From the point of view of the user of the books, he advanced an ideal, and a plan for achieving that ideal, which is new. He believes that just as the science departments have their laboratory assistants, so the other departments should have their library assistants. These assistants would take complete charge of the books relating to their own departments and would stand ready to answer questions and supply information to the students. The object of this plan is two-fold—to relieve the teachers who now partially undertake the management of their own books and to give an easy opportunity for the students to inquire more fully into any subject when their curiosity and interest has been aroused. Dr. Johnson concluded by congratulating President Seelye, Miss Clark and the members of the faculty, in the name of fellow institutions on our new library.

President Seelye then introduced Miss Clark, head-librarian, who spoke on the greatest need of the library—an addition to our \$22,000 endowment. President Seelye closed the afternoon's proceedings by extending an invitation to all present to inspect the Library Building.

L. F. C., 1911.

EDITORIAL

At Commencement time, our Alma Mater WAY FOR THE SENIORS ! appears like nothing so much as the old woman who lived in a shoe—she had so many children that neither she nor they knew exactly what to do. The shoe, and all the slippers nearby are far too small to accomodate them all, so the very youngest ones are sent away to visit relatives, and the next size are encouraged to do likewise. Into their rooms are tumbled pell-mell the grown-up sisters who have been out seeking their fortunes, and have come back to help celebrate the coming-out party of other sisters now ready to take their places in society.

Like all older sisters, these grown-ups are well aware of their superiority both in age and wisdom, and they let their lights so shine that the brilliancy of the younger ones is partially eclipsed. It is easy for them to do this, especially since they are so very numerous. At their coming-out parties there were perhaps only half or a third as many elders to look on and advise and tell how things were done in their days. There was a time when all of the children, young and old, could be present at the coming-out festivities, but those days are past, and with their passing must needs go certain time-honored customs. We must bear the penalty of greatness, which is, in this case, organized division.

Dramatics has shown the way. Once, the college and its guests together attended the single performance of the Senior play. Now, such a thing would be absolutely out of the question. People recognize this, and go to the play Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, according to class, rank, or previous time of application as may be. Some similar rearrangement must be made concerning the President's Reception, which has become too crowded for enjoyment or dignity.

At the reception of the last few years, after "coming down the line," people have lingered, and lingered, until such a compact mass was formed that no one could move. Things of this sort are not good for one's temper, or one's clothes. It would be far better for both if their possessors could be gently led elsewhere, to some place where trains would be in no danger of wreckage. If, during the time of the President's Reception, three or four of the other buildings, or houses were open, and it were known that certain people could be found in each, the congestion could be relieved by having the ushers pilot groups of people first down the President's line, then after ascertaining the general bias of a specific group, to conduct it to the Library, or to the Art Gallery, or to the Gymnasium where would be stationed various members of the Faculty in groups more or less appropriate to their settings. Here people could chat at their ease, and move about without doing "millions of mischief" to each other's feet and frocks. Then, when one had conversed with English and Languages in the Library, one could pass on to Music and Art in the Art Gallery, or to Philosophy and Science in the Gymnasium. Needless to say, conversation in any one place would not be limited to the topic—or the Faculty—assigned. By some such means as this, the more formal part of the reception in the Students' Building could be quickly carried through and a delightfully informal evening spent with friends in the different buildings, or about the campus. It would make things simpler and much less fatiguing for everybody concerned, than does the present lack of system, especially for the Seniors and their parents.

They, after all, are the ones to be considered. Commencement week is the climax of a college course, and at that time Seniors should be given precedence in everything. As at dramatics it is very clear that the Senior class is the hostess, and the audience its guests, so, at every other Senior function, the same idea should be dominant, in order that Commencement may remain the Day of the Senior Class. Remember, O Alumnae, you were Seniors yesterday; and Undergraduates, recollect that you will be Seniors tomorrow, and let us all honor the Seniors of today.

MARJORIE OSBORNE WESSON.

EDITOR'S TABLE

Seventeen years ago next October an adventurous Board of Editors published the first number of THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY. It was no slight venture. President Seelye had been a faithful critic of the project from the start, and had finally permitted it only on one unyielding condition—that the magazine be uniquely uncommercial. The editors were given the problem of publishing a magazine without an advertisement, with the slightest possible business organization, with no financial guarantee other than a list of subscribers, with no capital but a dauntless purpose, and with no precedent.

Conceived in ideals, born in hope, nurtured by hard work, the MONTHLY grew and prospered. Yes, prospered. The condition was not an impossible one, indeed it was potent and formative. It meant not only that there were to be no commercial relations between the college girls and the tradesmen of the town, or with other similar concerns; it meant, as well, no mercenary element in the Board itself. It was manifest that no splendid profits could be made under these restrictions. Membership on the Board was a task not to be lightly undertaken, motivated by personal ideals together with class and college loyalty; the reward in the joy of doing.

The reciprocal condition which the editors were expected to meet was that the MONTHLY should represent the best in the college—the brightest literary excellence, the finest social expression.

The first Board was not the only one to face this problem. New, of course, in a sense, to every incoming group of editors, and bearing a fresh aspect of difficulty as conditions changed, it did not seem enough to some who saw the problem ahead of them that it had been solved by previous Boards. So there have been attempts to change the policy. They met with one result—an unwavering stand on the part of the President for an

uncommercial MONTHLY or none at all. The MONTHLY continued uncommercial—and prospered.

And the result? Whatever its ultimate merit, whatever the fluctuations from year to year, the MONTHLY began and remains unique among periodicals. It is as distinctive as the financial policy of the college, and as distinctively the work of President Seelye. Seventeen Boards of Editors have put their best efforts into the MONTHLY, have impressed their personalities upon it; members of the faculty by their inspiration, their practical, kindly aid, their keen criticism, have meant more to the magazine than is easily expressed or realized; the influence of the college as a whole is reflected in its pages; yet THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY remains to-day, as it was in its first issue, a product of President Seelye's policy, a witness to his independence and wisdom, a memorial to his uncompromising demand for the best.

MARION KEEP PATTON.

VOCATIONS FOR THE TRAINED WOMAN

Opportunities Other than Teaching

A volume setting forth the opportunities in many lines of work other than teaching, composed of papers by men and women who stand at the head of their professions or lines of business, is now issued by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. These papers indicate the characteristics necessary, the training requisite, the range of opportunities in such lines of work and incomes initial, usual and possible. This suggestive volume discusses the various vocations connected with social and economic service, such as civil service clerkships, reform and institution work, charities and settlement work, playground work. It covers openings in scientific lines, in literary fields, clerical and secretarial positions, business opportunities such as advertising, banking, department stores and opportunities for farming of various types. The large number of positions open to women trained in domestic science and domestic arts together with the demand for teachers in special lines such as industrial work, salesmanship, physical training, is also outlined.

The book is on sale at Bridgman & Lyman's, Northampton, and at the Women's Union, 264 Boylston Street, Boston. Paper 60 cents. Cloth \$1.00.

AFTER COLLEGE

BROOK-WATER

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

The white brook-water made a sound of joy, and shone away into the wood. Nobody knew what it said, though everyone who came to it listened, and felt a desire for an unknown thing tremble like wings within him. Nobody knew where it was going, save that some day the blurred and mingled currents would meet the sea, and wander in the tides' dim labyrinth. From a secret wound in the hills' heart it came—the silver blood of the earth; and it cried out to the day and the night that it knew joy.

It was a one-fold joy, that did not remember or forecast. At the greater rocks the water made the outcry of easy combat; at the lesser rocks it whispered and crooned like a child; and over the shingle it slipped with light foot, quick and quiet as bird-flight.

The white brook-water did not seem to know the fluttering of wings within a heart too frail to hold its joy. It was not reticent and shy; it did not stop half-smothered with delight, to look upon the sun, to taste the air, to hear the wind go by far up above the glen. The white brook-water sang a song as simple as the earth, and as unknown.

There came an Artist in the glen, and, loving it, he sat through April hours of sun to paint the brook's swift silver soul. He painted all the pine-trees, with their boughs that wave like weed in the sea, and the virgin birches, that are so bright and wild. He made the sky's high rain-washed blue, and the shadows on the dim brown forest-floor. There was sun in his wood, and the purge of the swift new spring, and that was much to have. But the white brook-water hurried on, with its sound of joy; and he could not paint its soul. So the picture stood with face turned in against his closet wall, for he was a Real Artist, and he knew that the soul had passed him by, like a dream that is forgotten at the dawn.

Yet they were simple things: the brook, its soul, its joy.

There came a Poet to the glen; and, loving it, he sat through all a noon, and many noons, to hear the brook's soul pass. And, in the middle of the night, when stars were setting and the young moon died, and keen air crossed his sill, he woke and heard the white brook-water going down with joy. Then words came to him, that made him smile out to the dark. He rose up,

half adaze with dreams, and wrote the verses that should be the brook. But when he read them by the light of day, they were indeed sweet to the lips and the ear: they throbbed with the fluttering desire of a human heart; but between their lines the brook's soul fled away, and the joy they sang was far too manifold and wise. So the Poet laid the poem away in his great book of poems that missed the soul of what they sang. For he was a Real Poet, and he would not give the world a thing without a proper soul. (Therefore he gave the world so little that he was called no Poet at all. But he was happier so, and perhaps the world was helped.)

There came a Musician to the glen, and in his ears the white brook-water sang so clear that he could hardly wait to hurry home and play the theme he heard. But though he played it on the delicate strings, or piped it on the wild thin flute, or set his orchestra to weaving it like sunlight under leaves, or shadows in the checkered pool, the brook's soul was not there; the simple ceaseless cry of joy, that came from the hill's heart. So the Musician did not play it any more; but some who heard it remembered, and were glad, for it made them feel the fluttering of wings. Yet soon they forgot that it had tried to be the brook's own soul, and gave it divers names of curious human joy.

For the brook's own soul was far too simple and too glad; and no one, save perhaps a little child (and not all little children) ever heard it without the sense of wonder and of fear; the knowledge of wings beating in the heart, the desire for a thing that might not be.

Of all this the white brook-water was not once aware. Down it went, over the great rocks and the small, and over the scaling shingle, down under the sky, far below the feet of the wind, down from the hiding hills. Always it made a sound of joy and shone away into the wood. It had the secrets of motion and light, and the strange, most simple secret of that which lives with no clear knowledge of its life.

And that is a secret that is as hard as the mystery of humanity—a silver life, a swift and happy soul, that has no will, and yet can crowd the heart that hears with far, great, strange desire.

AN ALUMNAE PROCESSION

BY JEANNIE C. JENKINS, EX-1904

Would that Napoleon of Notting Hill could be our master of ceremonies this June of all Junes! One can well imagine the glories of the alumnae procession, if planned by that lover of heraldry, with, let us say, a series of floats representing the dress of former college days.

There would be, first of all, the shawl period,—that interesting time in the late seventies, when we all wore shawls to everything. A heavy black silk was the *pièce de resistance*, irreproachable for church, excellent for evening wear, (with a judicious sprinkling of cerise satin bows on flounce and basque), and quite suitable for a graduation gown! Our hair was done with bangs and soft puffs on the top of the head and behind this coiffure, yes, even behind the puffs, and slightly over the right ear, was a small round hat,

trimmed on one side with a rose, that nestled close to the puffs. There's an audacious alumna of this shawl period, who really ought to grace the float. She it was, who, daring all, went to her Junior Promenade in a dress, cut low in the neck, and was sent home after the first dance for a tucker!

The next float must be for the eighties, when overskirts and (tell it not in Gath) *bustles* reigned supreme. Newspaper bustles were considered far better than the large wire affairs sold for this purpose, and with these wondrous skirts were worn closely fitting basques or even Jerseys, while a black velvet ribbon brought out the whiteness of our slender throats. Our hair was done in a French roll, an introspective method, as if a few stray curls had suddenly been seized with a desire to know what was going on in the brain, and, following their example, all the other locks, except the obdurate front crimps, rushed madly inward until at the crown of the head, all had disappeared and a comb or bow was erected in their memory. Covering this catastrophe were conical hats of a meekness seldom surpassed.

The float for the nineties would reveal a vast change. The Gibson Girl in sailor hat, shirtwaist, and short tailored skirt gives assurance of our growing independence. By her side, however, is the eternal feminine, her dress adorned with huge sleeves of satin, silk or velvet, her short black silk shoulder cape lined with some pretty color, and her hair in a *psyche*. But you must not confuse her *psyche* with the opulent jelly role at the base of the brain, that greets our eyes today. Hers has rather the nature of a congested cruller, neat in outline, firm in construction and poised on the very top of her head. Her bonnet is a mere wreath of rosebuds with a bow of velvet ribbon on one side. Such a fairy thing it is, that a High Church clergyman greets it thus, intoning, "Pardon me, Margaret, but what is that I see upon your head?"—Then in a lower key, "Pardon, again. I see it is a bonnet."

The new century float would rightly show the fall of the golf-cape and the rise of the raglan ;—the golf-cape covering a multitude of sins and vivid flannel shirtwaists, but not exempting us from brushing our skirts; the raglan falling alike on brushed and unbrushed. But would Napoleon approve these unlovely garments, or would he rather choose for his pageant the evening dresses of that day? Pale colored nets and muslins they were, trimmed with soft ruffles and artificial flowers, and with them the hair was worn in a high soft pompadour with a Janice Meredith curl on the neck.

And what of the costumes of today? They could never be shown on one float, these many many toilettes. Would he choose the close-furled foulard or the jumper in full sail, the voluminous evening cloak or the slicker, the sweater or the embroidered Japanese wrap? A vast choice is left him, too, in the matter of hats. There are chateaus and batting hats, black plumed creations, and rich masses of roses. And the hair? Ah! we should not make it too hard for him, or he would leave us floated and march straight back to Notting Hill.

SMITH COLLEGE MISSIONARY RECORD

TUNGCHON, PEKING, CHINA, April 20, 1910.

DEAR SMITH GIRLS :

If any of you have been feeling just a little bit disappointed because your missionary is living in a foreign, furnace-heated house and prosaically studying, each day, instead of doing something picturesque, like standing under a palm tree and expounding the doctrine to scantily-clad natives, you may be cheered to hear of a little trip she made last week. The trip was not just a pleasure one, for Miss Browne and the Bible woman went to examine a little day school that had recently been opened by the helper's wife at an outstation, and to hold a few meetings for the women. I was only a very interested spectator.

We made the journey in Peking carts, vehicles about which opinions differ widely, from the man who says that the only comfortable way to ride in one is to get out and walk, to Si Hung Chang, who, after trying all the conveniences of Western civilization, said with a sigh of joy, on his return to China, "For pure comfort give me the Peking cart." The cart is a neat, rather fat Noah's Ark on wheels without the projecting roof, and it is entered only from the front. The victim, putting one foot on the wheel, bounds up and crawls in headfirst, on all fours, turning as gracefully as may be on reaching the back, and assumes a cross-legged position. Two passengers fill the cart. The driver sits on the shelf in front or walks by the side of the mule, the better to urge it on. Our way lay across a flat brown country broken in spots by the green of the winter wheat and the feathery trees around the many villages. Other travelers passed us, in carts, on donkeys, and on foot, but they did not stare so very much, for we wore long Chinese garments, leaving only skin, hair and shoes to proclaim our foreign lineage. Besides protecting one from unpleasant curiosity, the Chinese dress makes the women feel more at ease with us and distracts their attention less than foreign clothes would.

We spent the first night at a half-way place and went on the next morning, to find an enthusiastic crowd of women and children waiting for us. We were conducted at once to the room where, for the next two days, we were to sleep and eat and receive callers. More than a third of the room was occupied by the *kkang*, or brick platform, on which most of the sleeping, eating and receiving was done. The rest of the furniture of the room consisted of a large square table, and two stiff chairs and a bench. In the midst of all the clatter of an afternoon tea, we were presented with basins of steaming hot water to wash our dusty faces and hands. This ceremony accomplished to the entertainment of all, we were further refreshed with three dropped eggs each. There was much coming and going, drinking of tea, walking about of mothers to keep their babies quiet, many curious glances, and questions innumerable. "You do not wear hair ornaments, do you? That is certainly one reason why these foreigners are so rich, because they do not spend their money for hair ornaments!" "How old are you?" "So old as that and not married!" "Are your parents living? Have you a home?" "Then why did you come here?" Often, like this, their own questions lead up to the

very thing you are wanting to tell them. They were interested, too, when Miss Browne or the Bible woman talked very simply about the God who loves them and gives them everything that they have, using a Chinese term, "Old Man of the Sky." ("Old Man" is a term of great respect.) If they stay long enough they begin to feel that there is something in this "Doctrine" that will help them as their idols never have done. It costs something in Hsiang Ho to have anything to do with the church, for there is a great deal of superstition and persecution. One old woman had been most bitter in her attempts to prevent her husband from going to the meetings, and as a last resort, she started out one day, telling her daughter-in-law that she was going to buy poison and kill herself to see if that would bring her husband to his senses. On the way she stopped at the church for a few last remarks and found the helper's wife so friendly and kind that she went home and announced that there could be nothing bad about a religion whose people were so nice: as for her and hers, they would go to that church. Go she does and sends her grandchildren to the school.

There are the children, too, bright and quick, and many of them could "bei," or recite by heart many pages of the little Christian "Tri-metrical Classic,"—their first book. When it was time to put up the books, they enjoyed "Drop the Handkerchief" and "London Bridge," quickly done into Chinese by Miss Browne, as much as any American children. We played ten games in the court with a delighted group of proud relatives as on-lookers.

Except that church took the place of school on Sunday, both days were very much alike, with always a roomful of women and children. For an hour or two, when the others had to visit some homes, I was alone with the women, and how I did want to talk to them! They speak very colloquial Mandarin, and it was almost impossible for us to understand each other. All I could do was to teach them the words of "Jesus Loves Me," and another even simpler hymn, which we sang over and over. No doubt the Glee Club would have been scandalized at the noise we made, but it was a "joyful noise," anyway, and once in a while we struck a right note.

Do you wonder that I had food for thought the next day as I rode home in my cart, without Miss Browne, who had gone on to another city?

With much love from

Your Representative in China,

DELIA DICKSON LEAVENS.

FACULTY NOTES

Professor Arthur H. Pierce attended the spring meeting of the Association of Experimental Psychologists held at Baltimore, April 19-21. Professor Pierce has been recently appointed a member of the editorial staff of the *Psychological Review* publications and, beginning in September, will be responsible editor of the *Psychological Bulletin*.

Professor John Spencer Bassett has resigned his lectureship in New York University.

Professor Henry M. Tyler spoke on the Modern Greeks at the open meeting of the Greek Club on April 27. He also spoke at the New York Alumnae luncheon on April 2.

Professors Tyler and Caverno of the Greek Department attended the meeting of the New England Classical Association at Hartford, on April 1-2.

On April 8, Professor Mary L. Benton attended a conference of representatives of the Latin departments of the New England colleges, called to discuss the Report of the Commission in College Entrance Requirements in Latin. The conference met in the faculty room of Harvard College, with Professor Moore of the Harvard Latin Department as chairman.

Associate Professor Louise Delpit delivered an address before the Western Massachusetts Group of the New England Modern Language Association, on April 16. Her subject was "The Causes of the Infatuation of the French People for Rostand."

Professor Mary A. Jordan delivered an address before the Associated Clubs in Hartford, Connecticut, at the Center Church House, on April 30. The subject of the address was "The Weak Spot in Our Educational System."

Professor Elizabeth D. Hanscom was a guest at the luncheon of the New York Smith Club in April.

Professor Jennette Lee's new book, "Happy Island," another "Uncle William" book, is to be published by the Century Company, the first week in June. A short story by Mrs. Lee, "The House-top Room," was published in *Harper's Magazine* for May. A German translation of "Uncle William" is being published by J. Engelhorn of Stuttgart, Württemberg, and a Norwegian translation is to be published soon.

Professor Ernst Heinrich Mensel has been elected Vice-President of the New England Modern Language Association.

Professor Robert E. S. Olmstead read a paper on "Credits for Vocal Music in Colleges" before the Educational Music Conference at Vassar College, on April 16. Professors Sleeper and Vieh were also in attendance.

Miss Senda Berenson, Director of Physical Training, attended a conference of the Directors of Physical Training and Presidents of the Athletic Associations of the Colleges for Women of New England, held at Wellesley College, on March 21.

Professor Alfred Vance Churchill delivered an address before the Eastern Art and Manual Training Teachers' Association, on Thursday, May 5. His subject was "The Course in Art Appreciation." Professor Churchill will spend the summer painting in East Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Each alumna returning for Commencement is urged to register as soon after arrival as possible in Seelye Hall, Room 1 (instead of in the Registrar's Office). Collation tickets will be given *only to those who have registered*. The room will be open for registration at nine o'clock on Friday, June 10.

The annual meeting of the Alumnae Association will be held in College Hall, at 2 p. m., on Saturday, June 11, 1910.

REDUCED RAILROAD RATES

On arrival at Northampton present your certificate obtained when purchasing ticket to Northampton and twenty-five cents for required registration fee at *Room 1, Seelye Hall*. The room will be open Friday afternoon 2 to 5; Saturday and Monday 9 to 1 and 2 to 5; and Tuesday 12 to 1 and 2 to 3 *only*. Registration *must* be made at earliest possible moment for until the full number of certificates is received *no* reduction can be granted to any one.

ALUMNAE LINE OF MARCH

On Tuesday June 15, the alumnae will march in procession to the Commencement exercises. They will form at Music Hall in order of classes, preference being given to the classes holding regular reunions. This year there will be, instead of the two hundred seats formerly available, seven hundred seats for the alumnae and standing room for two hundred more. Hugh Black is to be the speaker.

BERTHA FOOTE BARDEEN.

(Head marshal of the Alumna procession for Commencement Day).

THE ALUMNAE AND DR. BURTON'S INAUGURATION

The date for the inauguration of Dr. Burton as President of Smith College has been fixed for Wednesday, October fifth. The program, as already arranged, includes the induction at half-past ten, luncheon at one, addresses at three, a reception at half-past four. To these exercises of the day the officers of the general Alumnae Association, a representative of each local club according to its membership in the Alumnae Council, a representative of each class, and former alumnae trustees and presidents have been formally invited by the trustees. While even the new Assembly Hall is not unlimited, it is hoped that seats for the morning and afternoon exercises will be left after the formal guests of the college are provided for. The committee of trustees and faculty in charge of the inauguration will gladly welcome the alumnae whose cordial coöperation they bespeak in the arrangement for the induction of the second president of Smith College.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the office of the Dean between September 20 and 27. These will be filed in order, with the necessary consideration for a proportionate distribution among the classes. The Alumnae Secretary, Miss Florence Snow, if notified at the same time, will try to secure rooms in town.

SECRETARY OF THE INAUGURATION COMMITTEE.

At the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, are a few copies of the photographs of President Seelye's portrait, signed with the President's autograph, which may be obtained before Commencement upon application to the General Secretary. The price is 75 cents, mounted ready for framing.

Applications may now be filed for the 1910 class book. Alumnae will be interested in an article on "Some Things President Seelye has meant to Smith." Price \$2.25. Address Juanita Field, Haven House.

PERSONALS

Contributions to this department are desired before the end of the month, in order to appear in the next month's issue, and should be addressed to Jane Swenarton, Dickinson House, Northampton.

- '05. Jean Baird Pond will be married to Frank Wesley Wentworth, on June 16. Address, Berkeley, California.
- '08. Helen Winward has announced her engagement to M. Richard Brown, Dartmouth '03, of Fall River, Massachusetts.
- ex-'09. Katherine Hubbard has announced her engagement to Mr. Henry C. Ervin, Jr.

MARRIAGES

- '00. Grace Russell to Harry Bartley Arnold, May 26. Address, 1584 Hawthorne Park, Columbus, Ohio.
- '02. Faith Potter to Hugh H. C. Weed. Address, 2242 Red Bud Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.
- '04. Bertha Augusta Robe to William Eltinge Conklin at Albany, May 19.
- '05. Margery Lockwood to William Le Massena. Address, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.
- '07. Avis Adella Burns to Harry E. Fisher, on February 15. Address, Ayer, Massachusetts.
- Mary Isabelle Goodman to Russell M. L. Carson, on May 28. Address, 20 Coolidge Avenue, Glens Falls, New York.
- Ruth Pratt to Andrew Ivory Keener. Address, University Place, Lincoln, Nebraska.
- '08. Ethel Middlebrook Bowne to Mr. Harold Chessman Keith, April 12.
- Helen Buffum Davidson to Mr. Bartlett Walton, April 30. Address, Wakefield, Massachusetts.

BIRTHS

- 99. Mrs. Alvin Henry Lauer (Carolyn Adler), a son, Robert Alvin, born May 3.
- '04. Mrs. Hamilton Gibson (Brooke van Dyke), a son, William Hamilton, 3rd, born April 20.

